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THE IMPERIAL SHAKESPEARE

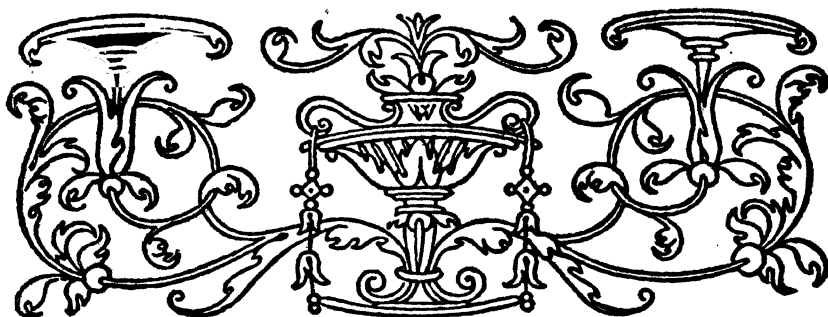
IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME V

The annotations at the foot of the page are intended to explain difficult phrases or allusions. Single words, which are no longer in common use, appear only in the glossary, which is printed in last volume.

The numbering of the lines follows that of the Cambridge Edition, the text of which is used in this edition.





**THE IMPERIAL EDITION OF
THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
SHAKESPEARE**

**WITH ANNOTATIONS AND A
GENERAL INTRODUCTION BY
SIR SIDNEY LEE**

VOLUME V

KING HENRY VI—PART I

KING HENRY VI—PART II

KING HENRY VI—PART III

KING RICHARD III

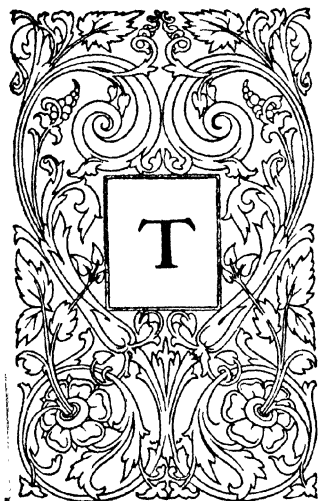
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INTRODUCTION



THE precise dates at which Shakespeare first came before the world as a player and as a playwright are alike unknown ; nor has it ever been pretended that either of these dates must necessarily be associated with the production of "Henry VI," or of any Part of the trilogy, upon the stage. Strictly speaking, no biographical fact concerning him is known to us between May, 1583, when his eldest child was born, and February, 1585 (N.S.), when her twin brother and sister were christened at Stratford, — and March 3, 1592 (N.S.), when a play which is at least possibly identifiable with the "First Part of Henry VI" was performed in London. Between these dates, as is well known, erudite and imaginative conjecture have combined to crowd a variety of experiences as multitudinous as are the houses of London town itself ; but we are all agreed that before the summer of this year he had been for some time connected with the London theatre. For it was about this date

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that either as an actor or, more probably, as a playwright, he was vituperated by the unhappy Greene—in what may surely be called the unhappiest moment of the writer's literary life. Thus with "Henry VI"—except on the absolutely untenable supposition that the "Shake-scene" of the "Groatsworth of Wit" is a different personage from Shakespeare—the master-spirit of the English drama first enters into some sort of ascertained connexion with it or with its ordinary vehicle, the English stage. For, whether or not he had a hand in "Titus Andronicus"—a question which the present is not the occasion for discussing—no play of that name was performed till 1594, though a "Titus and Vespacia" was acted some years earlier.

This fact, then, gives to "Henry VI," which Shakespeare's friends and associates, the editors of the First Folio, chose to include as a whole within the canon of his plays, a priority of place in the whole series from the point of view of date, and thereby an interest of its kind unique. In the second place, I do not think that, whatever critical judgment may be formed of "Henry VI" in its entirety, any doubt can be entertained but that, taken as a whole, this trilogy in its dramatic and in its general literary qualities stands very much nearer to the rest of the great series of Shakespearean Histories, among which a place was assigned to it by Hemynge and Condell, than to the Chronicle Histories, from whose species it cannot be regarded as having altogether emerged. Together with a very few other plays—among which we may safely class Marlowe's "Troublesome Raigne and Lamentable Death of Edward II" (1590–1), Peele's more or less contemporary but more rudimentary "Famous Chronicle of Edward I," and (in part) Greene's "Scottish Historie of James IV, slaine

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at Flodden," together with the very remarkable anonymous "Sir Thomas More," probably quite as early in date as the preceding — "Henry VI" may thus be regarded as marking the transition from unfree beginnings, and from the Chronicle History pure and simple, to one of the most characteristic as well as most memorable of the developments of the English drama. For our national historical drama, as its conception unfolded itself in Shakespeare, corresponds in its historical continuity to that of our national life at large, which may safely be described as the feature more than any other differentiating it from the life of other nations. Thus "Henry VI" has a position hardly less notable in the general history of the English drama than in the series of Shakespeare's plays. Finally, I think that, whatever may be held to be the relations to each other of the several Parts of "Henry VI," and their comparative dramatic and literary merits, it is undeniable that the whole work is conceived on a grand scale and in a grand way, and that, though it cannot be set down as a masterpiece, its theme "contains matter, and not common things." Without entering at present into the details of his criticism, I cannot refrain at the outset of this Introduction from citing some words of the Nestor of English Shakespeare scholars, Dr. Furnivall,¹ because it is above all things desirable that in discussing these plays the great possibilities of their argument, which the execution has at least gone some way to meet, should not be as it were by accident overlooked.

"There are few things," writes Dr. Furnivall, as usual putting his own ideas in his own way, "I regret more in Shakespeare's career

¹ "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1876, p. 284.

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than this: that he did n't turn back to the superb subject of these Henry VI plays and write a fresh set on it. . . . The reproduction of the Lancelot and Guinevere love in Suffolk and Queen Margaret, though with a bitterer end, gives a strange interest in the drama. And, when the thread is woven with the others of Margaret's ambition, cutting down Gloster, the sole support of her and her husband's throne; the working out of her punishment for this, through the quarrels of the nobles and the insidious Richard's schemes; when one sees the Queen of 'peerless feature . . . valiant courage and undaunted spirit' robbed of her love, her kingdom and her child; the current of her being changed; the woman turned into a demon and a fury; then, dethroned, uttering the dread curse of Fate and Vengeance on the crafty cynical Richard in the pride of his success, and then witnessing the fulfilment of that curse on him defiant, fearing Death as little as he feared Sin . . . you have a combination of personal and political motives which, had Shakespeare gone back to it later in life, would have given the world the finest historical dramas it will ever own."

In order that he may see light through the quite inevitably lengthy and not less inevitably complicated discussion which must be inflicted on the reader, as to the still-vext subject of "Henry VI" and of the originals on which the larger portion of this trilogy were beyond dispute founded, the dates of the early editions of the several plays in question should in the first instance be remembered. The "First Part of Henry VI," then, was so far as is known first printed in the First Folio (Hemyng and Condell's), where it appeared in conjunction with the Second and Third Parts in 1623. Now, as already indicated, Henslowe mentions in his "Diary" a play which he calls, first "Henery the VI" and then "Hary VI," as performed at the Rose, on March 3, 1592 (N.S.), and as repeated at least fifteen times. And, in his "Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication," Nashe refers to a play in which "brave Talbot (the terror of the French)" was, "after he had lain

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two hundred years in his tomb," made to "triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times)." On this twofold hint Mr. Fleay¹ says, without further hesitation: "On March 3, 1592, Lord Strange's players acted 'Henry VI,' a re-fashioning by Shakespeare of an old Queen's play, into which he introduced the Talbot scenes alluded to by Nashe"; adding as a conjecture that in 1599 this play passed to the Lord Chamberlain's servants, whence the reference, of which more anon, in the Epilogue to "Henry V." But we are not able to go quite so fast. It is quite true that Nashe's description, so far as Talbot is concerned, fits the "First Part of Henry VI"; and also that the popularity ascribed to the play by Nashe fits the play mentioned by Henslowe as having been performed by Lord Strange's men and having had so good a run. Yet, especially as the success of a play at one house was quite as likely in the Elizabethan age as it is in our own to lead to the production at another house of a second play on the same theme, the "First Part of Henry VI" was very likely neither the play mentioned by Henslowe nor that to which reference is made by Nashe. This is all we know or can conjecture as to the history of the "First Part of Henry VI," which was never printed separately before its inclusion in the First Folio under the title of "The first part of King Henry the Sixt."

"The case is altered" (to use one of the many proverbial expressions which occur in "Henry VI") with regard to the Second and Third Parts, or, as they are superscribed in the First Folio, "The second part of King Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke Humfry," and "The third part of King Henry the Sixt, with the death of the

¹ "Life of Shakespeare," p. 260.

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Duke of Yorke." These plays were respectively founded on two other old plays, entitled "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two famous houses of York and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey; And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first claime vnto the Crowne"; and the other, "The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henry the Sixt, with the whole Contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants."¹ The relations between these two plays and the Second and Third Parts will have to be discussed in more or less of detail below; but it will be well to note at once, by way of indicating the general measure of indebtedness of the latter to the former, that according to various estimates rather less than two-thirds and rather more than half of the two Parts of "Henry VI" are founded on the text of the two earlier dramas; the portions incorporated being taken over either directly or with alterations and improvements, while the general course of the action in the earlier and in the later plays may be described as substantially the same.

Thomas Millington, the printer of these two plays, reprinted them in 1600; and in 1619 (three years, it will be noted, after Shakespeare's death) another bookseller, Thomas Pavier, to whom Millington had assigned them under the titles of the "First and Second Parts of Henry VI," published them in a single volume under the

¹ "The First Part of the Contention" and "The True Tragedie" have been reprinted by Halliwell-Phillipps under the title of "First Sketches of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI," in the (old) "Shakespeare Society's Publications" (1843), and in the "Cambridge Shakespeare," vol. V.

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collective title of "The Whole Contention between the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke, with the Tragickall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the Sixt, divided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent." This edition, as Dr. Furnivall pointed out,¹ when compared with the original editions of 1594 and 1595 and with the reprints of 1600, is found to contain a few modifications and elaborations of some significance; but they cannot be drawn into any kind of comparison with the charges introduced in our extant Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI." It may be added that, in 1623, Blount and Jaggard, who were among the publishers that had the immortal honour of taking part in the publication of the First Folio, entered in the Stationers' Registers "The Thirde Part of Henry the Sixt"; but this is, quite obviously, the play which appeared in the Folio under the designation, by which it has ever since been known, of the First Part.

The sole remaining piece of evidence which — besides bearing upon the question, to be discussed below, of the relation between the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" and the two old plays on which those Parts were founded — directly affects that of the dates of all four plays, is the notorious passage, always with us, that occurs in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit." This miserable manifesto of an embittered but not chastened spirit, a literary testament more concentrated in its malice than those of which Villon and Dunbar had furnished earlier examples, proceeded from a man of talent. But Greene's fate, like that of many men of talent without character, was, when he met with one superior to himself, to fail to recognise him as such. And

¹ "New Shakspere Society's Transactions," 1876, p. 285.

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it is certainly noticeable, as pointed out by Mr. Fleay,¹ that not long before the time when Greene sat down to compose his "Groatsworth of Wit"—which, as he died September 4, 1592, must have been in one of the summer months of that year—the play on Henry VI, which may have been Part I of our trilogy, had been produced with success at the Rose Theatre.

The play, which was acted fifteen times between the date of its production in March, 1592, and January 31, 1593, was therefore "in action" when Greene addressed "his quondam acquaintance" in his pamphlet. In any case, Greene's appeal, which proved a most lamentably mistaken appeal to posterity, was brought to some measure of completeness before his death, and was soon afterwards, ere the year was out, edited and brought out in print by Henry Chettle.² It contained, together with other matter not destined to bring blessings on the dead man's name among his fellow-playwrights, the passage which he would probably not have expected to be the best-remembered in all his works and of which he cannot be supposed to have left the application open to doubt:

"There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers [*i. e.* Greene's, Marlowe's, and those of a third person unknown] that, with his *Tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country."

Now, it is not, for the present purpose at all events, of decisive importance whether Greene in this passage in-

¹ "Life of Shakespeare," p. 110.

² The earliest edition extant is dated 1596; but there is no reason for supposing it to have differed from that of 1592. Cf. Churton Collins, "Dramatic Works of R. Greene," vol. I, p. 49.

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tended to refer to Shakespeare as a playwright or as a player. The language in itself seems to point to the latter interpretation; but the quotation dragged in (unless a special meaning attached to it beyond our power of guessing), which occurs both in the "True Tragedie" (sc. iii) and in the "Third Part of Henry VI" (Act I, sc. iv), where the speech of which it forms part in the earlier play is almost textually reproduced, seems almost unmistakably to imply that it exemplified a literary plagiarism. But there is no absolute certainty in the case; although after his death Greene was described as having been subjected to the "perloining" of his "plumes,"¹ Henry Chettle in his "Kind Harte's Dreame," published in the following year, 1593, though making what was obviously intended as a general apology to Shakespeare, refrained from disavowing, explicitly or implicitly, Greene's charge against him, whether it was, or was not, one of plagiarism. In any case, the much-disputed passage in the "Groatsworth of Wit" makes it certain that the "True Tragedie" was extant in 1592; and, if plagiarism was the charge intended by Greene, it strongly confirms the probability of the "Third Part of Henry VI" having been then well known on the stage, as well as that other play on "Henry VI" which may be the First Part of the same trilogy.

Little need be added in this place as to the stage history of our trilogy. As is well known, the annals of the English stage by no means always grow more certain as they proceed; and it is not quite clear (and was in fact a subject of dispute on the occasion of the performance of the "First Part of Henry VI" by Mr. Osmond Tearle and his company at the Stratford-on-Avon festival in 1899) whether the piece performed at Covent Garden

¹ "R. B." in "Greene's Funerals."

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for Delane's benefit in 1738,¹ was the play printed in the Folio of 1623, and perhaps acted by Lord Strange's men in 1592-3, or Crowne's perversion of that play and of the earlier half of the Second Part, produced at Dorset Garden in 1681. In the latter case, Mr. Tearle was the first to produce this First Part on the English stage since the closing of the theatres in 1642. The German production at Weimar in 1864 comprised two plays, Part I and Part II, according to the revision (or version) of F. Dingelstedt. Part II was produced by Messrs. Shepherd and Anderson (the latter playing Jack Cade) at the Surrey Theatre in 1864. With this exception, when until recently "Henry VI" was brought out on the English stage, as in Edmund Kean's farrago of all the three Parts in 1818, it was always condensed into a single play. In any case, Mr. F. R. Benson's production of "Henry VI" in the Endowed Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon on May 2-4, 1906, was the first attempt made since the closing of the theatres in 1642 to produce all the three plays in succession to one another. My present task has been greatly facilitated by the impressions freshly conveyed to me of this memorable performance through the kindness of my friend Miss Alice D. Greenwood, to whom this Introduction is under many other important obligations.

Passing from the history of the trilogy of "Henry VI" to its sources as a whole, we shall not fail to observe that for a dramatic treatment of this reign ample material, of a kind familiar to the reading public in existence, was at the disposal of the playwrights of the Elizabethan age.

¹ See Genest, vol. I, pp. 302 *seq.* This is not reprinted in Crowne's "Works." It was followed by a Second Part, opening with Cade's rebellion, and including the action of "Part III of Henry VI," much garbled. This portion again was utilised by Theophilus Cibber in his "Historical Tragedy of the Civil Wars," etc., produced at Drury Lane in 1723.

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It was to be found in those Chronicles which issued in so rapid a succession from the printing-press of the times. As has been already stated, and will be more fully shown in the course of this Introduction, the "Second and Third Parts of Henry VI" closely followed in the course of their argument two earlier plays, which for convenience' sake I may henceforth cite as "The Contention" and "The True Tragedy"; but these were entirely founded on well-known chronicles, while the slight corrections of statements in the earlier plays occasionally introduced in the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" show their authors to have themselves been perfectly conversant with the same popular historical authorities. As to the "First Part of Henry VI," there existed, so far as I am aware, no earlier dramatic model which might have been followed in the action of this play, and it was therefore in all probability compiled throughout directly from the chroniclers.

Among the numerous possible sources, then, which were at the disposal of the authors of the three Parts of "Henry VI" and of the two old plays on which the Second and Third Parts of the trilogy were respectively founded, there can be no doubt that those actually used by them were Halle's "Union of the Two Famous Families of Lancaster and York," printed in 1548; Holinshed's "Chronicle," in the second and complete edition of 1588, and the celebrated series of didactic biographies in verse, which appeared in 1559 under the title of the "Mirror for Magistrates." In a less degree, Fabyan's (edition of 1559) and probably Grafton's "Chronicle" (edition of 1579) were consulted; and it is just possible that Stowe's "Annales" (1580) and Monstrelet's "Chronique" (1572) should be added to the list. In any case, the influence of

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Halle and Holinshed upon our Chronicle Histories and other early English historical plays — and, consequently, upon the formation of a stereotyped popular conception of a whole period of our national history — can hardly be overrated.¹

Whether for the main course of the story as exhibited in the trilogy, Halle or Holinshed was actually used, it is impossible to say; for Holinshed copied Halle and Grafton wholesale, as Grafton did Halle. But we

¹ The following note may from the above point of view be acceptable. "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" (supposed to have as early a date as 1580, acted at all events before 1588, and entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594) could not have been based on the second edition of Holinshed; the earlier (1577) seems to have enjoyed less popularity; and no incident in this Chronicle History — not even the celebrated "tennis balls" — can be traced to Holinshed alone, while several details are to be found in Stowe; the death-bed scene of Henry IV is in Halle (who took it from Monstrelet); some things appear to have been taken over from Titus Livius. Marlowe's "Edward II" (1589, printed 1594) is unmistakably founded in the main on Holinshed, though a few details are taken from Stowe and one song from Fabian. "Sir Thomas More" (1590) is from Halle, or from Holinshed, who conveys Halle *in toto*, and from certain well-known biographies. "The Troublesome Raigne of King John" (acted 1589, printed 1591) is from Holinshed, with the exception of a few incidents, among them Falconbridge's sack of the monasteries; and perhaps also from the "Mirror for Magistrates." Peele's "Chronicle History of Edward I" (1593) is from Holinshed, though the historical material in this play is so meagre that it might well have been taken from any chronicle, while Holinshed runs counter to the play in one or two minor particulars and in the praise of Queen Eleanor, of whose crime and fate (the sources of which cannot here be discussed) he says nothing. "The True Tragedy of Richard III" (1594) is based mainly on Holinshed, who, like Halle, was powerfully influenced by Sir Thomas More's "History of Edward V and Richard III," published (incomplete) in English in 1509, — a work which may have been inspired by Henry VII's Chancellor, Cardinal Morton, but which is no longer held to have been written by him in its Latin form. "Edward III" (1595), which has been attributed to Shakespeare, appears, so far as the story of Edward and the Countess of Salisbury is concerned, to have been founded on Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (1575) and perhaps on some old ballads, although a good deal of it is in Froissart (not all translated by Lord Berners); other incidents are taken from Holinshed. Of Greene's "Scottish History of James the Fourth" (printed 1598) the source had not been discovered by Dyce or by D. Laing; Mr. P. A. Daniel traced the source of this quite unhistorical chronicle to a story in Cinthio's "Hecatomithia," dramatised by Cinthio himself in his "Arrenopia." Cf. Churton Collins, "Plays and Poems of Robert Greene," vol. II, p. 80. "George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield" (1599), which has been ascribed to Greene, was probably founded on an old prose "History of George-a-Greene," of which, however, no early impression exists; the earliest printed copy is dated 1706. Cf. Churton Collins, *ib.* p. 103.

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shall probably not go far wrong in assuming Part I to be indebted chiefly to Halle, and the corrections and additions made in and to the text of the two old plays and embodied in Parts II and III of "Henry VI" to be generally derived from Holinshed. But the conceptions of the several characters in all three Parts — often merely adumbrated in the "Contention" and "True Tragedy" — are due to Halle and to the "Mirror for Magistrates." The latter work was itself in part indebted to Halle; but it supplied the conceptions of several minor characters in the plays, which, hardly less than Halle's more important characters, appear to have become accepted as part of a fixed tradition. Halle was Yorkist in sympathy, and strongly biassed against the Beauforts and Suffolk; Holinshed tones down Halle's adjectives, and indeed seems to avoid preserving the dramatic impressions so strongly created by his original.

The dependence of the writer or writers of "Henry VI," and of those of the earlier plays on which it was in part founded, on so limited a range of authorities (though far from exceptional) may help to account in some measure for the imperfect justice done by them to the opportunities of their theme. On the subject of these opportunities I have already cited Dr. Furnivall; but it may be worth while to add a few words in illustration of the fact that not every historical dramatist, nor even a great historical dramatist whose powers have not yet reached their maturity, is capable of reproducing in relation to a given theme all that history suggests as to the human interest presented by the characters belonging to it.

Thus, if in "Henry VI" we seem to find reproduced the essential characteristics of Queen Margaret, the one

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heroine of the trilogy, such is hardly the case with the pathetic personality of her less fortunate consort. Queen Margaret appears as what she no doubt was, a woman of uncommon ability, whose judgment of the action necessary in situations of extraordinary difficulty was rarely at fault—except in the instance of her failure to advance upon London after the second battle of St. Albans, a proceeding by which, in the view of more than one historian, both King and Queen might have been preserved. Her private letters show her to have worked hard in the interest of all her dependents as well as in her husband's and her late-born son's; and it is only a dramatic fiction, which has no basis of historical fact and which seems to derogate from the Queen's notability, that represents her as falling in love with Suffolk, the heir of Cardinal Beaufort's policy and of his unpopularity (much in the manner in which another Queen—Catherine¹—according to a story which found its way to the stage, fell in love with Owen Tudor). While the interest aroused by a powerful historical figure is thus unnecessarily supplemented, the character of Henry VI is presented with, at the best, imperfect sympathy. It is true that the King is never wholly lost in the meek-minded and generally meek-mannered dreamer who passes across the scene almost like a shadow; nor was this royal self-consciousness altogether wanting in the real Henry, who, when as a prisoner in the Tower his patience was tried by intrusive visitors, was wont to reply to them with a curious mixture of humility and pride.² But, on the one hand, the full

¹ It was a lamentable incident in a delightful national and artistic experience—the Bury St. Edmunds Pageant of 1907—to have to witness the survival of this and other fictions in the Henry VI episode.

² Bishop Stubbs (vol. III, p. 201) quotes from Blakeman: “When pressed by

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pathos of the long-protracted situation, which was at the same time the best warrant for the opposition offered to Henry's government by both high and low, can hardly be said to be brought out in the dramatic narrative. No mention is made of his imbecility and apathy of mind, which periodically rendered him, like a much later English sovereign, incapable of performing the ordinary duties of life, and which left him dumb and uninterested, even when his new-born son was brought into his presence. He looked at the child for an instant, and then, without a word, "caste doune his eyene agen."¹ This melancholy aspect of Henry's life is left out for obvious reasons, but to present and account for it would have been a task worthy of a great dramatist. On the other hand, it is difficult to suppress a wish, that, instead of King Henry's royal contempt for common men being emphasised in a striking passage,² opportunity had been found in the course of the trilogy for giving expression to what was the noblest and humanest side of his character — his love of learning and religion (for the two were of course to his mind inseparable), by virtue of which his name has become a memory of something besides ignorance and misfortune.

To Edward IV — unlike Henry VI surely one of the least interesting of our kings — fair treatment seems to be

some impertinent person to justify his usurpation, he used to answer, 'My father had been King of England, possessing his crown in peace all through his reign; and his father, my grandfather, had been King of the same realm. And I, when a boy in the cradle, had been without any interval crowned in peace and approved as King by the whole realm, and wore the crown for well-nigh forty years, every lord doing royal homage to me, and swearing fealty as they had done to my forefathers. . . . My help cometh of God, who preserveth them that are true of heart.'

¹ Quoted from the news-letter printed in Gairdner's in the "Paston Letters," No. 195, by Sir James Ramsay, "Lancaster and York," vol. II, p. 168.

² Part III, Act III, sc. i.

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accorded in the trilogy which bears the name of his rival. The contrast between them — not in physical stature only; for Edward was most uncommon tall, while Henry appears to have been diminutive in size — may, together with the personal beauty attributed to Edward, have gone some way towards accounting for his popularity with the Londoners, or at all events with their wives, since, as Part III does not fail to indicate, no prince was ever more of a squire of dames. But, of course, it was the close connexion between the line of York and the house of Burgundy which counted for most in the value attached to the ascendancy of the former by the classes principally concerned with trade and industry. At the same time it is unquestionable that his military ability was greater than that which can justly be ascribed to most of the commanders in the Civil War of the two Roses — to Warwick in particular, the great King-maker, who made kings by his skill as a politician rather than by his prowess as a soldier. To be sure, military ability — or at least the conditions under which it proves itself such — is one of those qualities which “our” or any stage cannot pretend to demonstrate. Richard, Duke of York, Edward’s IV’s father, and predecessor in that dukedom which it was only an after-thought on the son’s part to make the basis of a claim to the throne,¹ exhibits neither in history nor in the trilogy the power of controlling events, instead of being controlled by them; and, in point of fact, there is no perceptible individuality about him. Of the younger two of the three York brothers, Clarence, as depicted in the trilogy, furnishes, as we may

¹ “Richard could not fail to be acquainted with the history of his own family, and he had been careful not to advance any personal claims, unless the assumption of the surname ‘Plantagenet’ could be considered such.” Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, p. 134. It would be difficult to show that he was aiming at the crown before 1459, three years after the close of his second Protectorate.

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believe him to have done in life, an example, conspicuous even among his contemporaries, of sheer unimaginative eagerness for the advancement of his own interests. Far subtler, as well as more strenuous, was the nature of Richard Duke of Gloucester; but in his case, as will be shown at length in the "Introduction to Richard III," a definite conception had already fixed itself before our trilogy and that play sought to elaborate, develop, and in a measure account for it. In the Richard of Gloucester of the trilogy nothing is more notable than the imperious sense of commanding force which distinguishes the character from the first, accompanied throughout by a mocking irony, which, in the Elizabethan age, could hardly clothe itself in any other form than that of the Scriptural or quasi-Scriptural speech so specially affected by the Puritans.

But we have been carried on towards the close of "Henry VI" without having as yet touched upon the general treatment of historical personages prominent in the earlier portions of the action of the trilogy. At the outset of the reign of Henry VI, the inherent difficulties of government and country were, as is well known, aggravated by the dissensions between those upon whom, during the sovereign's long minority, a special responsibility for the care of state affairs could not but be held to devolve. Unluckily, it was thought indispensable to entrust the preservation of the English rule in France to the Duke of Bedford, who had best claim to the chief control of affairs at home, and who, as "a sober-minded statesman of the best English type,"¹ might very possibly have exercised it with the acquiescence of those who stood next to him in birth or in service. It thus became impossible for Bedford, except by occasional intervention, to do what he might have done

¹ Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. I, p. 323.

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towards maintaining the Lancaster dynasty and averting the Wars of the Roses; while at the same time, by no clearly assignable fault of his own, he failed in carrying out the special task allotted to him. Yet he is not wholly to be compassionated; for his character, partly no doubt because no faction in the state had any interest in traducing it, remains untarnished by the misrepresentations of either chronicler or dramatist.

Very different was the case of the two foremost representatives of the Lancastrian interest who, during Bedford's absence, disputed with one another the control of the English administration, and whom in 1425, on a visit paid by him to England for the purpose, he attempted to reconcile. Henry Beaufort and Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, though with intervals during which a *modus vivendi* obtained between them, and with one pretence of a reconciliation on the occasion just mentioned, carried on their contention, till a strange dispensation of fate ended the lives of both, within a few months in the early part of a single year (1447). Probably no two English public men have ever been so persistently misjudged as this pair of antagonists. It is true that this misjudgment is of a very different kind, and has a very different origin, in the one and in the other instance; and it must also be allowed that the "Henry VI" plays do not adopt it to the same extent in both cases. On the character of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester these plays cannot be said to cast any light such as might have contributed either to a deeper or a more veracious interpretation of it; while as to Cardinal Beaufort, they have simply contributed to heighten a prejudice already cruel enough in its injustice. Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, was a great ecclesiastical potentate, whose consistent aim it was to augment both his public and his private resources;

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for it is quite clear that he had recognised how in the age in which he lived — probably at least as much as it has been in any other period of our national life — wealth was the most effective support of political and social influence. But he was also a prelate of his church who, in his life and when he was thinking of his death, was singularly awake to the beneficent ends which it has in all times been the highest privilege of wealth to seek to further.¹ Not less certain is it that Henry Beaufort was from first to last desirous of accommodating the entire course of his action as to both Church and State to the interests of the Lancastrian dynasty, with which he was by birth connected and with whose fortunes his own were of course closely bound up ; and it would be difficult to show that he at any time either misrepresented or misunderstood those interests. In Henry V's reign, he encouraged the prosecution of the French war, and was largely responsible for the conclusion of the Burgundian alliance which was essential to its success. Later, in Henry VI's days, he identified himself with the policy of peace, showing a magnanimous as well as statesmanlike contempt for the unpopularity which such a policy entailed. His relations to the Papacy are more obscure ; but they concern the scheme of our trilogy very little, except in so far as Beaufort's Cardinalate (which has been called the

¹ This is very forcibly shown in a lecture on "The Life and Times of Cardinal Beaufort," published in 1880, by the present Archdeacon Fearon, the late head-master of Winchester. Dr. Fearon gives good reason for believing that it was to Beaufort that the foundation of Eton and King's Colleges was originally due ; at all events every detail as to the new foundations was submitted to him by the King, and their endowments were increased by the Cardinal's will. I must not venture to suggest that Beaufort's interest in University life may have dated from the time when he had a chamber in Peterhouse (see J. H. Wylie in "Historical MSS., First Report," p. 78 ; Cf. Mr. Wylie's "Henry IV.," vol. III, p. 263 ; see also Dr. T. A. Walker, "Peterhouse," London, 1906, where it appears that Beaufort paid 20s., *pro pensionibus camerae*, whilst in the same year a bachelor of the University paid 6s. 8d. under the same head). Mr. Wylie has exploded the story of Beaufort's having been at the University of Aachen, which of course should be Oxford.

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great mistake of his life) unmistakably contributed to his unpopularity. At all events no ecclesiastical interests could with him ever take precedence over national; and this he showed, at a critical moment, by transferring, in 1429, the troops which he had levied for a Catholic crusade in Bohemia to the service of the Crown, when an endeavour was made to recover the English position in France after the fatal battle of Patay. During the last few years of his life — apparently from the conclusion of the King's marriage in 1445 — the Cardinal had withdrawn from politics, in which he had been a constant factor for nearly half a century, and devoted himself to the interests of his diocese. Thus, apart from the fact of his exceptional wealth — a circumstance which seems to have irritated the popular consciousness in the fifteenth century very much as it does in the twentieth — it would not be easy to understand why the chroniclers and dramatists of the Tudor period should have imbibed so ill-founded and vehement a prejudice against him, imparting to him even a degree of criminality which is held to be appropriately attested by self-torment in the hour of death, were it not that they were children of their times. To the Reformation age a powerful and wealthy Cardinal (whether his name were Wolsey or Beaufort) signified an offender on a grand scale against both the human and the divine order of things.¹ Nevertheless, the perpetuation of the calumnies against Cardinal Beaufort with which the trilogy of "Henry VI" is chargeable, remains, with a single exception, the worst offence against historical truth (in no trivial sense of the term) which it contains.

This exception is not the treatment of the character of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. Here, instead of

¹ Compare Pauli's "*Englische Geschichte*," vol. V, p. 286, note.

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recording a blind adherence to the perversity of popular censure, we have rather to notice the neglect of elements that might have added life and variety to the kindly *unisono* of popular praise. Humphrey Duke of Gloucester — “the good Duke,” as after his death he came to be called — was a prince of no very exalted character or commanding ability; and the long-enduring sentiment which attached itself to his name was probably due to pity for his supposed cruel fate as well as to the tradition of his good will towards the commons, and to an actual pleasantness of manner which, as we know, is royalty’s unfailing passport to popular favour. Neither his position nor his qualities ever secured to him a commanding influence over the policy of the state. His early projects of obtaining the inheritance of Jacqueline, the heiress of Holland and Hainault, were seen to be dictated by a desire of personal aggrandisement, and had to be dropped; nor was he chivalrous enough to remain true to his wedded wife. He afterwards favoured the policy of war in France; but he was without such resources as those which gave importance to his uncle and rival’s support of the same line of action beyond the narrow seas, while in home affairs he confined himself to the manœuvres of selfish intrigue. Probably no higher motive animated his activity against the Lollards, when in 1431 their flysheets were “about every good town in England” denouncing the clergy who were possessors of property, and advocating a community of goods. He laid hands on some of their leaders, and secured from the Privy Council a pecuniary recompense of his services to the orthodox religion. These earlier occurrences the dramatic version of Henry VI’s reign not unnaturally ignores; but it like-

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wise has nothing to say about Duke Humphrey's relations to learning and science, which connect his name as that of an early literary benefactor with the history of the University of Oxford, and which continue to engage the attention of modern students.¹ Our trilogy occupies itself mainly with the Duke's fall, and with the prelude to it supplied by the strange trial and cruel penance of Eleanor Cobham, Duke Humphrey's mistress, for whom, though they were probably never actually married, he had secured more or less formal recognition as his wife. The episode of her collapse is appropriately introduced into this chronicle of violent ambitions and their consequences; although the question as to Eleanor's actual guilt, or as to the length to which her restless spirit carried her, is of course one that will never be solved. Humphrey of Gloucester was not shamed by the catastrophe of his partner, or by his inability to hold out to her a helping hand, into withdrawal from public life. But his political influence was thenceforth at an end, and his final downfall had become only a question of time. That it was marked by his murder seems, though a natural, to be an unproved, assumption. Humphrey was physically as well as morally an utter wreck when he passed away, after he had been arrested for treason at the Bury Parliament (1447). The repetition of the story of the murder of the "good Duke" in the play

¹ See the attractive chapter "Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, fragment of a princely life in the fifteenth century," in R. Pauli's "Pictures of Old England." English translation by Miss Otté, 1861.

According to Ramsay, vol. II, p. 76, note, of the 247 books presented by the Duke to the University, three remain in the Bodleian, besides a scriptural commentary written for him by Capgrave at Oriel. He also contributed to the building of the University Schools. Bishop Bekyngton and Pecock, the liberally minded author of the "Repressor," as well as Titus Livius, whose "Life of Henry V" is held to mark the beginning of the classical Renaissance in England, were both patronised by the Duke.

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may be regarded as one more attestation of the popularity which so long clung to his name, but which was originally due to negative rather than to positive reasons—to the fact that he was not a foreigner, not a friend to the Queen, and not a priest.¹

At the other end of the social scale, according to a view of things which in no Elizabethan drama asserts itself more pointedly than in this trilogy, stands the popular agitation which for a moment obliged King Henry VI and the oligarchical factions around him to treat with it on terms of equality. To the author of the famous Jack Cade scenes the aim of the rising which he ruthlessly caricatures seemed sheer topsyturvydom; henceforth “seven halfpenny loaves were to be sold for a penny”; all the realm was to be in common; Jack Cade the clothier was to be King; and Lord Say must lose his head because he could speak French and therefore was a traitor—moreover, had he not most treacherously corrupted the youth of the realm by erecting a grammar school?² As a matter of fact, the anarchy which reached its height in the insurrection of 1450 was the inevitable result of a weakness of government which had long continued. In 1441–43 there had been a series of disturbances in different counties, due in part to private feuds, in part to fanatical preaching, and in the north to a determination not to submit to the exactions of the Archbishop of York’s spiritual courts. Early in 1450 troubles began in Kent, which

¹ For an illustration of the attitude of the Tudor age towards historical truth, the reader may be referred to the exposition in Bishop Latimer’s sermon to King Edward VI, cited below, of the merits of the contention between Winchester and Gloucester.

² This last is a curious touch. Is it conceivably to be traced to memories of the Pilgrimage of Grace and the grievances connected with the Dissolution of the Monasteries?

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communicated themselves to several southern counties. The rising headed in May by "Jack Cade," which from Kent spread into Surrey and Sussex, seems to have been something very different from a Peasants' War or Jacquerie, or from what Sir Humphrey Stafford in the play denounces as a rabblement of

"Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows."

Whether Cade himself was or was not a physician by profession, he seems beyond doubt to have been a man of respectable position, who had not improbably seen service in France.¹ That he should have taken the name of Mortimer, alleging his kinship to the Duke of York as the natural son of the last Earl of March, was in the circumstances a very pardonable fiction; though perhaps, as in similar instances of imposture in this age, had his insurrection spread to a great distance from the manor of Cade, the pretence might have assumed bolder proportions.² As it was, the Yorkists seem generally to have identified themselves with Cade's attempt in its earlier stages. But, factious partisanship apart, there were among his followers many men of substance — yeomen and not a few squires; and in Kent and East Sussex the armed rising was organised on the lines of a regular county levy. Its avowed object was not the overthrow of all government, but the establishment of a strong rule, such as would in especial protect the tenure of land against the force, fraud, and chi-

¹ There seems to be some evidence that Cade may have been a Somerset man, possibly from Bridgwater, — a possession of Richard Duke of York.

² In Act IV, sc. ii, in reply to the accusation that he has been "put up" to his imposture by the Duke of York, Cade says: "He lies, for I invented it myself." Yet he had no reason for laying claim to much originality on this score. I have often wondered why no attempt has been made to write a comparative history of this sort of impostures in the later Middle Ages.

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canery which had long rendered it wholly insecure.¹ The loss of Normandy, which had been the real cause of Suffolk's catastrophe earlier in the year, was as a matter of fact only put forward by the insurgents as a secondary grievance; but the very circumstance that they should have shown their concern at what was regarded as a national calamity shows them to have been Englishmen animated by patriotic feelings.² The systematic misrepresentation in the play of the general character of "Jack Cade's" rising, which extends to the incidents of his capture, is significant of the spirit of the later Tudor age, when a strong government was strongest in the goodwill of the great body of a self-confident nation. But how deep the popular discontent had sunk in days of the greatest weakness of Henry VI's government is shown by its having been attributed at Court to the popular preachers — whose voice may be regarded as that of the people itself.³

I will conclude these few remarks on the treatment of historical truth in this trilogy by referring to a character in it which has naturally enough been subjected to much indignant censure. The glorious figure of Jeanne Darc, the *Pucelle* of history, after the most conscientious and painstaking enquiry, stands wholly free from the least of the stains which envy, hatred and malice had left upon it. While at the court of Charles VII neither the Maid's miraculous achievements nor the ecclesiastical approval which they had earned converted those who looked askance at

¹ No more convincing evidence of the force of this fundamental grievance of the insurgents could be desired than that which is furnished in the "Paston Letters."

² Cf. Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, pp. 125 *seq.*; and see also Pauli, *u. s.*, vol. V, p. 307, where the connexion is noted which is supposed to have existed between the Kentish insurgents and the sailors whose murder of Suffolk forms one of the most impressive scenes of the play, and one in entire accordance with historical fact.

³ Lord Say, the most prominent victim of the insurrection, and other persons of influence, allowed no one to preach before the King until after submitting to them the proposed sermon.

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her to a whole-hearted acceptance of her patriotic mission. The English soldiery whom she drove out of Orleans and who fled panic-stricken before her at Patay regarded her simply as a witch whose powers were derived direct from the Evil One ; nor was it till the moment of her capture that the spell which her prowess and her faith had wrought was broken. A memorandum drawn up some years afterwards by Bedford, whose long labours this simple adversary had undone, attests his conviction that her success, the effects of which he sought in no way to underrate, was due to the lack of sound faith in the English soldiery opposed to her in the field, and to the misbelieving doubts caused in them by this disciple and limb of the Fiend and her use of false enchantments and sorcery.¹ In other words, while this brave and honourable Englishman himself entertained no doubts as to the diabolical origin of the Pucelle and all her doings, a manly faith in the God who masters devils would have overcome her. But Bedford did not say — though she was in English hands at the time of her imprisonment in the shameful tower which still lifts its head at Rouen, and though the power of England was an accomplice in her trial before a spiritual court — what was the nature of the durance and of the process undergone by her. We know that instructions had been given by King Henry that, if she were acquitted, she should be detained in his keeping. And we know what steps were taken to avert that acquittal. In order to do her to death, foul means of every kind were employed by those who had conspired to destroy her — including the perversion of her answers, the insertion in the records of the proceedings of false and brutally injurious statements, the infliction of all the hardships

¹ Cf. Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. I, p. 398.

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of the dungeon, and the terrors of threatened torture.¹ It was virtually Bedford who sent her to her doom, though French bishops share the responsibility of her death with the English statesman; Beaufort too is stated to have been present at her execution, and (more dubiously) to have ordered her ashes to be thrown into the Seine. Such is said to have been the fate, when Henry VI entered Paris a few months later, of the young shepherd who had tried to play her part over again. We are naturally apt to overlook the craven desertion of the Pucelle by the King, who owed to her his crown, in view of the bigoted abhorrence which was the one feeling entertained towards her by Bedford and the English Court. But it is impossible to ignore the fact that, though the prejudices of her foes might, in the unhappy episode of the *Pucelle* in the "First Part of Henry VI" have accepted as true the monstrous fiction of her colloquy with the fiends, those who were directly responsible for her doom must have known the abominable accusations suggested in the following scene (derived, as a matter of fact, from the English chroniclers) to be themselves nothing but diabolical lies.

I do not think that it is necessary to touch, except in passing, on a very different aspect of the relations, actual or supposed, to history of the "Henry VI" plays. The late Mr. Richard Simpson, a writer whose range of knowledge was only less notable than his subtlety of mind, was at the pains of attempting to demonstrate in "Henry VI" a series of veiled allusions to the condition of affairs in England, "when Leicester ruled the roast by ruling the Queen." He makes light of the circumstance that the favourite's death took place in 1588 (citing, as likewise composed after that event, Nashe's *Apologue* of the

¹ Cf. Pauli, *u. s.*, vol. V, p. 224.

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Bear in "Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication"); while he attaches much weight to the fact that in "Leicester's Commonwealth" the reign of Henry VI is specially noted as similar to that of Elizabeth. But the parallels which he is able to suggest are so remarkably vague and florid, that I do not think it worth while to dwell further upon what seems nothing more than an ingenious paradox.¹

I have come to the conclusion that it would be unwarrantable and against kind on the present occasion to follow the example of those writers who have dealt with the three Parts of "Henry VI" mainly from the point of view of the authorship of the several dramas, and have accordingly felt themselves justified in discussing the Second and Third Parts before dealing, and naturally more briefly, with the First. This method was adopted by the late Mr. Grant White² and his faithful follower Mr. G. L. Rives;³ by Mr Fleay;⁴ and by Miss Jane Lee,⁵ whose inquiry into the whole subject I have re-read with increased admiration of the completeness of her research, as well as of the lucidity of her argument; and I have resorted to it myself in a previous summary introduction to "Henry VI."⁶ But here, where the text of the plays awaits and invites study, the relations of the several portions of that text to one another are best treated as an open question. Moreover, it would be

¹ See Richard Simpson, "On the Politics of Shakspeare's Historical Plays" in "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1874, pp. 419 *seq.*

² "Works of William Shakespeare." Boston, 1859, vol. VII. See also "Posthumous Studies on Shakespeare," 1885.

³ Harness Prize Essay. Cambridge, 1874.

⁴ "Who wrote Henry VI?" in "Macmillan's Magazine," November, 1875. See also "The Marlowe Group of Plays" in Mr. Fleay's "Life of Shakespeare."

⁵ "On the Authorship of Parts II and III of Henry VI" (with supplements). "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1875-6.

⁶ "History of English Dramatic Literature" (2d ed.), 1899, vol. II, pp. 58-74.

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unfair, whatever may be the true version of the process by which these three plays were combined into a single trilogy, to criticise any one part of that trilogy—or indeed any portion of a chronicle history—by itself. Even in the “First Part of Henry VI,” “scrappy” and unactable as it may appear when presented on the modern stage, many things manifestly have found a place because of the dramatic requirements of the ensuing Parts; and results, however crude, should not be judged out of their connexion with a general design. Even on the assumption that Shakespeare’s share in Part I was confined to particular scenes or passages inserted by him in other men’s handiwork, it must have been his purpose to offer all these three Parts as a single theatrical whole, which his fellow-actors who made themselves responsible for the first collected edition of his plays thought themselves justified in designating as his. In other words, he considered the “First Part” indispensable for an intelligent appreciation of the Second and Third. And indeed, how could it have been otherwise?

Beyond a doubt the “Henry VI” plays in their whole character belong to that group of Shakespearean histories which deal with the great dynastic struggle between the houses of Lancaster and York, rather than to the group, maturer in treatment, which in the chronology of its subjects begins with “King John” and closes with “Henry V.” In the history of the Shakespearean drama these two groups may be said to be connected together by “Richard II.” While “Richard III” is, like “Henry VI,” still to all intents the dramatisation (with whatever amount of freedom) of historical narrative, “Richard II” is already, as Grant White describes it, a tragic dramatic poem founded upon historical events; but the emancipation of

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the dramatic action from the epical matter is complete in "King John," as it is in "Henry IV" and in "Henry V." "Henry VIII" stands apart; though in "Henry VI"¹ as well as in "Richard III" the accession of the Tudor dynasty is kept in view as the solution of the country's troubles, the author or authors of "Henry VIII" in their turn have in mind a later consummation. It is likewise undeniable that the connexion between "Henry VI" (or the First Part of it) and "Henry V" cannot be regarded as organic. The last six lines of the Epilogue to "Henry V," which I cite in a note for reference,² and whose bearing upon the question of the authorship of "Henry VI" and of the First Part of it in particular will be discussed further on, are certainly very far from representing "Henry VI" as anything like a continuation of "Henry V." Nor in truth could there easily have been a more extraordinary progress in artistic power and merit than that which the latter play exhibits as compared with the trilogy. And yet the instinct—shall we say the editorial instinct—was a sound one which regarded the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" as incomplete without the First. They treat of the collapse of the house of Lancaster and the rise, notwithstanding the catastrophe of its chief, of the rival house; but this collapse and its consequences were due to a period of weakness, discord, and misgovernment that could not be fully displayed without an exposition of their most palpable result, with which the later Parts

¹ See King Henry's speech to young Richmond in the "Third Part of Henry VI," Act IV, sc. vi.

² "Henry the sixth, in infant bands crowned King
Of France and England, did this King succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

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could only incidentally concern themselves — namely, the loss of France. It is true that in actual history this loss was not complete till an advanced period of Henry VI's reign; for the end of the Hundred Years' War has to be dated from the final loss of Bordeaux in 1453. But the author or authors of "Henry VI" fully availed themselves of the freedom in the manipulation of dates open to dramatists, so that the death of the Talbots in Gascony is advanced into Part I; and, as a matter of fact, the beginning of the end had arrived when Suffolk sacrificed Maine in order to secure for his master the hand of Margaret of Anjou (1444-45), and a further irretrievable stage in its accomplishment had been the loss of Normandy during the ascendancy of the same Suffolk (1450). The loss of France, so galling to English pride, thus brings home to the spectator or reader more effectively than this could be done in any other way a condition of things in which England itself was to slip out of the hold of the reigning house.

I propose, therefore, in the first instance to deal with the "First Part of Henry VI" as it stands, with the impressions which it creates, and with the sources to which it was indebted.

The events with which Part I is concerned are for the most part such as occurred between the accession of Henry VI to the throne, when nine months of age, in September, 1422, and his marriage to Margaret of Anjou on April 23, 1445. These are, so to speak, the chronological landmarks of the play; but since, as already indicated, its primary purpose was to exhibit the decline and fall of the English power in France, where its scene is for the most part laid, it is to this purpose that the course of affairs

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and the order of events introduced have to accommodate themselves.¹

It may be useful, before proceeding further, to illustrate this cardinal fact by a reference to the successive acts and scenes of the play. It opens (Act I, sc. i) with the exequies of Henry V, who died in 1422; but most of the events of which the humiliating tidings are brought to the side of the royal hero's bier happened long after his death,—some, as will be seen a little further on, never happened at all. The news of Talbot's abandonment of his march on Orleans, and his retreat on Patay (though artfully dated as having taken place on "the tenth of August last"), could not have arrived before the end of June, 1429—as it was on the 18th of that month that Talbot was defeated and taken prisoner at Patay. The siege of Orleans, with which sc. ii of the same act is concerned, began in October, 1428. The quarrel between Gloucester and Beaufort, which follows in sc. iii, is not seriously misplaced, as its origin was probably the proceedings in council in the course of January, 1427.² The release of Talbot from prison, which enables him in sc. iv to take part in the siege of Orleans (which had been raised in May, 1429) actually occurred in 1433 (or 1434).

In Act II the first historical event (for all the preceding scenes are fictitious) is the death, in sc. v, of

¹ I content myself with directing attention to the very able, and in some respects very suggestive application of his method of a "Time-Analysis of the Plots of Shakespeare's Plays" by Mr. P. A. Daniel, to the trilogy of "Henry VI." See "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1877-9, pp. 298, *seq.* He brings the First Part into eight days (with certain intervals), while the actual historical period covered by its main course may be reckoned at two years and four months.

² A short account of the quarrel is to be found in the anonymous "Chronicle of London" (Cleopatra, CIV), which is alone in stating that "the Mayor of london," with his city following, "stood by" Gloucester "ageyne the Bysshop of Winchester." In "Chronicles of London," ed. by C. L. Kingsford, Oxford, 1905, p. 130.

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Mortimer (1425); though it actually took place in Ireland, and not, as in the play, in the Tower. The quarrel in Parliament between the king's "uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester," in sc. i of Act III, follows on well enough; though its actual outbreak was not in London, but in Leicester at the "Parliament of Bats" (so called because, other weapons being prohibited, those who entered the town were armed with clubs, like London 'prentices). But the events in France are again very "mixed" as to their dates. A French attempt to take Rouen was made in August, 1431, but some months after the death of the Pucelle, who in sc. ii "joineth Rouen with her countrymen"; and Bedford, who dies in the same scene, did not actually expire (at Rouen, after his repulse at Lagny) till 1435. The Duke of Burgundy's desertion of the English side (sc. iii) follows on appropriately, inasmuch as it actually occurred in this year 1435; but it is needless to observe that the Pucelle had no concern in it—she had been martyred four years earlier. After this it seems but a trifling inaccuracy that, in sc. iv, Talbot should be created Earl of Shrewsbury at Paris; the peerage was really conferred on him at home in England, in 1442.

In Act IV, sc. i, we are taken back to the year 1431, when the young King Henry VI was crowned at Paris (in Notre Dame, not in "a hall of state"), as a counter-demonstration to the coronation of Charles VII at Rheims; but we very suddenly move forward, as already pointed out, in scenes ii–vii, which are concerned with the expedition, in 1452, of Shrewsbury (Talbot) to Gascony, his recovery of Bordeaux, and his defeat and death before Chatillon. Act V with further audacity gathers up such threads of the narrative as remain to be collected

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for the purposes of the play, and especially for establishing a continuity with the action that is to follow in the later Parts. In sc. i we hear of the project of marrying King Henry to a daughter of Count John of Armagnac,¹ which was put forward in 1442; and in the same scene the Bishop of Winchester appears as a newly created cardinal, whereas the historical Henry Beaufort had been granted permission to accept the long coveted hat as far back as 1427. In sc. iii the English attack Angers, of which Salisbury abandoned the siege in 1428; and in the same scene the Pucelle, who first came forward in 1429, and was not made a captive till the following year, is taken prisoner by the English (she was really taken by the Burgundians). Suffolk's capture of and by Margaret in the same scene is of course fictitious; but between scenes iv (the condemnation of the Pucelle) and v (Henry's commission to Suffolk to secure Margaret's hand for the King) there intervened in history a period of thirteen years (1431-44).

Though the chronology of the "First Part of Henry VI" is thus desperately confused, and almost suggests the notion that every notable incident of the reign not dramatised in the "Contention" and "True Tragedy," and accordingly used in the Second or the Third Part, has been forced into service, yet all the scenes are taken direct from the chroniclers, with three exceptions of importance. These are the three romantic scenes which have not hitherto proved traceable to any known source; namely, Act II, sc. ii (Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne); Act II, sc. iv (the

¹ In the play he has but one daughter; he actually had three, and Henry VI, with an exercise of volition uncommon in him, insisted that, after seeing the portraits of each, he should be allowed to choose between them.

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famous plucking of the roses in the Temple Garden); and Act V, sc. iii (the capture of Margaret by Suffolk and his falling in love with her). The substance of the play is, as already stated, to be found in both Halle and Holinshed; but one incident (Act I, sc. ii) occurs in Holinshed alone; another (Act IV, scenes v and vi) in Halle alone; and a third (Act III, sc. i) only in Fabyan. The vindication of Gloucester and the charges against Cardinal Beaufort came from Halle and the "Mirror." A few touches may indicate an acquaintance with Monstrelet (the Paris edition of 1572).

Act I. — The opening scene, which begins with the funeral of King Henry V, is admirably conceived, and its first forty-seven lines at all events show an animation which falls away in the course of Bedford's patriotic speech. It was not suggested by any authority; and, as already noted, a host of striking events are inevitably antedated, in order to compress the various elements of the needful exposition into the first scene of the play. The list of the possessions lost in France is, like that of the Dauphin's supporters, merely a recital of well-known names. All the events mentioned, including the Messenger's circumstantial account of the battle of Patay and Fastolf's flight "without stroke stricken" are, with the exception of the "base Walloon's" thrust, to be found in both Halle and Holinshed; it may be worth mentioning that Monstrelet gives 6000 as the original number of Salisbury's troops, and says that Henry VI landed at Calais on "St. George's day." Even the "oaths to Henry sworn" (l. 162) may refer to the chroniclers' report of Henry V's injunction never to treat with the Dauphin. Again, the resolve of Winchester (who steps forward in approved style at the end of the scene to announce himself as the villain of the play) to kidnap the

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king at Eltham, was suggested by Gloucester's allegation in 1426 of this as a charge against his rival.

In scene ii, which opens with a simile of novel force, but which cannot lay claim to much general distinction of style, the account of the siege of Orleans, and the references to Talbot and Salisbury, are drawn from the two chronicles, though Talbot had not at the time been taken prisoner. Ll. 9-13 look like a forecast of "Henry V," Act III, sc. vii, ll. 138 *seq.* Though the Pucelle was not introduced to Charles by the Bastard, he afterwards became one of her principal supporters, and his prominence in the play only reflects the constant mention of him by the chronicles. The details of the interview between the Pucelle and the Dauphin (of which Schiller afterwards made so poetic a use) come from Holinshed, who tells how Charles, after "shadowing himself behind, setting other gay lords before him," was detected by Jeanne, and had her to the end of the gallery in secret and private talk, "that of his privy chamber was thought very long." He also notes that her sword was chosen "from among old iron"; but it is Halle who suggests that she "probably" had "a foul face." The combat is fictitious, as are the base passages of the colloquy between the Dauphin and the Pucelle.

The account of the siege of Orleans is broken off to make room for a scene (iii), lively and well calculated to entertain a citizen audience in chronicle history fashion, dealing with the fray between Gloucester and Winchester, as described by Halle, Holinshed, and Fabyan.

Scenes iv-vi resume the narration of the siege, the story of the tower, the gunner's boy, and the deaths of Gargrave and Salisbury (which lacks true tragic power), being an almost literal transcript from Halle or Holinshed. These authorities, however, are not responsible for Talbot's ad-

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dress the dying Salisbury as "Plantagenet"; but his actual name, Montacute, does not occur in the passages, and Bedford is there made to call him "cousin." "Plantagenet," as a name to conjure with,¹ recurs so often in the "Henry VI" plays, as to make it worth noticing that this is not in imitation of the chroniclers — who hardly ever introduce the name — but of the "Mirror for Magistrates." The presence on the occasion of Talbot is a deliberate alteration of the statements of the chroniclers, who mention Suffolk as in command at Orleans; but the exchange of Talbot for Pothon de Xaintrilles is merely antedated. Talbot has to take his place as the hero proper of the play, just as he is in point of fact the hero of the chronicles; "his only name," says Halle, "was and is dreadful to the French nation;" and with it nurses would terrify children.² His combat with the Pucelle is of course fictitious, and is presented with the utmost crudeness. The revolting conception of the final scene of this act, in which the Dauphin bespatters the victorious Maid with a shower of classical allusions may likewise be placed to the credit, or discredit, of its writer.

Act II. — The recovery of Orleans from the French, described in sc. i of Act II, is evidently based on Halle's account of the recovery of Le Mans (copied by Grafton and Holinshed), Bedford and Burgundy being substituted for Scales and Gough. "There the English made a sally, crying 'St. George, Talbot!' and the Frenchmen which were scarce up . . . rose out of their beds in their shirts and leapt over the walls. Others ran naked out of the

¹ York's claim to the crown was on October 16, 1460, formally laid before the Lords in the name of "Richard Plantagenet." Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, p. 232.

² He is said to be celebrated as "*le roi Talabot*" in ballads still sung on the banks of the Garonne. *Ib.*, p. 156, from Ribardieu's "*Guienne*." — Attention may be directed to the old French play, "*Le Siège d'Orléans*," Creizenach; vol. I, p. 373.

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gates . . ." Halle and the "Mirror" elsewhere relate that the mere cry of "Salisbury!" put the French to flight (cf. l. 79). It will be noticed that in this scene the degradation of the Pucelle "artistically" continues.

For the subjects of scenes iii and iv, as has been already stated, no authority is known to exist. No praise could be too high for the conception and execution of the immortal Temple Garden scene, or for the dramatic skill with which its supposed historical importance is suggested. Yet, as is sometimes the case with the most striking "historical" anecdotes, that of the origin of the designation "the Wars of the Roses" appears to be wholly imaginary, inasmuch as no rose was known as a party badge during the Civil War period besides the White Rose of York.¹ "Young" Somerset was actually a seasoned warrior. Warwick seems throughout the play to be a confusion of the Beauchamp and Neville successive holders of the title. The mention of the attainder and its reversal cannot be derived from Halle, Holinshed, or Fabyan; but the suggestion that York's father (evidently supposed by the playwright to have been a Duke of York) was "no traitor" probably comes from the story in the "Mirror," that Cambridge and his confederates pretended to have been bribed by France to shield March, staining themselves with shame in order to save their friend from blame.

The picture presented in sc. v of Mortimer brought from a dungeon, as well as the remembrance of his early greatness in arms, are inventions, doubtless traceable to the erroneous statement of Halle and Holinshed that he had "long time been restrained of his liberty and finally waxed lame . . . whose inheritance descended to the Lord Rich-

¹ It is stated to have been borne by Richard Duke of York, in right of Clifford Castle. But Edward IV, in his expansive way, constituted it his proper device in conjunction with the radiant sun. See Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, p. 269, note.

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ard Plantagenet." Mortimer actually died in Ireland, in 1425. It is to be regretted that the bold conception of this scene, which begins powerfully, should not have been effectively carried through its course, instead of dwindling down to the close.

Act III. — The lively first scene of this act, though perhaps hardly adequate as a dramatic representation of so momentous a contention, represents the "Parliament of Bats," held at Leicester in 1426 (see above). The chroniclers state Gloucester's bill of complaints against Beaufort to have consisted of six articles. One charged him with the intention of stealing the King from Eltham (cf. Act I, sc. i); another brought forward the suspicions of King Henry V (cf. Act I, sc. iii, l. 24); and a third dwelt on the ambush laid by him for Gloucester on London Bridge. The Mayor's petition gives two details from Fabian, who is also our warrant for the favour with which the citizens regarded the Duke and their hatred of the Cardinal; noting that the citizens were forced by the fray to shut their shops; and also that, at Leicester, the retainers, debarred from the use of weapons, trussed stones and plummets of lead in their bosoms. The reconciliation between the rivals, and the investiture of Richard as Duke of York, are in both Halle and Holinshed. The old Duke of Exeter (Thomas Beaufort) died shortly after the holding of the Parliament; and the saying cited by him at the end of the scene is attributed by Halle and Holinshed to King Henry V himself.

In scene ii we find reminiscences of several incidents of the war located at Rouen,¹ famous for its sieges, and unsuccessfully assailed by the French in both 1431 and 1432. Holinshed, for instance, tells how six disguised

¹ Here pronounced in the English fashion, but a dissyllable earlier in the play.

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English soldiers, carrying sacks and baskets, captured the castle of Cornell. He, also, is the authority for Cœur de Lion's heart being buried in Rouen (where the monument containing it is still shown in the Cathedral).

The reconciliation of the Duke of Burgundy with Charles VII, represented in scene iii, was accomplished by the Treaty of Arras, a few days before the death (September 15, 1432) and burial of Bedford at Rouen. But the details in the play, especially of course the frank "new diplomacy" of the Pucelle, are fictitious.¹ The Duke of Orleans had really, as Halle states, been detained in England in order to please Burgundy, and was not released till 1440.

Act IV.—The coronation of Henry VI at Paris, by Cardinal Beaufort, took place in 1431, when he was eight years old. The representation of this event in scene i, which may be taken together with the last scene (iv) of the preceding Act, is full of inaccuracies. It has been already mentioned that Talbot was created Earl of Shrewsbury eleven years later, in England; and the appeal to Henry V's high opinion of him in l. 18 is of course a blunder. Bedford, but not Gloucester or Somerset, was present; and Bedford, say Halle and Holinshed, took away Fastolfe's² garter, but afterwards restored it; which, as Monstrelet relates, caused *grand débat* between Talbot and "Fascot." Burgundy's letter, with its blunt superscription, is likewise in accordance with authority; but its date was 1435. Both Halle and Holinshed describe Somerset's jealousy of York, made Regent of France in 1435, and attribute largely to this cause and

¹ Her *aside* "Done like a Frenchman : turn, and turn again," is, considering the situation, about as impudent an appeal to the groundlings as could be found in a serious drama.

² Always spelt "Falstaffe" in the Folio of 1623.

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to the hindrance offered by Somerset to the reinforcement of York the loss of that kingdom. The fictitious squabble between two retainers introduced into this scene is dramatically well designed as showing the actual permanence of the quarrel between their lords. Equally unhistorical, as already explained, is the assumption of a red rose as a badge by King Henry in the course of his fine flow of rhetoric towards the end of this scene.

The scenes (ii, v, and vi) concerned with the death of Talbot are derived from Halle's very full account of the battle of Châtillon (1453), including the park of artillery on the intrenched ground to which Talbot was enticed. Even the conversation between Talbot and his son, Lord Lisle, is distinctly outlined in Halle; though the *stichomythia* of their dialogue, as well as the references to the "sire of Crete" and his Icarus, points to academical elaboration, while the rimes in both scene v and scene vi increase the difficulty of conjecturing the author of this poor but apparently effective stuff.

As to the Sir William Lucy who makes his appearance in scenes iii, iv, and vii, there was a William Lucy at Charlecote about this time, who was killed in the battle of Northampton; but his heraldry is not over-accurate. No Talbot ever held the titles of Cromwell or Falconbridge — Lord Cromwell was in the King's presence when he received the Duke of Burgundy's letter and drew Henry's attention to the insult. Of the French present in scene vii, only Charles was at Châtillon.

Act V. — In reference to scene i, it should be noted that Halle and Holinshed state that the "Earl of Armagnac" in 1442 offered one of his daughters to King Henry VI with "silver hills and mountains of gold," and that ambassadors had concluded the marriage, when the French

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took the Earl and his two daughters captive. Fabyan, however, attributes the breaking-off of the match to Suffolk. Beaufort had been nominated Cardinal in 1417; but, as already mentioned, Henry V refused his assent, because he would not have a subject of his to be his prince's peer; and leave was not granted till 1427. The "Mirror" spitefully adds that he bought his Hat with "not God's angels, but angels of old gold."

Paris was not actually recovered by the French till 1436; but it is well that even in so shamelessly perverted a record of the Pucelle's deeds, her heroic and singularly ill-fated attempt to restore its capital to France should not have been passed by without notice (scene ii).

Scenes iii and iv are fictitious; but Salisbury had begun the siege of Angers before that of Orleans. As to so much of these scenes as refers to the Pucelle, Halle, Holinshed, and Fabyan all contain vile abuse of her; the shameful l. 62 in scene iv is from Fabyan.

Though the meeting (in scene iii) of Suffolk and Margaret at Angers¹ is a fictitious incident, scene v adopts Halle's full and gratuitously false account of Suffolk's responsibility for the marriage of Henry and Margaret, which he had devised while at the peace conference at Tours. He extolled before the King and Council the personage of the Princess, "as who would say she was of such excellent beauty and of so high a parentage that almost no King or Emperor was worthy to be her make." Gloucester, says Halle, resisted the marriage, because of the pre-contract with Armagnac and the bride's poverty. The truth—that Orleans pro-

¹ Suffolk's "She 's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore to be won"—

inevitably suggests a comparison with a passage in "Richard III;" but of this below.

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posed the match, supported by the Beauforts—is not given by any of the chroniclers; but none of them—not even Halle, Yorkist and anti-Beaufort though he was in his sympathies—breathes a word of scandal or even of a personal nature as to the relations between Suffolk and Margaret. This adventitious calumny is due to the playwright. Suffolk was old enough to be Margaret's father, and his wife attended her to England.

From the point of view of style and diction, the most striking characteristic of the “First Part of Henry VI” is beyond a doubt the large element of bombast contained in it—bombast at times quite unintentionally comic; at other times, whether intentionally or not, devoid of meaning. Ancient Pistol could hardly have outdone “old Talbot,” when (Act IV, sc. iv) he comforts Salisbury, one of whose eyes a shot has just “struck off,” by the following simile:

“One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace :
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.”

And from what anthology of lovers' nonsense could Suffolk have culled a figure so unintelligible as the following (Act V, sc. iii):

“As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.”

The alliteration in which the play abounds, and which may generally be described as explosive rather than melodious, seems to be part of its bombast. It is mostly reserved for the use of great nobles—especially for Talbot, for Mortimer, and (though in a less ample measure) for Warwick; and it seems on the whole to

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be more frequently employed in the first three acts than in the last two. Rime is not largely introduced, except in scenes iii and v-vii of Act IV, where both the Talbots discourse almost entirely in rime, and where it is noticeable that alliteration almost entirely disappears. In other scenes rime concludes a few speeches; elsewhere it is employed occasionally, but without any obvious purpose. More peculiar is what may be described as a constant repetition of words—sometimes of sounds—to which some ears may possibly be more sensitive than others, but which to mine (certain Greek analogies notwithstanding) conveys a certain impression of awkward energy—like the speech of a pedantic and unpolished schoolmaster. To be sure, some emphasis is gained, even though it is not always the emphasis of antithesis; and the attention of the audience is thus more certainly arrested; but this is at the expense of euphony, and of a pleasing flow of style.¹

In the diction of this play there is observable a tendency to tautology of expression, which seems to be

¹ A long list of instances of the use of this trick in the “First Part of Henry VI” lies before me; but the reader will, if he chooses, find no difficulty in compiling one for himself. By way of example, take the following from Act I, sc. iii:

Villains, answer you so the lord protector? —
The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are willed.—
Who will'd you, or whose will stands but mine?

What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?

Do what thou darest; I heard thee to thy face.—
What! am I dared and bearded to my face?

Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.—
Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure.”

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distinctive of it as compared with *Parts II* and *III*. Such combinations as "replete with mirth and joy," "black and swart" (Act I, sc. ii), recur in several later scenes.¹ They may be regarded as exemplifications of a certain carelessness of style, or perhaps of a kind of indolence which resorts to the means most readily at hand for making up a line.² Careless phraseology is also here and there to be noticed.³ On the other hand, we find, not only a very large number of classical similes and allusions, which Part I affects like the two other Parts,⁴ but also some out-of-the-way words, coined or imported, and not recurring in either of these.⁵ The omission of the definite article in such phrases as "to sun's parching heat" (Act I, sc. ii, l. 77), "if Dauphin and the rest" (Act III, sc. iii, l. 8), "the sound of drum" (*ib.* 29), and the insertion of it, not, I think, to be met with elsewhere in Shakespeare, before proper names such as "the Talbot" (Act II, sc. ii, iii, and Act III, sc. iii), and "the Burgundy" (Act III, sc. iii), may be due to carelessness, or, more probably, to a desire for peculiarity.

¹ "Blame and lay the fault" (Act I, sc. i); "the middle centre" (Act II, sc. ii); "Enter, go in" (Act III, sc. ii); "Warlike and martial Talbot" (*ib.*).

² Another expedient not unfrequently employed for this purpose is the use of the termination *-eth* (3d pers. sing. present), where not specially called for, as in Act I, sc. ii, l. 15: "Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury"; and again in ll. 26 and 34 of the same scene.

³ "Await for" (Act I, sc. i, l. 48); "whether that such cowards" (Act IV, sc. i, l. 28). Compare also the careless use at the close of lines of sounds which are imperfect rimes to sounds ending the lines preceding, such as "talk — smock" (Act I, sc. ii, ll. 118–119), and several other instances.

⁴ The comparison of promises quickly redeemed to Adonis' gardens, "That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next" (Act I, sc. vi, ll. 6–7) is from Plato's *Phædrus*. The one Scriptural allusion (Act I, sc. ii, l. 105), "thou fightest with the sword of Deborah," is not strictly accurate.

⁵ "Extirped"; "expulsed"; "venge this wrong"; "reguerdon" (all in Act III, sc. iii, the last also in Act III, sc. i); "neglection" (Act IV, sc. iii). "Corrosive," "contumeliously," reappear in later Parts.

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Something will be said later as to the contrast between the general effect of Part I and that created by Part II and, though not in quite the same degree, by Part III of "Henry VI"—a contrast which impressed itself very forcibly upon those who witnessed the performance of these dramas, in succession to one another, on the occasion of their recent revival at Stratford-on-Avon. The First Part, however, must always stand apart from the Second and Third, not only because of a difference in some of their respective characteristics, but because of the fact that of the First Part no earlier dramatic source exists such as those which we possess in the case of the Second and Third Parts; nor is there any evidence to show that any such play at any time existed, or that it was to some play of the kind that Henslowe and Nashe refer in the two passages already cited. Thus the First Part must be judged, for what it is worth, as an original work; and the question hereupon arises as to who was its author.

A consensus of more or less recent criticism rejects the supposition that Shakespeare is to be held responsible for the whole of the play—though in such a supposition the early school of Shakespeare critics, notably Schlegel and Tieck, followed by Ulrici, saw nothing strange. Among English editors and commentators, Charles Knight, to whom the popular study of Shakespeare in his own land is deeply indebted, and among whose many excellent qualities courage was not the least conspicuous, practically stands alone in upholding the Shakespearean authorship of the entire "Henry VI" trilogy (which he regarded as forming, together with "Richard III," a complete unity), and therefore implicitly also of the First Part. On the other side of the controversy nearly every shade of opinion has its representa-

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tive. So far back as 1777 Maurice Morgaun, in his admirable, if paradoxical, essay "On the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff," made reference to "that drum and trumpet thing called the 'First Part of Henry VI,' written doubtless, or rather exhibited, long before Shakespeare was born, though afterwards repaired, I think, and furbished up by him, with here and there a little sentiment and diction." Malone, who considered that Shakespeare had no concern in Part I, unless it were in the matter of one or two scenes, held that this play, as it now lies before us, is "the entire or nearly the entire production of some ancient dramatist"¹ earlier than Shakespeare. The best-founded sections of his argument insisted on the un-Shakespearean character of the diction, versification, and allusions — the last including those mythological and historical allusions which, instead of arising naturally out of the text, "seem to be inserted merely to show the author's learning." Malone saw no difficulty in the hypothesis that Shakespeare, for the advantage of his own theatre, made a few additions to the First Part, in order to bring it into line with the Second and Third, after they had been performed there; and this explanation would, he thought, sufficiently account for Hemyng and Condell's admission of the First Part, side by side with the Second and Third, into their Folio. Malone's view, as has been seen, met with very general acceptance; and N. Drake even went a step beyond it, by proposing to exclude the First Part absolutely from the canon of Shakespeare's works, as exhibiting no trace whatever of his hand. In Germany, too, so conservative a critic as Gervinus, with whom textual criticism was a matter of secondary importance, held that Shakespeare's share in the play was confined to those pas-

¹ Dissertation on the "Three Parts of K. Henry VI," etc., in vol. XVIII of the "Variorum Shakespeare" (1821).

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sages which connect it with the Second and Third Parts; and such was also the opinion of Hallam, who, though inferior to Gervinus as a critic, was like him distinguished both by sobriety of judgment and by a certain breadth of view. On the other hand it is noticeable that Coleridge, who was great enough as a poet to make his impressions of importance in such a matter, held that many lines in the play were by Shakespeare. This clearly meant something more than the view of Grant White, according to which Shakespeare had "little or nothing to do with the writing of the 'First Part of Henry VI'; but possibly he may have touched its substance and modified its form here and there, sufficiently to bring it into keeping with Parts II and III, and with 'Richard III,' which was produced very soon afterwards."

Since the question is wholly one of internal evidence, it is the reverse of wonderful that there should be no agreement either as to which are the Shakespearean passages in this unlucky play — I term it unlucky, as one would describe a man as unfortunate who "cannot call his soul his own" — or as to the identity of the author or authors of so much in it as is not Shakespearean. Of these two problems the former does not seem to me quite so much in the air as the latter. Each reader must be left to put his finger with more or less of confidence upon particular passages; but few will contend against the feeling of certainty that the spirit of such a speech as that of Talbot's beginning

"He fables not; I hear the enemy" —

(Act IV, scene ii) or so inimitable a touch of humour as the Mayor's reflection —

"Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year" —

(Act I, scene iii) came from any other hand.

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But when we pass from single lines or particular passages to entire scenes, or portions of scenes, the difficulty becomes more serious; and much, for instance, as I should be inclined to follow Dr. Furnivall in attributing to Shakespeare the stirring Temple Garden Scene of the Red and White Roses (Act II, scene iv), I should prefer even in such a case to refrain from asserting a conviction. And I confess myself far less inclined to give a full assent to Mr. Fleay's contention that the later Talbot scenes (Act IV, scenes ii-vii) as a whole, or the episode of Talbot's death in particular, are by Shakespeare. Assuredly, it cannot have been the same hand that wrote Talbot's speech in scene ii, referred to above, and his speeches, which I forbear from criticising, in scene vii.

Finally, can we give any satisfactory answer to the second of these problems—who wrote the substance of the play? It seems superfluous to discuss the conclusions advanced by Mr. Fleay in his earlier and ampler discussion of the subject¹—although the views of a critic of an assiduity and an acuteness alike so extraordinary are not to be neglected because, as forming part of an investigation necessarily progressive in its nature, they may have since been in a greater or less measure superseded. Mr. Fleay at one time thought two hands discernible through nearly the whole of the play, with certain exceptions reserved as exhibiting a later, and perhaps Shakespearean co-operation. These hands he considered to be Marlowe's and Greene's. But I cannot think that the distinction which he assumed between the Marlowe and the Greene scenes—the latter of which he believed to include the body of the French portion of the action of the play—was of its nature maintainable. As Mr.

¹ “Who Wrote Henry VI,” *u. s.*

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Fleay himself pointed out, it was the Marlowe of "Tamburlaine," not the Marlowe of "Faustus," whose hand seemed traceable in the more sustained part of the drama. And I cannot perceive that there was any feature in the profusion of similes and allusions, drawn from classical mythology and history, proper to one University wit rather than to another. Thus, as except in a touch here or there, no test was in this instance applicable derived from those variations of style whose origin is really traceable to differences in power of thought or force of emotion, the partition was hardly one that could be permanently upheld. And, in point of fact, Mr. Fleay, with the candour which is an essential part of his critical faculty, came to confess that the authorship of the "First Part of Henry VI" cannot be categorically assigned to any one or two writers. He afterwards¹ thought that the shares in it might be distributed, according to chronological groups, mainly but not altogether in succession to one another, between Marlowe, Greene or Kyd, Peele possibly, Lodge certainly, and, so far as the Talbot scenes are concerned, Shakespeare.

In other words, we have here no question of probability, either strong or other, but merely a reasonably fair chance of our being able to arrive at a satisfactory guess at the genesis of this play. It was put together in a hurry; it offers few indications either of characters or of situations thought out with care, and still fewer illustrations (though such are not altogether absent) of original genius asserting, as it were in passing, its power of interpretation of facts or suggestion of their significance. Several playwrights, whose characteristics of style were in part

¹ "Chronicle History of the Life and Work of William Shakespeare" (1886), p. 255.

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common to them — except in the case of Marlowe, who may not yet have reached the full development of his powers, while Greene's imitative capacity seems in the present connexion more noticeable than his special *nuances* of manner — are likely to have taken part in the work of composition ; and at an earlier or later date the hand of a revisor — whose name was afterwards deliberately associated with the play, and some of whose characteristics as a dramatist we are inclined to fancy unmistakeable — retouched, perhaps supplemented, the work as a whole. Why should we desire to go further ?

A. W. WARD.

**THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY VI**

· DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

KING HENRY the Sixth.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, uncle to the King, and Protector.

DUKE OF BEDFORD, uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.

HENRY BEAUFORT, great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.

JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, son of Richard late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.

JOHN TALBOT, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.

SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.

Mayor of London.

WOODVILE, Lieutenant of the Tower.

VERNON, of the White-Rose or York faction.

BASSET, of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction.

A Lawyer. Mortimer's Keepers.

CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS.

Governor of Paris.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry.

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

¹ This play was first printed in the First Folio of 1623. It is there divided into Acts, but Act IV is alone divided into separate Scenes. No list of "dramatis personæ" is given, nor is there any indication of the "Scene."

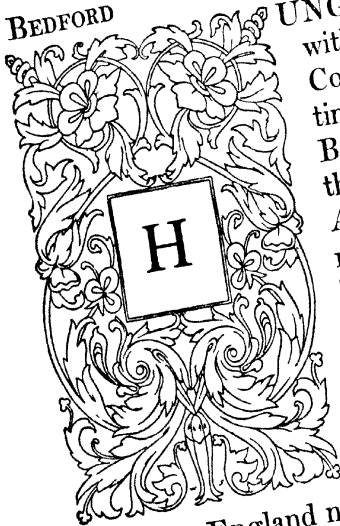


ACT FIRST — SCENE I

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY the Fifth, attended on by the DUKE OF BEDFORD, Regent of France ; the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Protector ; the DUKE OF EXETER, the EARL OF WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

BEDFORD



UNG BE THE HEAVENS
with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of
times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in
the sky,

And with them scourge the bad
revolting stars
That have consented unto
Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too fa-
mous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so
much worth.

GLOU. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:

His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams: 10
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies
 Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
 What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
 He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

EXE. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in
 blood?

Henry is dead and never shall revive:
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
 And death's dishonourable victory 20
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
 By magic verses have contrived his end?

WIN. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day

1 *Hung* .'. . *black*] A reference to the practice of draping the back of the stage with black hangings when a tragedy was performed.

3 *crystal tresses*] the tail of the comet. Cf. "*crystal comets*" in *Aurora*: sonnets by Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, 1604.

11 *His arms* . . . *dragon's wings*] Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, V, viii, 17: "*The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth.*"

27 *By magic verses* . . . *end* ?] It was believed that incantations in verse composed and recited by witches caused death. Cf. Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen . . . affirme that they can rime either man or beast to death."

So dreadful will not be as was his sight. 30

The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:

The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

GLOU. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen
pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:

None do you like but an effeminate prince,

Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

WIN. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.

Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,

More than God or religious churchmen may. 40

GLOU. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

BED. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in
peace:

Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:

Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;

Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.

Posterity, await for wretched years,

When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears, 50

And none but women left to wail the dead.

Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,

48 *await for*] be ready for, expect.

50 *nourish*] Thus the original text. Pope substituted *marish*, an obsolete form of "marsh." But "nourish" is an early variant of "nurse," and change is needless.

Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make
 Than Julius Cæsar or bright —

Enter a Messenger

MESS. My honourable lords, health to you all!
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
 Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
 Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

BED. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's
 corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
 Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

GLOU. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
 If Henry were recall'd to life again,
 These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

EXE. How were they lost? what treachery was used?

MESS. No treachery; but want of men and money. 70
 Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
 That here you maintain several factions,

56 or *bright* —] The speech is interrupted by the entrance of the messenger. Bedford may have intended to add "*Charlemagne*," as several editors have suggested. There is no need to fill the hiatus.

60 *Guienne*, . . . *Orleans*] The metre halts here, even if *Rheims*, spelt *Rheimes* in the Folios, be pronounced dissyllabically. Capell inserted *Rouen* before *Orleans*, in anticipation of the reference to the place in line 65, *infra*.

64 *burst his lead*] at line 19, *supra*, the coffin is specifically described as *wooden*. The inner casing may have been of lead.

And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

80

EXE. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

BED. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled coat. I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger

MESS. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

90

72 *a field . . . fought*] a battle should be fought out to a finish.

80 *flower-de-luces*] the white lilies of France, which were quartered on the coat-of-arms of England.

83 *their flowing tides*] the flowing tides of England's tears. Theobald substituted *their* for the Folio reading *her*.

88 *intermissive miseries*] intermittent, almost continuous miseries (since Henry V's triumphant victories).

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

EXE. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

GLOU. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

BED. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts, 101
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger

MESS. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

WIN. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

MESS. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large. 110
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;

110-111 *The tenth of August . . . Orleans*] The chronology is here at fault. The battle of Patay, here described, where Talbot was out-manceuvred and taken prisoner, was fought on *June 18, 1429*, six weeks *after* the English had raised the siege of Orleans, which, in this scene, is noticed as being still in progress.

115 *enrank*] set in battle array.

He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued; 120
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand
him;

Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up, 130
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

124 *flew*] Rowe's emendation of the Folio reading *slew*.

126 *agazed on*] aghast at.

131 *Sir John Fastolfe*] The Folios read *Falstaffe*, which Theobald changed to *Fastolfe*. Reference is here made to the distinguished soldier, well known to contemporary historians, who successfully defended himself against the charge of cowardice which is mentioned in the text. Shakespeare afterwards bestowed a modified form of the historic warrior's name on his colossal humourist of *Hen. IV* and *M. Wives*. Apart from similarity of name the historic Fastolfe has little in common with Shakespeare's Falstaff.

132 *in the vaward*] in the van, in the front line of his own troop.

Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face. 140

BED. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

MESS. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

BED. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend; 150
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

MESS. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply, 160
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

EXE. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BED. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.]

GLOU. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.]

EXE. To Eltham will I, where the young king is, 170
Being ordain'd his special governor,
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

WIN. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II—FRANCE

BEFORE ORLEANS

*Sound a Flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER,
marching with Drum and Soldiers*

CHAR. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;

176 *steal*] The Folios awkwardly read *send*, which misrepresents the speaker's obvious meaning.

177 *sit . . . weal*] exercise supreme control of public affairs, like a master-pilot.

1 *Mars his true moving*] Mars' true motion. "His" is a common form of the genitival inflexion. Cf. III, ii, 123, *infra*: "*Charles his gleeks*," and IV, vi, 3, *infra*: "*France his sword*." Astronomers

Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

ALEN. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules, 10
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

REIG. Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

CHAR. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me 20
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [Exeunt.]

Here Alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER

CHAR. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

REIG. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;

were notoriously puzzled by the motions of the planet Mars until Kepler published the masterly result of his observations in 1609.
19 *forlorn*] desperate; here used somewhat ironically. The speaker imagines that the tide of French disaster has turned.

He fighteth as one weary of his life.
 The other lords, like lions wanting food,
 Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

ALEN. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
 England all Olivers and Rowlands bred 30
 During the time Edward the Third did reign.
 More truly now may this be verified;
 For none but Samsons and Goliases
 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
 Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
 They had such courage and audacity?

CHAR. Let 's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd
 slaves,
 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
 Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
 'The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege. 40

REIG. I think, by some odd gimmors or device
 Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
 Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
 By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.

ALEN. Be it so.

29 *Froissart*] Jean Froissart (1333–1419), whose French chronicle of the period 1326–1400 was published in an English translation by Lord Berners (1523–1525).

30 *Olivers and Rowlands*] two of the most famous of Charlemagne's twelve valiant peers.

35 *rascals*] technically, lean deer not fit for hunting. Cf. IV, ii, 48–49, *infra*: “English deer, . . . Not *rascal-like*.”

37 *hare-brain'd slaves*] reckless fellows.

41–42 *odd gimmors . . . clocks*] quaint contrivances or mechanism; here applied to the striking apparatus of clocks.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS

BAST. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news
for him.

CHAR. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

BAST. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer ap-
pall'd:

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:

50

A holy maid hither with me I bring,

Which by a vision sent to her from heaven

Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,

And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:

What's past and what's to come she can descry.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,

For they are certain and unfaillible.

CHAR. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to
try her skill,

60

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:

Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern;

By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

47 *Bastard*] This title was often employed without any sense of reproach.

48 *cheer appall'd*] countenance terror-stricken. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, III, ii,
96: "pale of *cheer*."

49 *wrought this offence*] done this harm (to your countenance).

56 *the nine sibyls*] There seems a confusion here with the *nine* books of
Sibylline oracles offered to King Tarquin by the Sibyl of Cumæ.
The number of the Roman Sibyls in mediæval traditions is variously
given, but never appears as nine.

Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, with JOAN LA PUCELLE

REIG. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

PUC. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile. 70

REIG. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

PUC. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty

Will'd me to leave my base vocation, 80

And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:

71 *She takes . . . dash*] She makes bold pretensions at the outset.

My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

90

Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

CHAR. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

PUC. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

101

CHAR. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

PUC. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*]

CHAR. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon,
And fittest with the sword of Deborah.

PUC. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

CHAR. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must help
me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

91 *Resolve on this*] Be assured of this.

95 *buckle*] encounter, join in close fight. The word twice reappears in this play. Cf. IV, iv, 5, and V, iii, 28.

99 *five*] Steevens' correction of the Folio reading *fine*. Holinshed describes Joan of Arc's sword as being engraved with "*five* flower-de-luces on each side."

100 *at Touraine*] Touraine is a province of France, not a town. Holinshed describes the place as "Fierbois in Touraine."

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, 110
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

PUC. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

CHAR. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

REIG. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

ALEN. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech. 120

REIG. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

ALEN. He may mean more than we poor men do
know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

REIG. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

PUC. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

CHAR. What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it
out.

PUC. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise: 130
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.

121 *keeps no mean*] observes no moderation in the length of his interview.

131 *Saint Martin's summer*] An expression applied to the spell of hot weather which is occasionally experienced about St. Martin's day, November 11, after winter has set in. The speaker means "Expect prosperity after misfortune."

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

CHAR. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove? 140
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

ALEN. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

REIG. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
honours;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

CHAR. Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt. 150

139 *Cæsar and his fortune*] Plutarch in his life of Julius Cæsar tells the story how Cæsar, while an unrecognised passenger on a small pinnace which got into difficulties at sea, discovered himself to the captain, saying to him: "Fear not, for thou hast *Cæsar and his fortune* with thee."

140 *Mahomet . . . dove*] According to a common mediæval tradition, Mahomet trained a dove to perch on his shoulder, pretending that the bird was an incarnation of the Holy Ghost.

142 *Helen*] The Roman Empress Helena, who, according to a legend, discovered the cross of Christ on a visit to Jerusalem in 326 A. D.

143 *Saint Philip's daughters*] The four daughters of Philip ("virgins, which did prophesy,") mentioned in *Acts* xxi, 9.

SCENE III—LONDON

BEFORE THE TOWER

*Enter the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, with his Serving-men
in blue coats*

GLOU. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 't is Gloucester that calls.

FIRST WARDER. [*Within*] Who's there that knocks so
imperiously?

FIRST SERV. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

SECOND WARDER. [*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may
not be let in.

FIRST SERV. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

FIRST WARDER. [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so
we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

10

GLOU. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*[Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and
Woodville the Lieutenant speaks within.]*

2 *conveyance*] trickery, dishonest practice. Cf. *M. Wives*, I, iii, 27–28:

“‘Convey’ the wise it call. ‘Steal!’ foh! a fico for the phrase!”

4 *Gloucester*] Here pronounced trisyllabically, as in lines 6 and 62, *infra*.

13 *Break up*] Break open. Cf. *Micah* ii, 13: “they have broken up,
and have passed through the gate.”

WOODV. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

GLOU. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here 's Gloucester that would enter.

WOODV. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment 20
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

GLOU. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I 'll shut thee out shortly.

SERVING-MEN. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates WINCHESTER
and his men in tawny coats*

WIN. How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?

GLOU. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out? 30

WIN. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

GLOU. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:

30 *Peel'd*] Shaven, tonsured.

31 *proditor*] the Latin word for "traitor."

35 *Thou . . . sin*] The brothels were situated in Southwark, on land belonging to the See of Winchester.

I 'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

WIN. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. 40

GLOU. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I 'll use to carry thee out of this place.

WIN. Do what thou darest; I heard thee to thy face.

GLOU. What! am I dared and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of pope or dignities of church, 50
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.

WIN. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the
pope.

GLOU. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!

36 *canvass*] used here in the special sense of ensnare, catch in a net.
The term was technically applied to a means of trapping wild hawks.

39-40 *Damascus . . . Abel*] A mediæval legend placed the scene of Cain's murder of Abel near the site of Damascus.

42 *bearing-cloth*] the cloth on which a child is borne to the baptismal font.

47 *Blue . . . tawny coats*] Blue was the ordinary colour of servants' liveries in secular households, tawny of those in the service of ecclesiastics. The stage direction after line 28, *supra*, describes the Bishop of Winchester's "men" as dressed "in tawny coats."

53 *Winchester goose*] a slang term for a symptom of venereal disease.
Cf. line 35, *supra*.

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers

MAY. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

GLOU. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my
wrongs:

Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, 60
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

WIN. Here 's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

GLOU. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

MAY. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife 71
But to make open proclamation:
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst:
Cry.

OFF. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day
against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you,

57 *hurly-burly* (in stage direction)] general confusion. Cf. *Macb.*, I, i, 3:
"When the *hurly-burly's* done."

in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places ; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

GLOU. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law :
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large. 80

WIN. Gloucester, we will meet ; to thy cost, be sure :
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

MAY. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

GLOU. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what thou
mayst.

WIN. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head ;
For I intend to have it ere long.

*[Exeunt, severally, Gloucester and Winchester
with their Serving-men.]*

MAY. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear !
I myself fight not once in forty year. *[Exeunt. 90]*

SCENE IV — ORLEANS

Enter, on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy

M. GUN. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

83 *I'll call for clubs*] "Clubs" was a common cry of bystanders when affrays broke out in the streets, and seems intended to summon constables armed with clubs to allay the disturbance.

M. GUN. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by
me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars 10
In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit. 20
BOY. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them. [Exit.

*Enter, on the turrets, the LORDS SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR
WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others*

SAL. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?

10 *Wont*] Are accustomed. This is Steevens' emendation of the Folio reading *Went*.

16-18 *And even . . . longer*] Thus the First Folio. Many conjectural changes have been made to improve the metre without substantive success.

Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

TAL. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far 30
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

SAL. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

TAL. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts. 40
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread 50
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:

33 *vile-esteem'd*] Pope's emendation of the Folio reading *pil'd esteem'd*.

Cf. *Sonnet cxxi*, 1: "'T is better to be vile than *vile esteem'd*."

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock

SAL. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:

60

Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions

Where is best place to make our battery next.

GAR. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

GLAN. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

TAL. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.]

SAL. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners! 70

GAR. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

TAL. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:

How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!

Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand

That hath contrived this woful tragedy!

53 *chosen shot*] picked shots or marksmen.

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up, 80
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
 Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
 Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; 90
 Thou shalt not die whiles —
 He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
 As who should say "When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French."
 Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.
 [*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*
 What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
 Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger

MESS. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
 The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd, 101

81 *leave*] leave off, cease.

95 *like thee, Nero*] The First Folio omits *Nero*; the Second Folio reads
Nero like will. The present reading is due to Malone.

A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.]

TAL. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent, 110
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
[Alarum. Exeunt.]

SCENE V—THE SAME

*Here an alarum again: and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN,
and driveth him: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving
Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter
TALBOT*

TAL. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:

107 *puzzel*] filthy drab. The word, which comes from the Italian word
"puzzolente," is variously spelt in Elizabethan English.
dolphin] the common English spelling of the French title Dauphin.

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

PUC. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee.

[*Here they fight.*]

TAL. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage, 10
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[*They fight again.*]

PUC. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[*A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.*]

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;

Help Salisbury to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be. [Exit.]

TAL. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do: 20

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,

Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:

So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench

Are from their hives and houses driven away.

They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away. [*A short alarum.*]

6 *Blood will I draw on thee*] It was a common belief that any one who drew a witch's blood was exempt from her power.

21 *like Hannibal*] Joan of Arc is likened to Hannibal, who broke through the encircling army of Fabius at Casinum by means of a stratagem; he drove among the Roman soldiers a herd of oxen with lighted torches attached to their horns.

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf, 30
 Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*]

It will not be: retire into your trenches:
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
 In spite of us or aught that we could do.
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*]

SCENE VI—THE SAME

*Enter, on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER,
 ALENÇON, and Soldiers*

PUC. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
 Rescued is Orleans from the English:
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

30 *so treacherous*] in so cowardly a fashion. This is the reading of the Folios, for which Pope substituted *so tim'rous*, which simplifies the passage.

2 *English*] Thus the First Folio. The later Folios read *English wolves*. If *English* be retained by itself, it must be pronounced trisyllabically.

CHAR. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this success?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
 That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

10

REIG. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout
 the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALEN. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
 When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

CHAR. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
 For which I will divide my crown with her,
 And all the priests and friars in my realm
 Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
 A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
 Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:

20

4 *Astræa*] In classical mythology, the goddess of justice, who enforced the performance of promises. Zeus was her father and Themis her mother.

6-7 *Adonis' gardens . . . the next*] This is a curious classical reference. "*Gardens of Adonis*" (κηποι Ἀδωνιδος) was the name conferred throughout Greece in classical times on earthen vessels in which plants were brought to fruition with exceptional rapidity. Cf. Plato, *Phædrus*, 276. "*The garden of Adonis*" is represented allegorically by Spenser as the great treasury of nature's seeds. Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, III, vi, stanzas 29-63.

22 *Rhodope's or Memphis'*] Thus the Folios, save that they omit the apostrophe after Memphis. Memphis, a celebrated city of Egypt,

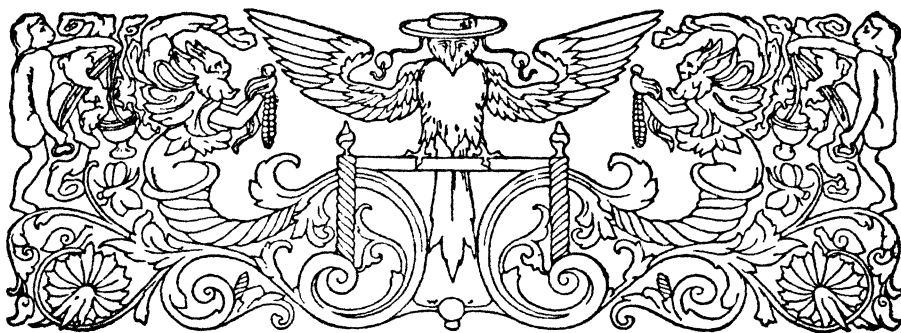
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT I

In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [Flourish. Exeunt.

30

was famed for its pyramids, one of the most imposing of which, according to both Pliny and Plutarch, was built at the expense of Rhodope, a famous Greek courtesan. Capell proposed to read *Rhodope's of Memphis*, which rather improves the sense.

25 *coffer of Darius*] the coffer of which, according to Plutarch, Alexander despoiled the Persian King Darius, and in which he enshrined the poems of Homer. Reference is made to the story in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589 (ed. Arber, p. 32).

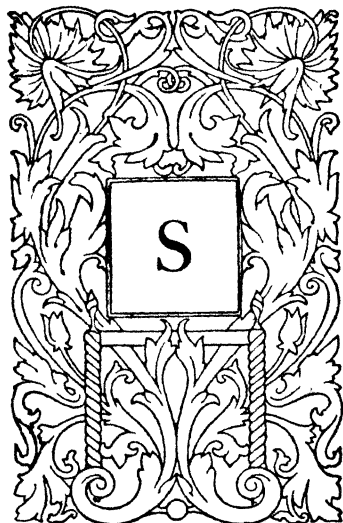


ACT SECOND — SCENE I

BEFORE ORLEANS

Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels

SERGEANT



IRS, TAKE YOUR PLACES
and be vigilant:

If any noise or soldier you perceive

Near to the walls, by some apparent sign

Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

FIRST SENT. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*] Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,

Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march

TAL. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,

Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

PUC. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

CHAR. Duke of Alençon, this was your default, 60
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

ALEN. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

BAST. Mine was secure.

REIG. And so was mine, my lord.

CHAR. And, for myself, most part of all this
night,

Within her quarter and mine own precinct

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels: 70

Then how or which way should they first break in?

PUC. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 't is sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

⁷⁷ *lay . . . endamage them*] make new plans to injure them. The stage
direction which follows bears witness to a long-lived English tradi-

*Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying "A Talbot!
A Talbot!" They fly, leaving their clothes behind*

SOLD. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

80

[Exit.]

SCENE II—ORLEANS

WITHIN THE TOWN

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others

BED. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

TAL. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:

10

tion that the mere mention of Talbot's name bred incredible terror
in French hearers. See II, iii, 15-16, *infra*.

Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc, 20
Nor any of his false confederates.

BED. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

BUR. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running, 30
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

TAL. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

MESS. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,

19 *I muse . . . grace*] I am surprised we did not meet his grace the Dauphin.

By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe 40
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BUR. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

TAL. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled: 50
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

BED. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

TAL. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?

CAPT. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—AUVERGNE

THE COUNTESS'S CASTLE

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter

COUNT. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

41 *lies*] dwells.

PORT. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

COUNT. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

10

Enter Messenger and TALBOT

MESS. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

COUNT. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

MESS. Madam, it is.

COUNT. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!

20

6 *Tomyris*] Queen of the Scythian tribe of Massagetæ, who defeated the invading army of Cyrus, the great Persian king, and, after he was slain in the battle, had his head flung into a bag filled with human blood.

10 *censure*] opinion, judgment. Cf. *Rich. III.* II, ii, 144: "To give your *censures* in this weighty business."

22 *silly*] harmless.

It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

TAL. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

COUNT. What means he now? Go ask him whither he
goes.

MESS. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure. 30

TAL. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys

COUNT. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

TAL. Prisoner! to whom?

COUNT. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine, 40
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

TAL. Ha, ha, ha!

23 *writhled shrimp*] shrivelled or wrinkled midget.

35 *train'd*] enticed, allured.

42 *captivate*] made captive. Cf. V, iii, 107, *infra*: "women have been
captivate ere now."

PLAN. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

SUF. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

SOM. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between
us. 10

WAR. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper:
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement:
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLAN. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side 20
That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOM. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

PLAN. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to
speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,

6 *Or else . . . error?*] Or, in other words, was quarrelsome Somerset wrong? There is no opposition between this question and that implied in the preceding line.

26 *In dumb significants*] In dumb signs, in dumb show. Cf. *L.L.L.*, III, i, 124, "bear this *significant*," where "significant" is affectedly used by Armado for "a letter," that which signifies the speaker's meaning.

And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me. 30

SOM. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WAR. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

SUF. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.

VER. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more, 40
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

SOM. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

PLAN. And I.

VER. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SOM. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off, 50
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

VER. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

34 *I love no colours*] A quibble on the two senses of the word, namely
“hues” and “pretences.” Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, ii, 140–141: “I do fear
colourable colours.”

43 *well objected*] justly proposed.

44 *subscribe*] yield, submit.

Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

SOM. Well, well, come on: who else?

LAW. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [*To Somerset.*
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

PLAN. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

SOM. Here in my scabbard, meditating that 60
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

PLAN. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

SOM. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

PLAN. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

SOM. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

PLAN. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth; 70
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

SOM. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses.
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

PLAN. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

65-66 '*T is not for fear . . . roses*] Not from fear do my cheeks look pale, but from anger caused by the blush on thy cheeks, which counterfeits our red roses out of pure shame (at thy persistence in error).

76 *fashion*] Thus the Folios. Theobald proposed *faction*, a change which

SUF. Turn not thy scorns this way, Pantagenet.

PLAN. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

SUF. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

SOM. Away, away, good William de la Pole! 80

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

WAR. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

PLAN. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

SOM. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, 90
For treason executed in our late king's days?

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

PLAN. My father was attached, not attainted,

is not essential. "Fashion" doubtless refers to Somerset's wearing the badge of the red rose.

83 *His grandfather*] Lionel Duke of Clarence was not *grandfather* to Richard Plantagenet, but was his maternal great-great-grandfather.

85 *crestless yeomen*] yeomen who have no right to coat armour.

86 *He . . . privilege*] He trusts to the privilege of sanctuary attaching to the Temple, the place of the present meeting, to escape punishment for his insolent speech.

96 *attached, not attainted*] arrested, not convicted after trial. "Attached"

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
 And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
 Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
 For your partaker Pole and you yourself, 100
 I'll note you in my book of memory,
 To scourge you for this apprehension:
 Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

SOM. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
 And know us by these colours for thy foes,
 For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

PLAN. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
 As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
 Will I for ever and my faction wear,
 Until it wither with me to my grave, 110
 Or flourish to the height of my degree.

SUF. Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
 And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*]

SOM. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious
 Richard. [*Exit.*]

PLAN. How I am braved and must perforce endure it!

WAR. This blot that they object against your house
 Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
 Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
 And if thou be not then created York,

is here a trisyllable. The Earl of Cambridge confessed his offence.
 Cf. *Hen. V*, II, ii, 66-181.

100 *partaker*] confederate.

102 *apprehension*] faculty for sarcasm, as in *Much Ado*, III, iv, 59-60:

"how long have you professed *apprehension*?"

114 *Have with thee*] I go with thee, let us go together.

I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120
 Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
 Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
 And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
 Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
 Shall send between the red rose and the white
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

PLAN. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VER. In your behalf still will I wear the same. 130

LAW. And so will I.

PLAN. Thanks, gentle sir.
 Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
 This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V—THE TOWER OF LONDON

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair, and Gaolers

MOR. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
 Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;

² *dying Mortimer*] There is no historical foundation for this account of the death of Edmund Mortimer, the Earl of March, who, after enjoying the favour of King Henry V throughout his reign, died of natural causes in his own castle early in Henry VI's reign. The dramatist seems to have confused Edmund Mortimer with a less famous cousin, Sir John Mortimer, who suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower.

And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
 Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief, 10
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

FIRST GAOL. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
 We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
 And answer was return'd that he will come. 20

MOR. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
 Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 This loathsome sequestration have I had;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
 Deprived of honour and inheritance.
 But now the arbitrator of despairs,

5 *the pursuivants of death*] the heralds forerunning death, and proclaiming its approach.

9 *exigent*] end. Cf. *The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll*, IV, 3: "my barbarous rudenesse to her Hath driven her to so, e desperate *exigent*."

28 *arbitrator*] settler, and so terminator. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, IV, v, 225-226: "And that old common *arbitrator*, Time, Will one day *end* it."

Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence: 30
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET

FIRST GAOL. My lord, your loving nephew now is
come.

MOR. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

PLAN. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

MOR. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. 40
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
stock,

Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?

PLAN. First, lean thine aged back against mine
arm;

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;

Among which terms he used his lavish tongue

And did upbraid me with my father's death:

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,

Else with the like I had requited him. 50

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,

44 *my disease*] my trouble.

In honour of a true Plantagenet
 And for alliance sake, declare the cause
 My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

MOR. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
 And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
 Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
 Was cursed instrument of his decease.

PLAN. Discover more at large what cause that was,
 For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

60

MOR. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
 And death approach not ere my tale be done.
 Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
 Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
 The first-begotten and the lawful heir
 Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
 During whose reign the Percies of the north,
 Finding his usurpation most unjust,
 Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
 The reason moved these warlike lords to this
 Was, for that — young King Richard thus removed,
 Leaving no heir begotten of his body —
 I was the next by birth and parentage;
 For by my mother I derived am
 From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
 To King Edward the Third; whereas he

70

53 *for alliance sake*] for the sake of kinship.

64 *his nephew Richard*] Richard II was first-cousin to Henry IV.

“Nephew” is used in the vague sense of the Latin “nepos.”

74–75 *my mother . . . Clarence*] Duke Lionel was father of Mortimer's paternal grandmother.

From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir, 80
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl 90
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

PLAN. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

MOR. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

PLAN. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100

MOR. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,

88 *Levied an army*] There is no historic foundation for this statement that the Earl of Cambridge levied an army against Henry V. See note on II, iv, 96, *supra*, and *Hen. V*, II, ii, 66-181.

96 *the rest . . . gather*] the consequences I wish thee to infer.

And like a mountain not to be removed.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence;
 As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

PLAN. O, uncle, would some part of my young
 years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age!

MOR. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer
 doth

Which giveth many wounds when one will kill. 110

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
 Only give order for my funeral:

And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
 And prosperous be thy life in peace and war! [Dies.

PLAN. And peace, no war, befall thy parting
 soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
 And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
 And what I do imagine let that rest.
 Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself 120
 Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*]

Here 'dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
 Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
 And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
 Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,

108 *redeem the passage*] purchase the continuance of your aged life, secure
 an extension of your days.

123 *with . . . sort*] by the ambition of men of lower rank.

I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.

129 *make my ill . . . good*] make the wrong done me, my ill-usage, a
vantage ground or occasion of benefit to myself. Theobald here
substituted *ill* for the Folio reading *will*.

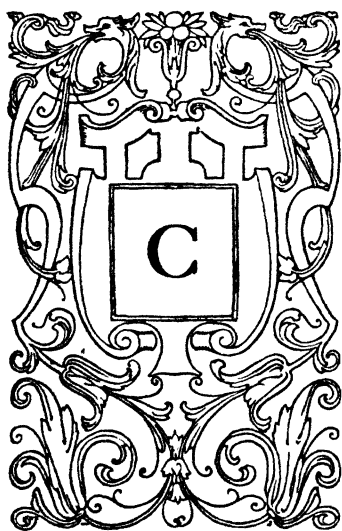


ACT THIRD — SCENE I — LONDON

THE PARLIAMENT-HOUSE

Flourish. Enter KING, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, tears it

WINCHESTER



OMEST THOU WITH
 deep premeditated lines,
 With written pamphlets studi-
 ously devised,
 Humphrey of Gloucester? If
 thou canst accuse,
 Or aught intend'st to lay unto
 my charge,
 Do it without invention, sud-
 denly;
 As I with sudden and extemporal speech
 Purpose to answer what thou
 canst object.

GLOU. Presumptuous priest! this place commands
 my patience,
 Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

SCENE I FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd 10
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forged, or am not able
 Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
 No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession and degree; 20
 And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

WIN. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouch-
 safe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
 As he will have me, how am I so poor? 30
 Or how haps it I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?

1 *lines*] written lines of the bill or indictment mentioned in the preceding stage directions.

5 *invention*] premeditated device.

10 *preferr'd*] set forth, presented. In lines 33 and 110, *infra*, the word seems used in the sense of "promote."

13 *Verbatim*] By word of mouth.

And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do? — except I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good —

GLOU. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

WIN. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

GLOU. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

WIN. And am not I a prelate of the church?

GLOU. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage his theft.

WIN. Unreverent Gloster!

GLOU. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

WIN. Rome shall remedy this.

33 *preferreth*] promoteth. See note on line 10, *supra*.

42 *Thou bastard . . . grandfather*] The Bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Catherine Swynford, whom the Duke afterwards married.

44 *imperious*] exercising power, reigning.

47 *keeps*] dwells, stays.

49 *reverent*] Thus the First and Second Folios, for which the Third and Fourth substituted *reverend*, which is the meaning of the word here. Cf. V, iii, 47, *infra*.

WAR. Roam thither, then.

SOM. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

WAR. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

SOM. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

WAR. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

SOM. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so
near.

WAR. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king? 60

PLAN. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his
tongue,

Lest it be said "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

KING. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar! 70
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissention is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

[*A noise within*, "Down with the tawny-coats!"]
What tumult 's this?

WAR. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again*, "Stones! stones!"

Enter Mayor

MAY. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
 Pity the city of London, pity us!
 The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
 Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
 Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
 And banding themselves in contrary parts
 Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
 That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
 Our windows are broke down in every street,
 And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

80

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates

KING. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
 To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
 Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

FIRST SERV. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall
 to it with our teeth.

90

SEC. SERV. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[Skirmish again.]

GLOU. You of my household, leave this peevish broil
 And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

THIRD SERV. My lord, we know your grace to be a
 man
 Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,

78 *The bishop*] The bishop's men. For a like omission of the possessive inflexion in a similar construction cf. *Rich. II*, II, iii, 62: "Shall be your *love* and labour's recompense."

93 *unaccustom'd*] unwonted, unseemly.

Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight, 100
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

FIRST SERV. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [Begin again.

GLOU. Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

KING. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace, 110
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

WAR. Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

WIN. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

GLOU. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest 120
Should ever get that privilege of me.

99 *an inkhorn mate*] a fellow who reads and writes, a mere bookworm.

103 *pitch a field*] array themselves for battle.

110 *prefer*] promote. See note on line 10, *supra*.

WAR. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

GLOU. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

KING. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same? 139

WAR. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

WIN. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

GLOU. [*Aside*] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow
heart. —

See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not! 140

WIN. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

KING. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

FIRST SERV. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

SEC. SERV.

And so will I.

131 *a kindly gird*] a gentle reproof.

138 *This token*] No token is noticed in the text. Gloucester doubtless
takes the Bishop of Winchester by the hand as he speaks these words.

THIRD SERV. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. *[Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.]*

WAR. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet 150
We do exhibit to your majesty.

GLOU. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham place I told your majesty.

KING. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

WAR. Let Richard be restored to his blood; 160
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

WIN. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

KING. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

PLAN. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

KING. Stoop then and set your knee against my
foot
And, in reguerdon of that duty done, 170

156 *At Eltham . . . majesty]* of which I told your majesty at Eltham Place.

159 *restored to his blood]* reinstated in his hereditary honours, of which he was deprived on his father's execution.

170 *reguerdon]* reward. The word appears as a verb, III, iv, 23, *infra*.

I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

PLAN. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

ALL. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of
York!

SOM. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of
York!

GLOU. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France: 180
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

KING. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry
goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

GLOU. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exit all but Exeter.*]

EXE. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love, 190
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

176 *grudge one thought*] harbour any grudge.

183 *disanimates*] discourages, dispirits.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

200

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II—FRANCE

BEFORE ROUEN

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, with four Soldiers with
sacks upon their backs*

PUC. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

FIRST SOL. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,¹⁰
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock.

[*Knocks.*]

WATCH. [*Within*] Qui est là?

¹³ *Qui est là ?*] Malone's emendation of the unintelligible *Che la* of the Folios. "Qui va là?" would be better French.

PUC. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
 Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

WATCH. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

PUC. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the
 ground. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON,
 REIGNIER, and forces*

CHAR. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
 And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

BAST. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants; 20
 Now she is there, how will she specify
 Where is the best and safest passage in?

REIGN. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
 Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,
 No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a torch burning

PUC. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
 That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
 But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*]

BAST. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
 The burning torch in yonder turret stands. 30

CHAR. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
 A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

20 *practisants*] plotters, conspirators; formed from "practice," which commonly meant "trick" or "stratagem."

25 *No way . . . enter'd*] No way is equal in weakness or lack of defence to that by which she entered.

REIGN. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*Alarum. Exeunt.*]

An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion

TAL. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy
tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France. [*Exit.* ⁴⁰]

An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair.

Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY without: within LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER, on the walls

PUC. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?

BUR. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

CHAR. Your grace may starve perhaps before that
time.

⁴⁰ *pride*] haughty power. Cf. IV, vi, 15, *infra*: "The *pride* of Gallia."

⁴⁴ *darnel*] a coarse weed found in cornfields and reputed when eaten to produce dimness of sight. "Darnel," says Gerard in his *Herbal*, "hurteth the eyes and maketh them dim, if it happen either in corne for breade, or drinke."

BED. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this
treason!

PUC. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a
lance, 50

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

TAL. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

PUC. Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[The English whisper together in council.]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker? 60

TAL. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

PUC. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

TAL. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

ALEN. Signior, no.

TAL. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70

PUC. Away, captains! let 's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.

51 *run a tilt at . . . chair*] challenge death sitting down.

64 *Hecate*] A trisyllable. Wherever else Shakespeare uses the word, he makes it a dissyllable.

God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*]

TAL. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives, 80
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

BUR. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

TAL. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

BED. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me: 90
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

BUR. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade
you.

BED. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

95-96 *Pendragon . . . foes*] Uther Pendragon, King Arthur's father,
according to Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, led his army to battle while
confined by sickness to a litter.

TAL. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe! 100
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.]

*An alarum: excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE
and a Captain*

CAPT. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such
haste?

FAST. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAP. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

FAST. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. *[Exit.]*

CAP. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[Exit.]

*Retreat: excursions. LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, and
CHARLES fly*

BED. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please, 110
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.]

110 *Now, quiet soul, depart]* There is no historic foundation for this account of the death of Bedford, who died peaceably at Rouen in September, 1435.

An alarm. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest

TAL. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

BUR. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments. 120

TAL. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleeks?

What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

BUR. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy. 130

TAL. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

122 *familiar*] an evil spirit commonly in attendance on a witch.

123 *braves . . . gleeks*] boasts . . . scoffs.

124 *all amort*] downcast. See note on *T. of Shrew*, IV, iii, 36.

126 *take some order*] make some necessary dispositions.

133 *exequies*] obsequies. See note on line 110, *supra*.

SCENE III—THE PLAINS NEAR ROUEN

*Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, LA
PUCELLE, and forces*

PUC. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

CHAR. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

10

BAST. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

ALEN. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee revered like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

PUC. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

20

CHAR. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

1 *Dismay not*] Be not dismayed.

3 *corrosive*] irritant.

10 *of thy cunning . . . difference*] had no suspicion of thy skill.

11 *foil*] repulse. Cf. V, iii, 23, *infra*, "give the French the *foil*."

France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

ALAN. For ever should they be expelled from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

PUC. Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*]

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

30

*Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over
at a distance, TALBOT and his forces*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY and forces

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*]

CHAR. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

BUR. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

PUC. The princely Charles of France, thy country-
man.

BUR. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching
hence.

CHAR. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy
words.

40

PUC. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BUR. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

PUC. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds, 50
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
gore:

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

BUR. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

PUC. Besides, all French and France exclaims on 60
thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation

41 *Brave Burgundy*] There is no historical foundation for any personal interview between Joan of Arc and the Duke of Burgundy, though the Maid appealed to the Duke by letter to forsake the English alliance, a request which he at the time ignored.

47 *lowly*] in a low state of vitality, enfeebled by starvation.

62 *lordly*] haughty, imperious.

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

70

BUR. I am vanquished; these haughty words of
hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:
So farewell, Talbot; I 'll no longer trust thee.

80

72 *They set him free*] This is an historical error. The Duke of Orleans was not released by his English gaolers till long after the events mentioned in the text. He was set free in 1440, at least five years after the Duke of Burgundy abandoned the English alliance.

75 *slaughter-men*] slaughterers.

78 *haughty*] high-spirited, a rare usage. Cf. IV, i, 35, *infra*, "*haughty courage*."

PUC. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and
turn again!

CHAR. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes
us fresh.

BAST. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALAN. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHAR. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers, ⁹⁰
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — PARIS

THE PALACE

*Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK,
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER: VERNON, BASSET,
and others. To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT*

TAL. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lest fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart

10

⁸⁵ *Done . . . again*] A feeble sneer at the alleged fickleness of Frenchmen. Cf. IV, i, 138, *infra*: "France, . . . a fickle wavering nation."

Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace. [Kneels.]

KING. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

GLOU. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

KING. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.

Long since we were resolved of your truth, 20
Your faithful service and your toil in war;

Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[Sennet. Flourish. Exit all but Vernon and Basset.]

VER. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York: — 30
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

BAS. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

17 *When I was young*] Henry VI was only nine months old at his father's death. Hence there is no historical foundation for this reminiscence.

20 *resolved*] convinced.

23 *reguerdon'd*] rewarded. See III, i, 170, *supra*.

29 *these colours*] the badge of the red rose.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT III

VER. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BAS. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

VER. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*]

BAS. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such

That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

40

But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to venge this wrong;

When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

VER. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

39 *whoso draws a sword*] *sc.* in the palace of a king. Cf. IV, i, 78, *infra*.

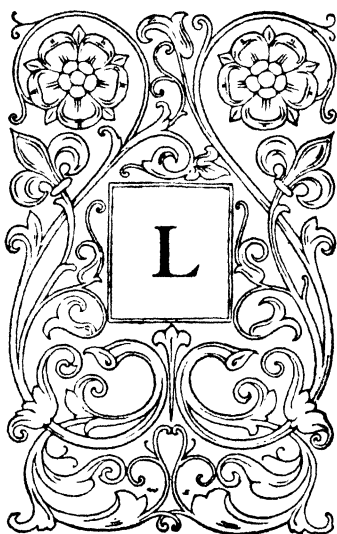


ACT FOURTH—SCENE I—PARIS

A HALL OF STATE

Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the Governor of Paris, and others

GLOUCESTER



ORD BISHOP, SET THE crown upon his head.

WIN. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

GLOU. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath, That you elect no other king but him;

Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,

And none your foes but such as shall pretend

Malicious practices against his state:

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE

FAST. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais, To haste unto your coronation,

10

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

TAL. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg, [*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong 20
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

GLOU. To say the truth, this fact was infamous 30
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

TAL. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,

6-7 *pretend Malicious practices*] intend or purpose wicked plots.

19 *Patay*] Malone's necessary correction of the Folio reading *Poitiers*.

Cf. I, i, 130-134, *supra*.

30 *fact*] deed (in a bad sense), crime.

35 *haughty*] high-spirited. Cf. III, iii, 78, *supra*: "*haughty words*."

Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight, 40
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

KING. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

[*Exit Fastolfe.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

GLOU. What means his grace, that he hath changed 50
his style?

No more but, plain and bluntly, "To the king!"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?

What 's here? [*Reads*] "I have, upon especial cause,
Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France." 60

38 *most extremes*] utmost extremities of danger.

45 *Stain*] Disgrace, discredit.

54 *Pretend*] Intend, as at line 6, *supra*.

O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

KING. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

GLOU. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

KING. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

GLOU. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

KING. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with
him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you, my lord? are you not content? 70

TAL. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am pre-
vented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

KING. Then gather strength, and march unto him
straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

TAL. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit. 80

Enter VERNON and BASSET

VER. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

BAS. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

YORK. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince. 80

SOM. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.

KING. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to
speak.

78 *the combat*] the right of challenge to single combat in the precincts of
the court. Cf. III, iv, 39, *supra*.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

VER. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

BAS. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

KING. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

BAS. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue, 90
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms. 100

VER. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

92 *sanguine colour*] colour of blood.

94 *repugn*] resist, oppose.

102-103 *with forged . . . gloss upon*] with ingeniously fabricated argument to give a plausibility to.

YORK. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

SOM. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. 110

KING. Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick
men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause

Such factious emulations shall arise!

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

YORK. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

SOM. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

YORK. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset. 120

VER. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BAS. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

GLOU. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed

With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us?

And you, my lords, methinks you do not well

To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less to take occasion from their mouths 130

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:

Let me persuade you take a better course.

EXE. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be
friends.

KING. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.

And you, my lords, remember where we are;
[In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree, 140
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forgo
That for a trifle that was bought with blood! 150
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:

138 *fickle . . . nation*] Cf. III, iii, 85, *supra*.

141 *grudging stomachs*] spirits bearing grudge, hearts or minds prone to disparagement.

And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick,
Exeter and Vernon.*]

WAR. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

YORK. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

WAR. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

YORK. An if I wist he did, — but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt all but Exeter*]

EXE. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice.
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,

167 *digest*] vent, void, discharge.

180 *An if I wist*] Capell's emendation of the Folio *And if I wish*. York would seem to mean that if he knew anything at all, the King did think harm. "Wist" is the preterite of the verb "to wit," "to know."

Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This shouldering of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites, 190
 But that it doth presage some ill event.
 'T is much when sceptres are in children's hands;
 But more when envy breeds unkind division;
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.

SCENE II—BEFORE BOURDEAUX

Enter TALBOT, with trumpet and drum

TAL. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter;
 Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
 And thus he would: Open your city-gates;
 Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects;
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants, 10

191 *But that it doth presage*] But sees or perceives that it doth presage.

An elliptical construction depending on line 187.

193 *envy . . . division*] malice or enmity breeds unnatural strife.

10-11 *three attendants . . . fire*] Cf. *Hen. V*, Prol. to Act I, 6-8: "at his
 [i. e., Mars's] heels, Leash'd in like hounds, should *jamaine, sword*

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
 Who in a moment even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

GEN. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by death;
 For, I protest, we are well fortified
 And strong enough to issue out and fight: 20
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. 30
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
 This is the latest glory of thy praise

and fire Crouch for employment." Holinshed, following Hall, makes Henry V remark that "Bellona had *three handmaidens*, ever of necessity attending upon her, as *blood, fire and famine*."

15 *owl of death*] the cry of the owl was commonly thought to forebode death. Cf. *Macb.*, II, ii, 3: "It was the *owl* that shriek'd, the *fatal* bellman."

26 *apparent spoil*] obvious ruin. Cf. IV, v, 44, *infra*.

29 *rive*] discharge with violence.

That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul; 40
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c.*]

TAL. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
 If we be English deer, be then in blood;
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch, 50
 But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,

34 *due thee*] give thee thy due. The suggestion that "due" is an abbreviation of "endue" makes poor sense.

45 *park'd . . . pale*] enclosed and fenced in.

47 *Mazed*] Bewildered, as in a maze. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, ii, 54: "the mazed world."

48 *English deer . . . blood*] Cf. *L. L. L.*, IV, ii, 3: "The deer was, as you know, sanguis, *in blood*," *i. e.*, in good condition.

49 *rascal-like*] See note on I, ii, 35, *supra*.

And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—PLAINS IN GASCONY

Enter a Messenger that meets YORK. Enter YORK with trumpet and many Soldiers

YORK. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

MESS. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for Bour-
deaux.

YORK. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

10

13 *lowted*] Thus the Folios; treated like a lout, befooled.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY

LUCY. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron, 20
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

YORK. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

LUCY. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord! 30

YORK. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

LUCY. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

YORK. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave? 40

17 *Lucy*] The Folios give the preceding stage direction as *Enter another messenger*, and assign this and following speeches to *Mes.* But the next scene distinctly states that the messenger was Sir William Lucy. Hence the change, which Theobald first suggested.

Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay. [*Exit, with his soldiers.*

LUCY. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV—OTHER PLAINS IN GASCONY

*Enter SOMERSET with his army; a Captain of TALBOT'S
with him*

SOM. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town

43 *no more . . . can*] my luck lets me do no more.

47 *the vulture of sedition*] doubtless an allusion to the story of Prometheus, on whose bosom an eagle or vulture fed, while he was chained to a rock.

51 *ever living man of memory*] man of ever-living memory. For the epithet cf. "our *ever-living* poet" in the publisher T[homas] T[horpe]'s dedication of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 1609.

Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
 By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
 York set him on to fight and die in shame,
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

CAP. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

10

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY

SOM. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

LUCY. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord
 Talbot;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
 And whiles the honourable captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,

20

5 *buckled*] See note on I, ii, 95, *supra*.

13 *bought and sold*] betrayed, utterly ruined.

19 *in advantage lingering*] Johnson explains, "protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post." But Talbot's only advantage seemed to lie in being just able to hold his ground long enough to await relief.

21 *with worthless emulation*] in your contemptible envious rivalry.

Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

SOM. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

LUCY. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims; ³⁰
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

SOM. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

LUCY. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

SOM. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen
straight: 40
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

SOM. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

LUCY. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V—THE ENGLISH CAMP NEAR
BOURDEAUX

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son

TAL. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,

³⁵ *take [foul scorn]* scorn as a foul disgrace.

That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.

But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

10

JOHN. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

TAL. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

TAL. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

20

JOHN. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:

5 *drooping chair*] chair of declining years. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, V, ii, 48:

“thy *chair* days,” *i. e.*, thy old age.

8 *unavoided*] unavoidable.

22 *your regard*] care of yourself.

You fled for vantage, every one will swear;

But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay,

30

If the first hour I shrink and run away.

Here on my knee I beg mortality,

Rather than life preserved with infamy.

TAL. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

TAL. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

JOHN. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TAL. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

JOHN. No part of him but will be shame in me.

TAL. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it. 40

JOHN. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

TAL. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

JOHN. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

TAL. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

50

For live I will not, if my father die.

28 *for vantage*] to gain a strategic advantage in the fight.

29 *bow*] bend, yield. The word is twice used thus in the *Sonnets* (xc, 3, and cxx, 3).

44 *apparent*] obvious, evident. Cf. IV, ii, 26, *supra*.

TAL. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI—A FIELD OF BATTLE

*Alarum: excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about,
and TALBOT rescues him*

TAL. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

JOHN. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gavest new date.

TAL. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword
 struck fire, 10
 It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
 Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,

52 *fair son*] apparently Talbot plays at this inappropriate moment on the words “son” and “sun”: hence the *eclipse* of his son’s life in the next line.

3 *France his sword*] the sword of the King of France. For this common form of the genitival inflexion cf. I, ii, 1, *supra*, and note.

9 *my determined time*] the fixed limit of my life.

Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus; " Contaminated base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave
boy: "

20

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'T is but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:

30

13 *spleen*] ardour, impetuosity.

15 *the pride*] haughty power. Cf. III, ii, 40: "the *pride* of France."

All these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40
 All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
 On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
 And like me to the peasant boys of France,
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
 Surely, by all the glory you have won, 50
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

TAL. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
 And, commendable proved, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

44-47 *On that advantage . . . die*] Before I obtain that advantage (of continuing our household's name, cf. line 38, *supra*) at the price of so shameless an act as to preserve my paltry life and leave my father of glorious fame to die, I wish my horse may fall dead under me.

48 *like me to*] liken me to, compare me to, treat me on the same level as.

52 *it is no boot*] it is no use.

55 *Icarus*] This mythical hero, son of Dædalus of Crete, was taught by his father to fly with wings of wax, but, falling into the sea, was drowned. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, V, vi, 18-21: "what a peevish fool was that of Crete, That taught his son the office of a fowl! And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus."

SCENE VII—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Alarum: excursions. Enter old TALBOT led by a Servant

TAL. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

10

SERV. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

3 *Triumphant death . . . captivity*] The line suggests that a warrior's death in captivity — a possible fate which Talbot and his son are spared — is smeared or stained with dishonour, but death in fight on the battle-field, which both the speaker and his son experience, is an unalloyed triumph.

10 *Tendering my ruin*] Showing me tenderness in my fall. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, III, i, 277: "I tender so the safety of my liege."

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young TALBOT

TAL. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to
 scorn,
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
 O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
 Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
 Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
 Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
 Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30
 Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*]

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE,
 and forces*

CHAR. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

18 *antic*] jester, fool, buffoon. Death is often figured as a grinning skeleton. Cf. *Rich. II*, III, ii, 162: "and there the *antic* [*i. e.*, Death] sits."

21 *lither*] soft, pliant. "*Lither air*" is found more than once in Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (1565). See Books VIII and XIV.

BAST. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

PUC. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:

"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:"

But, with a proud majestical high scorn,

He answer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not born 40

To be the pillage of a giglot wench:"

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

BUR. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms

Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

BAST. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

CHAR. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended; Herald of the French preceding

LUCY. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

CHAR. On what submissive message art thou sent?

35 *raging-wood*] raving-mad.

41 *the pillage of a giglot wench*] the spoil of a giddy wanton hussy.

42 *bowels of the French*] centre of the French army. Cf. Kyd's *Ieronimo*,
"in the battle's bowels."

46 *nurser of his harms*] Cf. *Macb.*, III, v, 7: "The close contriver of
all harms."

LUCY. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

CHAR. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

LUCY. But where 's the great Alcides of the field, 60
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Shef-
field,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great Marshal to Henry the Sixth 70
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

PUC. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

LUCY. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces! 80

63 *Washford*] Wexford.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT IV

O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

PUC. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air. 90

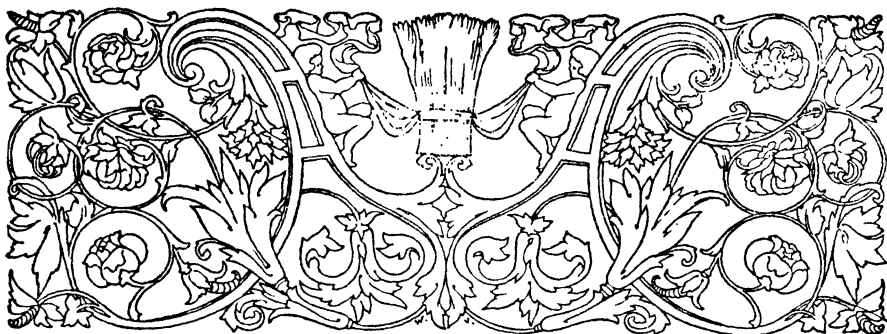
CHAR. Go, take their bodies hence.

LUCY. I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes
shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

CHAR. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou
wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — LONDON

THE PALACE

Sennet. Enter KING, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER

KING



HAVE YOU PERUSED THE
letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of
Armagnac?

GLOU. I have, my lord: and
their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your ex-
cellence
To have a godly peace concluded
of
Between the realms of England
and of France.

KING. How doth your grace
affect their motion?

GLOU. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.

10

⁷ *affect their motion*] feel disposed towards their proposal.

KING. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professions of one faith.

GLOU. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

20

KING. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter WINCHESTER in Cardinal's habit, a Legate and two
Ambassadors*

EXE. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?

13 *immanity*] savagery.

17 *near knit*] closely related; "knit" is suggested by the "knot of amity" in the previous line. Pope, with many others, substitutes *kin*.

29 *cardinal's degree*] There is a careless discrepancy between the statement made here that Winchester's cardinal's hat is a newly bestowed honour, and that which assigns to him a "broad cardinal's hat" at the opening of the play (I, iii, 36, *supra*). As a matter of history, the Bishop was made a cardinal at the beginning of Henry VI's reign, and the present reference to his promotion is misleading.

Then I perceive that will be verified 30
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
“ If once he come to be a cardinal,
He ’ll make his cap co-equal with the crown.”

KING. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider’d and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France. 40

GLOU. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform’d his highness so at large,
As liking of the lady’s virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England’s queen.

KING. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp’d
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*]

WIN. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver’d to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

LEG. I will attend upon your lordship’s leisure.

WIN. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I
 throw,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee: 60
I 'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—FRANCE

PLAINS IN ANJOU

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER,
LA PUCELLE, *and forces*

CHAR. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits:

'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

ALEN. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

PUC. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout

SCOUT. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

CHAR. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee,
speak. 10

62 *sack . . . mutiny*] devastate this country with civil war.

9 *accomplices*] comrades.

SCOUT. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

CHAR. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

BUR. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

PUC. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

20

CHAR. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — BEFORE ANGIERS

Alarum. Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE

PUC. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents. [Thunder.
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

2 *periapts*] charms or amulets worn about the body as protection against disease or danger.

6 *lordly monarch of the north*] king of evil spirits, whose chief seat was popularly located about the north pole.

Enter Fiends

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

10

[They walk, and speak not.]

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

[They hang their heads.]

No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

20

[They depart.]

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,

12 *get the field]* gain the victory.

21 *Entreat . . . furtherance]* Prevail upon you to further my purposes
according to your wont.

23 *give . . . the foil]* give the French the repulse, defeat the French.
Foil is similarly used, III, iii, 11, *supra*.

25 *vail]* lower. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, I, i, 28: "*Vailing* her high top lower
than her ribs."

And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [Exit.

*Excursions. Re-enter LA PUCELLE fighting hand to hand
with YORK: LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly*

YORK. Damsel of France, I think I have you
fast: 30

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

PUC. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not
be.

YORK. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

PUC. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and
thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surprised 40
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

YORK. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy
tongue!

PUC. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

YORK. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [Exeunt.

28 *buckle*] encounter, fight. See I, ii, 95, note.

42 *banning*] cursing.

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in his hand

SUF. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[Gazes on her.]

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

50

MAR. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

SUF. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,

Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend. *[She is going.]*

60

O, stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

45 *thou art my prisoner*] The facts of history are here altogether defied.

Suffolk never took Margaret (of Anjou) prisoner. It was fourteen years after the capture of Joan of Arc that he opened negotiations with her for her marriage with Henry VI.

47 *reverent*] Hanmer's correction of the Folio reading *reverend*. Cf. III, i, 49, *supra*.

Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;

Hast not a tongue? is she not here?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,

70

Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

MAR. Say, Earl of Suffolk, — if thy name be so —

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

SUF. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love?

MAR. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I
pay?

SUF. She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

MAR. Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.

80

SUF. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

MAR. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

SUF. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

MAR. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

67 *disable*] disparage.

71 *makes the senses rough*] Thus the Folios. No change is necessary, though many have been proposed. The meaning is that the faculties work roughly, clumsily, or inefficiently under the staggering influence of dazzling beauty.

75–76 *How canst . . . her love*] This, like all the remarks of Suffolk, as far as line 100, is spoken by him aside.

77–78 *She's beautiful . . . won*] Cf. *Tit. Andr.*, II, i, 82–83: “She is a woman, therefore may be wooed. She is a woman, therefore may be won.”

84 *a cooling card*] anything that damps one's ardour, throws cold water on one's hopes. The expression is very common in contemporary literature.

SUF. And yet a dispensation may be had.

MAR. And yet I would that you would answer me.

SUF. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!

MAR. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter. 90

SUF. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

MAR. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?

SUF. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal. 100

MAR. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

SUF. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MAR. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

SUF. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause —

MAR. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

SUF. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

MAR. I cry you mercy, 't is but Quid for Quo.

SUF. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose 110
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

89 *a wooden thing*] a stupid, lifeless thing to do.

101-102 *What though . . . dishonour me*] This and Margaret's two
following speeches are spoken aside.

107 *captivate*] made captive. Cf. II, iii, 42, *supra*.

MAR. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

SUF. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

MAR. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

SUF. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my —

MAR. What? 120

SUF. His love.

MAR. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

SUF. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?

MAR. An if my father please, I am content.

SUF. Then call our captains and our colours forth.
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 130

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

REIG. To whom?

SUF. To me.

REIG. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

SUF. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:

Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

140

REIG. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

SUF. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

REIG. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the walls.]

SUF. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below

REIG. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

SUF. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

150

REIG. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

SUF. That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

142 *face*] play the hypocrite. Hence an hypocritical character in Jon-
son's *Alchemist* is so called.

REIG. And I again, in Henry's royal name, 160
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

SUF. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly
thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king.

[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.

I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes. 170

REIG. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

MAR. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and
prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*]

SUF. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Mar-
garet;
No princely commendations to my king?

MAR. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

SUF. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed. 180
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

MAR. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

SUF. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

164 *in traffic of*] in the business of.

183 *taint*] touched. Cf. V, v, 81-82, *infra*: "*attaint* With . . . *love*."

MAR. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*]

SUF. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise: 190
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV—CAMP OF THE DUKE OF
YORK IN ANJOU

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others

YORK. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd

SHEP. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

186 *peevish*] foolish, trivial.

189 *Minotaurs*] Minotaur was the name of the Cretan monster who de-
flowered virgins.

191 *virtues that surmount*] supereminent virtues.

192 *And natural*] Capell's correction of the Folio reading *mad natural*.
5 *timeless*] untimely.

PUC. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

SHEP. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 't is not so; ¹⁰
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

WAR. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

YORK. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

SHEP. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

PUC. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

SHEP. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt not thou stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field, 30
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

7 *miser*] miserable man, without suggestion of avarice.

16 *concludes*] is the natural conclusion.

17 *so obstacle*] an ignorant mispronunciation of "obstinate."

18 *collop*] a common term of endearment for child. Cf. *Wint. Tale*, I, ii,

137: "Most dear'st! my *collop*!"

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [Exit.

YORK. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

PUC. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issued from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace,

40

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you, that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders but by help of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,

50

Chaste and immaculate in very thought;

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK. Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

WAR. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,

Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,

That so her torture may be shortened.

PUC. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,

60

49 *No, misconceived!*] No, ye misconceivers!

That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

YORK. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

WAR. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

YORK. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WAR. Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live; 70
Especially since Charles must father it.

PUC. You are deceived; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

YORK. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

PUC. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

WAR. A married man! that's most intolerable.

YORK. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well, 80
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

WAR. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

YORK. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

74 *Machiavel*] Machiavelli, the famous author of *The Prince*, enjoyed the popular repute of a crafty schemer, and his name became a term of infamy. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, i, 104, and *3 Hen. VI*, III, ii, 193: "And set the *murderous Machiavel* to school."

82 *liberal and free*] licentious and wanton.

PUC. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my
curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!

[*Exit, guarded.*]

YORK. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, *attended*

CAR. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

YORK. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

87 *reflex*] reflect; a very rare usage. Shakespeare only employs the word once elsewhere, and then as a noun. *Rom. and Jul.*, III, v, 20: "the pale *reflex* [*i. e.*, *reflexion*]."

By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
 Our great progenitors had conquered? 110
 O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
 The utter loss of all the realm of France.

WAR. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
 It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
 As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, and others

CHAR. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
 That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
 We come to be informed by yourselves
 What the conditions of that league must be.

YORK. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes 120
 The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
 By sight of these our baleful enemies.

CAR. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
 That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
 Of mere compassion and of lenity,
 To ease your country of distressful war,
 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
 And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself, 130

114 *severe*] The first syllable is accented, as in *Meas. for Meas.*, II, ii, 41:

“O just but *se’vere* law!” The usage is very rare.

121 *poison’d*] Thus the Folios. Theobald substituted *prison’d*. “Poison’d” agrees well enough with the epithet “baleful” in the next line.

124 *in regard*] considering that.

Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALEN. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHAR. 'T is known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein revered for their lawful king: 140
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I 'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

YORK. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? 150
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

146 *cast*] precluded.

150 *Stand'st thou aloof . . . comparison?*] Do you hold off or hesitate because you insist on comparing your former state with your present one?

152 *Of benefit*] as a gift, as an indulgence.

153 *challenge of desert*] claim or right of merit.

REIG. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

ALEN. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre 160
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen,
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

WAR. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition
stand?

CHAR. It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

YORK. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey 170
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE V—LONDON

THE ROYAL PALACE

*Enter SUFFOLK in conference with the KING, GLOUCESTER
and EXETER*

KING. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUF. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale 10
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents, 20
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

KING. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

GLOU. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd

5-9 *like as rigour . . . of her love*] The simile is far-fetched. The king seems to mean that as strong winds drive a ship against the tide, so is he driven by his love against the current of his material interests. There is no historic ground for representing King Henry as moved by reports of Margaret's beauty. The marriage was carried out by his advisers entirely as a matter of policy.

Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

SUF. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths; 30
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

GLOU. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUF. Yes, my lord, her father is a king, 40
The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLOU. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

EXE. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal
dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

SUF. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your
king, 50
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a
King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit, 70
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.

53 *worthless*] fortuneless, penniless.

56 *by attorneyship*] by attorney, by vicarious agents.

64 *bringeth*] Thus the First Folio. The Second Folio needlessly inserts *forth* before *bliss*. "Contrary" may easily be pronounced quadrisyllabically.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

KING. Whether it be through force of your report,

My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that 80
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come 90
To cross the seas to Engand, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censurè me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company, 100
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.

GLOU. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.

81 *attaint*] touched. Cf. V, iii, 183, *supra*: "*taint* with love."

97 *censure*] judge.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT V

SUF. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king and realm. [Exit.

104-106 *the youthful Paris*] Paris's visit to Greece resulted in his winning Helen's love.



KING HENRY VI

ACT II.

ELIJAH F. BRICKDALE

QUEEN. "Yet now farewell : and farewell life
with thee!"

ACT III. SCENE II, Line 239.

KING HENRY VI—PART II

**WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE**

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INTRODUCTION



WITH "Part II of Henry VI," to which Part III is in organic union, we enter into a new dramatic atmosphere. This fact, which has always been more or less accepted by the readers of these plays, seems to have impressed itself with fresh force on those who have enjoyed an opportunity of seeing them acted in immediate sequence to Part I. While in Part I there is much to interest the spectator, and while some of its scenes are in themselves decidedly striking, the impression produced by the play as a whole is that of crowding, clamour, and confusion. Part II affects the reader, and seems to have affected the theatrical audience, very differently. It conveys throughout a sense of perfect clearness in the conception and in the management of the dramatic action, which is carried on by groups of personages kept

[ix]

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

perfectly distinct from one another. In the long First Act in particular, where several groups or characters are, as it were, each in its turn eliminated, the ground is cleared by a thoroughly perspicuous, if in its method very simple, process. And, as the action proceeds, the spectator is overtaken by no sense of crowding or confusion, as in Part I, and oppressed only by an ever-present consciousness of the lurking hatreds which, like underground fire, lie at the bottom of the tragedy, and ever and again flare up with appalling fury. Withal, incidents of the most startling and direct force — *horrors*, in a word — succeed each other with extraordinary rapidity; and both in this Part and in its successor, which carries on the action almost without a break, the contrasts are so frequent and so vivid as to overpower even a strong capacity for mental assimilation and digestion.

The differences in style between Part I and the two “later” Parts are not less marked. From the first, the ear seems conscious of a roll — unceasing, like that of the sea upon the shore. The rhetoric, though vehement and at times excessive, is very rarely meaningless or absurd.¹ Alliteration is indeed still employed; but it is used with more care and method than it was in Part I; it points the sententious speeches of the King and some of Gloucester’s caustic observations, rather than overcharges them. Rime, too, is more sparingly employed; and, though the trick of repeating words or sounds,

¹ Perhaps the drowning simile in Queen Margaret’s speech in Act III, sc. ii, of Part II might be held to deserve the latter epithet, though parallels could be found for its application.

INTRODUCTION

which was noted in Part I, also occurs in Part II, less frequent resort is on the whole here had to it; a trying play on words (a pun) is, however, on more than one occasion introduced. Classical allusions are as plentiful as ever; and it is as if only when the attention is strung up to the highest pitch, as in the scene of Cardinal Beaufort's death, all tricks of style were left aside.

Before proceeding to examine in more detail the ultimate sources of the successive scenes of Part II, I may at once point out that this play very closely follows the disposition of matter in the old play of the "First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster," on which, as has been already seen, it is founded, and the authorship of which will be discussed below.¹ The order of events adopted in the "Contention" is, it may be observed, historically speaking, fairly correct — except that Queen Margaret's marriage (1445) is placed before the downfall of the "Duchess of Gloucester" (1442), in order to admit of the introduction of a personal quarrel between the two women, and that York's first preferment of a claim to the crown is dated as previous to the battle of St. Albans (1455) instead of four or five years later.² This

¹ The precise relations in matter between the First and Second Parts of "Henry VI," and the "Contention" and the "Tragedy of the Duke of Yorke," respectively, are given in Miss Jane Lee's "Table of Shakespere's and Marlowe's Shares in Henry VI," Parts II and III, "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1876, pp. 293-303. Miss Lee notes that Malone's marking of these relations is by no means to be trusted in every case.

² He assumed the royal arms in the autumn of 1460; but, as Sir James Ramsay says (*u. s.*, vol. II, p. 213), "it is impossible to entertain any doubt of his intentions from the early part of 1459 onwards."

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foreshortening of time is no doubt accountable for the compression into a single personage of the two Earls of Warwick (Beauchamp and Neville), and for a similar unification of two Dukes of Somerset (John de Beaufort, the Somerset of Part I, who died in 1443, and his brother Edmund). It may be added that the banishment of Suffolk and his murder at sea, both of which events belong to the year 1450, are in the play separated from one another by the death of Cardinal Beaufort, which took place in 1447. Cade's rebellion and the Duke of York's arrival from Ireland (1450) follow in the right chronological order.

The "Contention" (as for brevity's sake I shall call "The First Part of the Contention") appears to have been put together from Halle and Grafton, with possibly an occasional insertion from the "Mirror" and Holinshed. The "Second Part of Henry VI," while introducing a few additional details from Fabyan and Holinshed, follows Halle and the "Mirror" with a more assiduous fidelity in their praise of Humphrey of Gloucester and execration of Cardinal Beaufort, and in adopting Halle's view of the Queen as against Fabyan, with whom she remains virtually free from blame. Holinshed, who copied Halle, omitted his effective, though partisan, characterisation.

But, as early as 1549, a year after the publication of Halle's book and a decade before that of the "Mirror," Bishop Latimer, in his "Second Sermon preached before King Edward the Sixth," used as an ensample the story of the wicked Cardinal's murder of the Protector, and of his subornation of the Queen to his nefarious design.

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The narrative is so typical of the mid-Tudor view of earlier English history that I cannot refrain from quoting it in full ; the reference to Beaufort's Hat will not escape notice.

“There was a bishop of Winchester in King Henry the Sixth's days, which King was but a child, and yet there were many good oaths made in his childhood, and I do not read that they were broken. This bishop was a great man born, and did bear such a stroke, that he was able to shoulder the lord Protector. Well, it chanced that the lord Protector and he fell out ; and the bishop would bear nothing at all with him, but played me the *satrapa*, so that the regent of France was fain to be sent for from beyond the seas, to set them at one, and go between them : for the bishop was as able and ready to buckle with the lord Protector as he with him.

“Was not this a good prelate ? He should have been at home, preaching in his diocese, with a wanniaunt.¹

“This Protector was so noble and godly a man, that he was called of every man the good Duke Humphrey. He kept such a house as never was kept since in England ; without any enhancing of rents, or any such matter. And the bishop, for standing so stiffly by the matter, and bearing up the order of our mother the holy Church, was made a cardinal at Calais ; and thither the bishop of Rome sent him a cardinal's hat. He should have had a Tyburn tippet, a half-penny halter, and all

¹ Cf. “Pericles, Prince of Tyre,” Act II, sc. i : “Come away, or I'll fetch thee, with a wanion.”

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such proud prelates. These Romish hats never brought good into England.

“Upon this the bishop goeth me to the Queen Margaret, the king’s wife, a proud woman, and a stout; and persuaded her, that if the duke were in such authority still, and liked, the people would honour him more than they did the king; and the king should not be set by; and so, between them, I cannot tell how it came to pass, but at St. Edmundsbury, in a parliament, the good Duke Humphrey was smothered.”

Latimer’s sermons were, as is known, extremely popular, and they were frequently reprinted before 1590. But his illustrations are never recondite; and it is quite possible that Halle and the Bishop were the first to place on record a current legend which Fabyan, at a much earlier date, had in vain striven to correct. I have little or no doubt that Cardinal Beaufort suffered in reputation for Cardinals Kemp, Morton, and above all Wolsey, quite as much as he suffered on his own account.

It may be added that a number of details, which are not in the “Contention,” but to be found in the “Second Part of Henry VI,” are traceable to the chroniclers. Most of these I give in a note.¹

¹ Act I, sc. i, l. 109, “Keys of Normandy”: Fabyan. *Ib.* l. 128, “a whole fifteenth”: Halle and Holinshed. Sc. iii, l. 130, “Thy cruelty”: Halle, who refutes the charge. Act II, sc. i, l. 159, “whole towns” (for “dukedom” in “Contention”): Halle and Holinshed (Rouen is in question). Sc. ii. The genealogy is corrected, in all but one mistake, apparently due to the “Mirror.”

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Act I. — The opening scene of Act I of the “Second Part of Henry VI” explains the general position of affairs, and indicates with sufficient correctness the parts played by the several nobles — impressively, though in this instance unhistorically, ending on the note “York.” “The keys of Normandy” (l. 109) is Fabyan’s phrase for Anjou and Maine; but it was Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who conquered these. The “plainness” of Warwick (Richard Neville) is taken by the “Contention” from the “Mirror for Magistrates”; Halle and Holinshed more truthfully characterising him as “very subtil.” His “house-keeping” is described by Holinshed, copying Stowe. The “arms of York” (l. 251) seems to repeat the error of Part I; it was the arms of Clarence which the Duke had feared to blazon, using only those of Edmund of York (as is elaborately explained by Stowe, an excellent chronicler, to whom, as observed above, the playwrights do not seem to have had recourse).

An argument (which to me seems quite futile) has been urged against the Shakespearean authorship of this

Sc. iii, l. 11, “three days” (“two” in “Contention”): Halle and Holinshed. Act IV, sc. ii, l. 31, “cade of herrings” (“sprats” in “Contention”): Halle and Holinshed. *Ib.* l. 64, “all the realm shall be in common”: Halle and Holinshed. *Ib.* ll. 75–6, parchment and seal: Halle. Sc. viii, l. 1, “Saint Magnus’ Corner”: Halle and Holinshed. “Jack Cade the clothier” (Act IV, sc. ii, l. 4) is in the “Contention” “Jack Cade the Diar of Ashford”; and there are some other variations in the two plays as to the description of the insurrectionary leaders. In Act I, sc. ii, l. 29, the “Contention” mentions “the Cardinal of Winchester” instead of “Edmund Duke of Somerset” as the rival whose head Gloucester beholds in his dream.

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scene: namely, that the story of Althæa, correctly stated here (ll. 229 *seq.*) is given incorrectly in the "Second Part of Henry IV," Act II, sc. ii.

Scene ii begins the episode of Eleanor Cobham, "Duchess of Gloucester." Her downfall is briefly narrated by Halle and Holinshed, her practices of magic (see sc. iv) finding fuller mention in Fabyan; but all these chroniclers agree in noting that the Duke "took all these things patiently, and said little." The picture of Eleanor's pride and ostentation, amplified in our play from the hints in the "Contention," is derived from the "Mirror," to which the portraits of Eleanor and her husband are mainly due.

The couplet with which the text of this effective scene opens is no doubt singularly academic and unreal; but Eleanor's dream is very effectively introduced, and it is impossible to ignore the suggestion of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth conveyed by the whole scene.

The complicity of Queen Margaret in the plot against Duke Humphrey (sc. iii) is to be found in Halle, who, however, makes Suffolk and Buckingham the chief conspirators, and joins the Archbishop of York (Kemp) with the Cardinal. They, according to him, poisoned the Queen's mind. Holinshed is less severe against her, and Fabyan laments the slanders spread about to her discredit. The "Mirror," of course, accentuates Halle's charges, asserting that it was put into the Queen's mind that her husband ought not to be protected. Gloucester is here made to say that

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“York, our cousin most unkind,” joined in the plot for his own ends —

“Keeping close a title to the crown,
Lancaster’s house did labour to pull down,
The stay whereof he took to stand in me.”

The “Mirror” adds that the Parliament of Bury was summoned without consulting Duke Humphrey (compare Act II, sc. iv, l. 72), who repaired to it boldly, strong in his good conscience, though frightened by a bad dream.¹

The rest of the historical narrative incorporated in this scene is from Halle, or Holinshed. They also give briefly the tale of the armourer and his servant.

As to the matter of scene iv, Fabyan is fuller than either Halle or Holinshed, and Hume, the twice-paid medium, is mentioned by him. According to the “Mirror,” Eleanor’s design was to divine the King’s destiny — nothing further; but “Caiaphas our Cardinal” discovered her purpose.

Act II. — The story of Simpcox, which is introduced in scene i, for no purpose dramatically justifiable, was found by the author or authors of the “Contention” in Grafton only. He says that he found it in Sir Thomas More’s “Dialogue of Heresies.”² Here, the man who was the subject of the “miracle”

¹ The anonymous “Chronicle of London” (Vitellius A XVI) says of Gloucester: “how he dyde or in what maner the certaynte is unknowen, but only to god.” In this “Chronicle” there is no suggestion of foul play on the part of Cardinal Beaufort, or Suffolk, or any other known individual. (See Kingsford’s “Chronicles of London,” already cited, p. 157.)

² “Dialogue concerning heresies and matters of religion” (1528).

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is not said to have been lame, or the King to have been present at the operation; and the whipping of the impostor over the stool is omitted. Otherwise, however, the delectable anecdote as related by Sir Thomas More furnishes a closer parallel to the scene in the play (which is responsible for Simpcox's name) than Grafton's version. I have therefore cited it in a note.¹

The prophecy of Somerset's danger from a castle is both in Halle and in the "Mirror."

¹ The Workes of Sir Thomas More, London, 1557, pp. 234 *seq.*: "As I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger, that in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, came with his wife to saint Albonis. And there was walking about the towne begging a fiae or six dayes before the Kings comynge thither, saience y^t he was borne blinde, and neuer sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame, that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seke saynt Albon, and that he had been at his shryne, and had not been holpen. And therefore he woulde go seke hym at some other place; for he had hard some say sins he came y^t Saint Albons body shold be at Colon, and indede such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, sauing some reliques of him, which thei there shew shrined. But to tell you forth, whan the King was comen, and the town fill, sodaynlye thys blind man at Saint Albonis shrine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply rongen, and *te deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne, but this myracle. So happened it then, that duke Humphrey of Glocester a great wyse man and very wel lerned, hauing great Joy to such a myracle, called y^e pore man unto hym. And first shewing himself Joyouse of goddes glory so shewed in the getting of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekeness, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to him self nor to be prowde of the peoples prayse, which would call him a good and godly man thereby, At last he looked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could neuer see nothing at al, in al hys life before. And when as well his wyfe as him self affermed fastely no, then he loked advisedly upon his cien again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet. Yes, saith he, I thanke god and his holy marter, I can se now as wel as any man. Ye can? quoth the Duke; what colour is my gowne? Then anone the begger tolde him. What colour, quoth he, is this man's gowne?

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The King's religious ejaculations in this scene are, nearly all of them, additions to the text of the "Contention."

The genealogy in scene ii is a corrected version of that in the "Contention," which is wildly erroneous; but there still remains a confusion (ll. 38-42), *due to the "Mirror,"* of Edmund with Sir Roger Mortimer. Both Halle and Holinshed name Salisbury and Warwick among the friends to whom Richard of York "privately declared his right and title to the crown."

The sequel of the story of the armourer and his man, introduced into scene iii for the sake of the groundlings, is again from Halle or Holinshed, who, however, say that the armourer was guiltless and that his servant was hanged at Tyburn. Peter's puritanical phraseology should be noticed.

The details of Eleanor's penance, so forcibly reproduced in scene iv by a dramatist who saw into the depths of human nature,¹ are taken exactly from Halle or Holinshed, including the three days' correction (scene iii). But Gloucester's protectorship had already

He told him also; and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coude bee shewed him. And whan my lord saw ys, he bad him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes. For, though he could have sene soudenly by miracle y^e difference betwene diuers colours, yet could he not by the syght so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knowen them before, no more than the names of al the men y^t he should sodenly se. . . . And as that noble duke Humfrey wisely found out the falshed of that blison begger . . ."

¹ "Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!

Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back

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come to an end three years sooner, on Henry's coronation. Scene iv generally follows the "Contention," except for additions to the speeches, in particular ll. 58-63 and 67-69, suggested by Halle's descanting (this is not copied by Holinshed) on Duke Humphrey's virtuous confidence in his own uprightness and impartial justice.

It is worth while to look rather closely into the process of the construction of Act III, which is dramatically powerful in both design and execution. It treats of the doom of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and of the Nemesis which it drew down upon those who shared the guilt of it — above all upon the terrible Cardinal. And, throughout, the faith of the simple-minded King in his uncle's innocence pathetically remains unshaken.

Though the outline of scene i of this Act comes from the "Contention," long additions are made to Queen Margaret's speeches, especially ll. 18-35, 75-81 and 223-230 ; and the immediate guilt of the murder is fixed on the Cardinal (ll. 172-177, 235-237, 273-277, 323-325) ; in other respects, the identical words of the "Contention" are merely rearranged (with such vivid alterations as those of ll. 53, 55, 182, 188, 189), and the alliteration is introduced which usually in this play marks Gloucester's speeches and the scenes in which he appears. Similarly, the speeches of York have received additions of finer expressions. The elaborate description of Cade, towards the close of the scene, appears to be an invention.

In scene ii, which fixes the immediate guilt of the

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murder of Suffolk, the murderers and the prompt remorse of one of them (this latter a frequent Shakespearean touch) are additions to the "Contention," as well as nearly the whole of Margaret's speeches, with their inflated invective, before the entrance of Warwick, of which the old play contains only a few suggestive lines. The hypocritical words of Beaufort (ll. 31-32) are likewise new. Though the scene includes some fine bursts, together with the grandest of the many proverbial or quasi-proverbial utterances in this play,¹ and though "Macbeth" once more inevitably rises to the mind, I am bound to confess that the scene, impressive as it is, does not appear to me Shakespearean to a convincing degree.

The "Mirror" hints that the Duke was suffocated, but that the people imagined him to have died a natural death (as Stowe asserts was actually the case).² The popular riot would seem to be an invention of the authors of the "Contention." All the chroniclers speak of Suffolk's unpopularity; King Henry banished him, says Halle, "as the abhorred toad and common nuisance of the realm." Halle, followed by Holinshed, further says that the Queen's and Suffolk's oppression of the poor caused violent popular accusation of him, "the Queen's darling." The Queen, again, is declared to have

¹ "What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just."

The whole of this speech of the King's is an addition to the "Contention."

² Cf. Ramsay, *u. s.*, vol. II, p. 76 : The charge of actual murder, with incidents borrowed from the cases of Edward II and Thomas of Woodstock, seems an embellishment due to popular imagination.

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“entirely loved the Duke”; but there is no suggestion of any scandal between them.

In scene iii, as noticed above, the Cardinal is depicted as he had been blackened by Halle (copied by Grafton) and the “Mirror.” When the Cardinal lay dying (so, on the authority of his chaplain, Dr. Baker, we read in Halle), he cried: “Why should I die, having so much riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy or by riches to get it. Fie, will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing?” etc. . . . Since, in the opinion of Mr. Fleay, “not even in Shakespeare is there a death-scene equal to this”—a view, which, in conjunction with the fact of the last scene in “Doctor Faustus,” no doubt contributed to the critic’s notion that the Beaufort scene was Marlowe’s work—it should be noticed that the corresponding scene in the “Contention,” though carefully elaborated in the “Henry VI” version, is essentially identical with it.

Act IV. — The death of Suffolk, with which scene i is concerned, is but briefly told by Halle and Holinshed; and the details, all of which, including Suffolk’s claim to “the honourable blood of Lancaster,” are to be found in the “Contention,” seem to be due to its authors. Although a democratic touch is perceptible in this scene, which as it were helps to introduce the ensuing Cade scenes, the cause of Suffolk’s doom is indicated as having been the discontent excited by his failure in France. The rhetoric of this scene is curiously extravagant; but the gloomy note of scenery

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conveyed in the opening lines must be allowed to reveal a true poetic instinct.

The famous Cade scenes (ii-x) keep, all of them, remarkably close to Halle and Holinshed, and nearly the whole of the matter is in the "Contention"—down to the odd blunder, in scene ii, of parchment being made out of lambskin. Cade's advance from Southwark (July 2, 1450) and the fight which on the following day took place on London Bridge, with the death of Matthew Gough; Cade's striking of London Stone, and his riding "in every street like a lordly captain";¹ even St. Magnus' Corner—are all on record. Halle says that Scales was left to defend the town, when King Henry fled to Kenilworth, and mentions the embassy of Buckingham (before the flight), the pardon proffered by Archbishop Kemp, and the proclaimed reward of 1000 marks for the rebel's head. Holinshed, copying Fabyan, adds that Cade donned Sir Humphrey Stafford's brigandine, full of gilt nails. The Savoy (scene vii, l. 1) is not mentioned in the chronicles; it is possibly a reminiscence of Wat Tyler. Sir James Fenys, created Lord Say in 1447 and appointed Lord Treasurer in 1449, was very unpopular in Kent; Holinshed says that King Henry sent him to the Tower. The "Contention," like the "Second Part of Henry VI," makes him refuse to fly, confiding in his own innocence;

¹ "The Captaine of the Commons," as, according to Stowe, he called himself, in his formal demand that "all the extortions used daily among the common people might be laid down, that is to say, the greene Waxe" (cf. Act IV, scene ii), "which is falsely used, to the perpetual destruction of the King's true commons of Kent."

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the additional touch of self-sacrifice is only in the later play (scene iv, l. 45).

It is curious that, in scene viii, Cade should use the same simile of the feather as illustrating the untrustworthiness of his followers, which King Henry VI applies to the common people in a pathetic passage of Part III (Act III, sc. ii).

When we reach scene x, it is not easy to understand the object of the character of Iden as slightly elaborated in our play from the Eyden of the "Contention." If he was a philosopher contented with his lot (and garden), why should he so exult in having made an end of Cade? ¹

Act V. — The return of York (sc. i), seeking "to pick a quarrel with the Duke of Somerset, which ruled the King, ordered the realm, and most might do with the queen," is represented in strict accordance with Halle. He puts together York's return from Ireland (1450) and his attempt to compel the dismissal of Somerset (1452); and, omitting mention of the first protectorate in 1453, he combines in one action the imprisonment of Somerset (1453) and Henry's release of him (1455), which provoked the battle of St. Albans. Holinshed, though somewhat vague, is more accurate. York, says Halle, nourished a personal grudge for the loss of Rouen, and "never left persecuting of the Duke of Somerset till he had brought him to his fatal point."

¹ The real Alexander Eden, the new sheriff of Kent, appears to have ridden after Cade, and captured him at the roadside near Heathfield, where a monument marks the place of the rebel's arrest, and where the road is still known as Cade Street. Ramsay, vol. II, p. 132, *note*.

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That Buckingham was Henry's messenger is stated by Holinshed. Ll. 144 and 202 attribute, as usual, the *Beauchamp badge of the bear and ragged staff* to the Nevilles. The age of Salisbury, as well as the participation in this stage of the conflict of York's sons, who were at the time infants, must be set down to the inventive powers of the authors of the "Contention;" but Somerset's death beneath the sign of the Castle, as fulfilling a prophecy (sc. iii), is to be found in Halle and Holinshed.

A. W. WARD.

**THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

KING HENRY the Sixth.

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his uncle.

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

LORD CLIFFORD.

Young CLIFFORD, his son.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD SCALES.

LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

VAUX.

MATTHEW GOFFE.

A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.

Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.

JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.

THOMAS HORNER, an armourer. PETER, his man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.

SIMPCOX, an impostor.

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish gentleman.

JACK CADE, a rebel.

GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver,

MICHAEL, &c., followers of Cade.

Two Murderers.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.

ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.

MARGARET JOURDAIN, a witch.

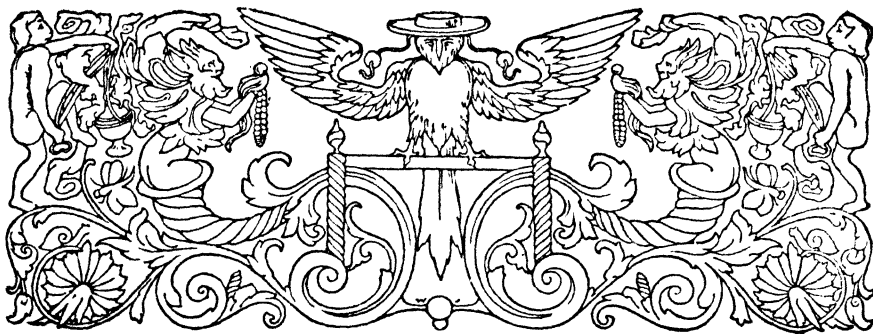
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle,
Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers,
Messengers, &c.

A Spirit

SCENE: *England*

¹ This play was first printed in its present shape in the First Folio of 1623. A first draft appeared under the title of *The First Part of The Contention of the Two Famous Houses of Yorke & Lancaster* in quarto in 1594, and was reprinted in 1600 and 1619. Beyond the heading at the beginning of the Folio "Actus Primus — Scena Prima," the early editions indicate no divisions of Act or Scene; these were first supplied by Nicholas Rowe in 1709. Rowe also introduced for the first time a list of "dramatis personæ."



ACT FIRST — SCENE I — LONDON

THE PALACE

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, THE KING, HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT, on the one side; THE QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other

SUFFOLK



S BY YOUR HIGH IMPERIAL majesty
I had in charge at my depart for
France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for
your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city
Tours,
In presence of the Kings of
France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber,
Bretagne and Alençon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espoused:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,

10

In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent;
 The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
 The fairest queen that ever king received.

KING. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:
 I can express no kinder sign of love
 Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20
 For Thou hast given me in this beauteous face
 A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
 If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

QUEEN. Great King of England and my gracious
 lord,
 The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
 By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
 In courtly company or at my beads,
 With you, mine alder-lieftest sovereign,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 With ruder terms, such as my wit affords 30
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

KING. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;

3 *procurator*] proxy. This is the title bestowed on Suffolk in the account
 (in Hall's *Chronicle*) of his marriage with the Princess as proxy
 for the King.

27 *at my beads*] at my prayers.

28 *alder-lieftest*] dearest of all. The word is not used elsewhere by Shake-
 speare, but cf. III, i, 164, *infra*: "My *lieftest* liege."

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

ALL [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

QUEEN. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

SUFF. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace 40
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

GLOU. [*Reads*] "Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father —"

[*Lets the paper fall.*]

KING. Uncle, how now!

GLOU. Pardon me, gracious lord; 50
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

KING. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

CAR. [*Reads*] "Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

54-56 *Item . . . her father*] The Cardinal makes the text of the opening words of this clause differ slightly from the form in which they had already been read out by Gloucester. The discrepancy is not of a kind which could be accounted for by Gloucester's failure of vision, and is probably a mere oversight on the dramatist's part. For a similar discrepancy cf. I, iv, 64, *infra*.

KING. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel
down:

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York, 60
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.]

GLOU. Brave peers of England, pillars of the
state, 70

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham, 80
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die? 90
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

CAR. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance? 100
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

GLOU. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

SAL. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,

88 *had*] This is Grant White's emendation of the Folio *hath*. Rowe proposed *was*. Other editors keep *hath* and insert *Been* before *Crowned* in the next line.

96 *characters*] the written records.

97 *monuments* . . . *France*] the memorials of the conquest of France.

100 *circumstance*] circumstantial detail.

These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son? 110

WAR. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

YORK. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle! 120
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

GLOU. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!

110 *Warwick, my valiant son*] Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, the kingmaker, who first makes his appearance in this play. He is to be distinguished from Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, his father-in-law, who figures in the First Part of *Hen. VI.* Some of the achievements of the Beauchamp Earl are erroneously put in this scene to the credit of Nevill, the kingmaker Earl of Warwick, who was only a boy when Anjou and Maine were conquered.

128 *a whole fifteenth*] a tax of a fifteenth part of a subject's personal property. Cf. IV, vii, 20, *infra*. In *1 Hen. VI.* V, v, 93, Suffolk was promised a tenth; but history allots him only a fifteenth.

She should have stay'd in France and starved in France,
Before —

131

CAR. My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

GLOU. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.

140

[Exit.]

CAR. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeased at it.

150

Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,"
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"

151 *smoothing*] cajoling, flattering. Cf. II, i, 22: "That *smooth*'st it so
with king."

With "God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!"
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

BUCK. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself? 161

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

CAR. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*]

SOM. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable 170
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displaced, he'll be protector.

BUCK. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

SAL. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal, 180
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,

158 *gloss*] blandishment.

175 *Pride . . . follows him*] Cf. *Proverbs* xvi, 18: "Pride goeth before
destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

190

WAR. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land, 200
And common profit of his country!

YORK. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest
cause.

SAL. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

WAR. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;

186 *housekeeping*] hospitality.

189 *brother York . . . Ireland*] The Duke of York was the speaker's brother-in-law; the Duke married Salisbury's sister. The Duke of York's acts in Ireland are antedated. He did not go thither till 1449, four years after the events of this scene.

203 *the main*] the main chance, as explained at line 207.

That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
 And would have kept so long as breath did last!
 Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*]

YORK. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
 Paris is lost; the state of Normandy 210
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
 Suffolk concluded on the articles,
 The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
 I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
 'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
 And purchase friends and give to courtezans,
 Still revelling like lords till all be gone;
 While as the silly owner of the goods 220
 Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,
 And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
 While all is shared and all is borne away,
 Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:
 So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
 While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
 Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood

211 *on a tickle point*] in tottering, unsteady condition.

216 *thine*] York is addressing himself. Cf. 225-226, *infra*.

220 *While as*] While. The archaic enclitic "as" is attached to "while" nowhere else in Shakespeare, though often found after "where" and "when." Cf. *Where as*, I, ii, 58, *infra*.

As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
 Anjou and Maine both given unto the French 230
 Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
 A day will come when York shall claim his own,
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
 And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown, v,
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist, 240
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
 Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

229-230 *Althæa . . . Calydon*] Ovid, in *Metamorphoses*, VIII, 260-547, tells the familiar story of how Althæa, mother of Meleager, prince of Calydon, was warned that her son should live only so long as a certain brand was unconsumed by fire, and how, being angered by her son, she committed the brand to the flames, and so caused his death. Shakespeare makes a confused reference to the fable in *2 Hen. IV*, II, ii, 83-86.

232 *hope of France*] hope of acquiring the throne of France. This and the next line are repeated with very slight verbal change, III, i, 87-88, *infra*.

242 *church-like humours fits*] The plural subject with the verb in the singular was no uncommon usage. The king's "church-like humours" (*i. e.*, religiosity or pietistic disposition) are fully described at I, iii, 53-62, *infra*.

THE SECOND PART OF

ACT I

With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed; 250
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
 And in force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
 [Exit.

SCENE II—THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S HOUSE

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY and his wife ELEANOR

DUCH. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
 Enchased with all the honours of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same. 10
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.

253 *force perforce*] Both words were often used singly as adverbs in the same sense, "of necessity." Their conjunction intensifies that meaning.

254 *bookish rule*] the rule of one engrossed in books.

5 *sullen earth*] gloomy earth. Cf. *Sonnet xxix*, 12: "the lark . . . arising From *sullen earth*."

What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

 GLOU. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy
 lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, 20
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

 DUCH. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll
 requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

 GLOU. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in
 court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk. 30
This was my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

 DUCH. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;

Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem. 40

GLOU. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more! 50

DUCH. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

GLOU. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

Enter Messenger

MESS. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.

GLOU. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

DUCH. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. 60

[Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.]

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.

54 *check'd*] chidden, reproved.

58 *Where as*] Where. See note on I, i, 220.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME

HUME. Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 70

DUCH. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

HUME. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's ad-
vice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

DUCH. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet
conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,

With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

HUME. This they have promised, to show your
highness

A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,

That shall make answer to such questions 80

As by your grace shall be propounded him.

DUCH. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.

68 *Sir John*] The Duchess summons the priest Sir John Hume. "Sir" was in common use as a clerical title.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. *[Exit.]*

HUME. Hume must make merry with the duchess'
gold;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!

Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy. 90

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast;

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,

Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,

They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess,

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say "A crafty knave does need no broker;" 100

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last

Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,

And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. *[Exit.]*

93 *coast*] quarter.

100 "*A crafty . . . broker*"] An oft-cited proverb. Cf. Ben Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour*, III, v, 34: *a crafty knave needs no broker*. "Broker" means agent, go-between.

SCENE III — THE PALACE

*Enter three or four Petitioners, PETER, the Armourer's man,
being one*

FIRST PETIT. My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

SEC. PETIT. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN

PETER. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

SEC. PETIT. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

SUF. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me? 10

FIRST PETIT. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

QUEEN. [*Reading*] "To my Lord Protector!" Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

FIRST PETIT. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

3 *in the quill*] in a body, in unison, altogether. Cf. *Roxburghe Ballads*, Vol. II, p. 136: "Thus those females were all *in a quill*." "Quile," in the sense of "heap" is still in provincial use in England. The word "quill" has been connected philologically with both "coil" (*sc.* of rope) and the French "accueil," a gathering, or assemblage.

SUF. Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed. What's yours? What's here! [*Reads*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Mel-ford." How now, sir knave!

SEC. PETIT. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

PETER [*giving his petition*]. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

QUEEN. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

PETER. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

SUF. Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently: we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit Servant with Peter.*]

QUEEN. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the supplications.*]

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

ALL. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

QUEEN. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise, Is this the fashion in the court of England? Is this the government of Britain's isle, And this the royalty of Albion's king?

30 *master*] Warburton's correction of the Folio reading *Mistress*.

32 *Who is there?*] A summons to one without to enter.

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France, 50
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome, 60
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

SUF. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

QUEEN. Beside the haughty protector, have we
Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,

52 *courtship and proportion*] courtliness and shapeliness.

61 *the triple crown*] The papal crown was of triplicate shape.

66 *haughty*] Thus the First Folio. The Second and later Folios improve the metre by reading *haught*, a form of the word occasionally found elsewhere.

And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

SUF. And he of these that can do most of all 70
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

QUEEN. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her? 80

Contemtuously base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

SUF. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,
And placed a quire of such enticing birds,

73-84 *Not all these lords . . . my father's lands*] This speech lacks historic foundation. The Duchess of Gloucester was disgraced and permanently dismissed from court three years before Henry VI's queen arrived in England.

78 *She bears . . . back*] Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II*, I, iv, 408: "He wears a lord's revenues on his back."

81 *callet*] strumpet, drab; used thus in *Othello*, IV, ii, 121. In *Wint. Tale*, II, iii, 90, the word is applied to a scolding wife.

86 *limed*] smeared with birdlime. Cf. II, iv, 54, *infra*, "limed bushes," III, iii, 16, "lime twigs," and *3 Hen. VI*, V, vi, 13, "The bird that hath been limed in a bush."

That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

90

*Sound a Sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY of Gloucester,
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALIS-
BURY, WARWICK, and the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER*

KING. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me. 100

YORK. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

SOM. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

WAR. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

CAR. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

WAR. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

BUCK. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

WAR. Warwick may live to be the best of all. 110

88 *light*] alight.

102 *deny'd*] thus the first three Folios. The Fourth Folio adopts the
more modern form of the word, *deny'd*.

SAL. Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

QUEEN. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

GLOU. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

QUEEN. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

GLOU. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

SUF. Resign it then and leave thine insolence. 120
Since thou wert king — as who is king but thou? —
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

CAR. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's
bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

SOM. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

BUCK. Thy cruelty in execution 130
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

QUEEN. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.]

115 *censure*] opinion. The word is quite free from any suggestion of reproach.

134 *suspect*] suspicion. Cf. III, i, 140, *infra*.

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

DUCH. Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face. 140

KING. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

DUCH. Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged. [*Exit.*]

BUCK. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,

She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

GLOU. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown 150

With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

140 *ten commandments*] the ten fingers; a common slang usage of the time. Cf. line 188, *infra*: "By these *ten* bones."

144 *Though . . . breeches*] Though in this place she who is most master wear no breeches, though here the queen (a woman) is master.

147 *listen after*] go after and carefully observe. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, I, i, 29: "to *listen after* news."

148 *tickled*] pricked on, goaded.

fume] anger. Modern editors often substitute *fury*, which improves the metre. But the change is not absolutely necessary.

150 *over-blown*] blown over, spent.

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

SUF. Before we make election, give me leave 160
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

YORK. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
Last time, I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost. 170

WAR. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

SUF. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

WAR. Image of pride, why should I hold my
peace?

Enter HORNER, the Armourer, and his man PETER, guarded

SUF. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

167 *Without discharge . . . furniture*] Without means of discharging my
duties, without money or equipment.

171 *fact*] crime.

YORK. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

KING. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

SUF. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason: 180
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

KING. Say, man, were these thy words?

HOR. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am
falsely accused by the villain.

PET. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak
them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring
my Lord of York's armour. 190

YORK. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

HOR. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the
words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did
correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon
his knees he would be even with me: I have good wit-
ness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do not
cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation. 200

KING. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

188 *ten bones*] ten fingers: the speaker holds up his hand. Cf. line 140,
supra, *ten commandments*.

191 *mechanical*] menial; an epithet of contempt applied to a manual
labourer.

GLOU. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

SOM. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

HOR. And I accept the combat willingly. 210

PET. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake,
pity my case. The spite of man prevaieth against me.
O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to
fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

GLOU. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

KING. Away with them to prison; and the day of
combat shall be the last of the next month. Come,
Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — GLOUCESTER'S GARDEN

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and
BOLINGBROKE

HUME. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you,
expects performance of your promises.

BOLING. Master Hume, we are therefore provided:
will her Ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

4 *exorcisms*] conjurations for raising spirits, not as in modern usage for driving them away.

HUME. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

BOLING. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you 10 prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess aloft, HUME following

DUCH. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

BOLING. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand. 20

Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.]

14 gear] business.

16 the silent of the night] the silence of the night. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 49-50, "the sweet [*i. e.*, sweetness] o' the night," and *Tempest*, I, ii, 327, "that vast [*sc.* space] of night."

18 ban-dogs] chained up mastiffs.

22 a hallow'd verge] the circumference of a charmed circle.

SPIR. Adsum.

M. JOURD. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power

Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

SPIR. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

BOLING. "First of the king: what shall of him become?" *[Reading out of a paper.*

SPIR. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose; 30
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.

BOLING. "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?"

SPIR. By water shall he die, and take his end.

BOLING. "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"

SPIR. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

BOLING. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!

False fiend, avoid! *[Thunder and lightning. Exit spirit. 40*

*Enter the DUKE OF YORK and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
with their Guard and break in*

YORK. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

24 *Asmath*] An irregular form of the name of Asmodeus the evil spirit
(*Tobit*, ch. iii, verse 8).

28 *That I*] Would that I.

40 *avoid*] be off.

42 *at an inch*] in the nick of time.

What, madam, are you there? the king and common-
weal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

DUCH. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

BUCK. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close, 50
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.

[Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.]

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.

All, away! *[Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, &c.]*

YORK. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd
her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

[Reads.]

"The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him outlive, and die a violent death." 60

Why, this is just

"Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse."

Well, to the rest:

48 *Injurious*] Abusive.

62 *Aio te . . . posse*] The ambiguous oracle announced, according to Roman historians, by the Pythian Apollo to Pyrrhus, the king of Epirus, who invaded Italy and threatened Rome 280 B. C. The Latin words are capable of meaning either that Pyrrhus can conquer the Romans, or that the Romans can conquer him.

"Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
 By water shall he die, and take his end.
 What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
 Let him shun castles;
 Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
 Than where castles mounted stand."
 Come, come, my lords;
 These oracles are hardly attain'd,
 And hardly understood.
 The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
 With him the husband of this lovely lady:
 Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
 A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

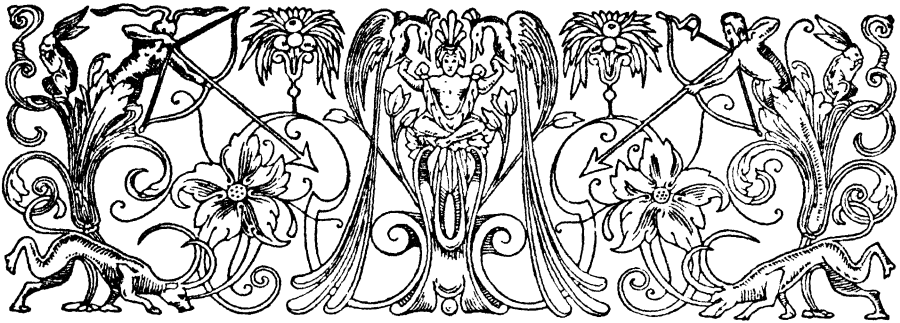
70

BUCK. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of
 York,
 To be the post, in hope of his reward.
 YORK. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who's
 within there, ho!

Enter a Servingman

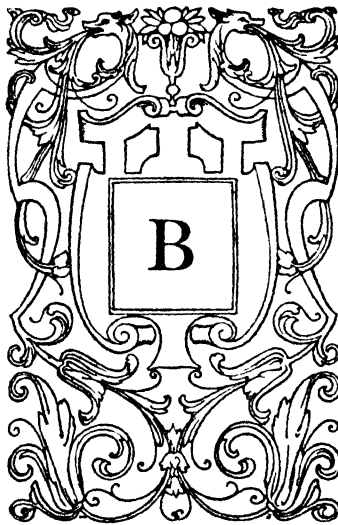
Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
 To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! 80
[Exeunt.]

64 "*Tell me . . . Suffolk*] These are not the exact words of the paper as they are first read out by Bolingbroke in line 32, *supra*. The small discrepancy resembles that already noticed, I, i, 54-56, *supra*.
 71 *hardly attain'd*] obtained with difficulty.



ACT SECOND — SCENE I — SAINT ALBAN'S

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, CARDINAL, and SUFFOLK,
with Falconers halloing*
QUEEN



BELIEVE ME, LORDS, FOR
flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these
seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was
very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had
not gone out.

KING. But what a point, my
lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above
the rest!
To see how God in all His crea-
tures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

SUF. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

¹ *for flying at the brook*] as regards hawking for waterfowl.

² *these seven years' day*] this space of seven years.

⁴ *old Joan . . . out*] old Joan applies to the old hawk, against whose

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well; 10
 They know their master loves to be aloft,
 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

GLOU. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind
 That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

CAR. I thought as much; he would be above the
 clouds.

GLOU. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by
 that?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

KING. The treasury of everlasting joy.

CAR. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
 thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart; 20
 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
 That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

GLOU. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown
 peremptory?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

taking flight at all there were heavy odds, owing to the violence of
 the wind.

5 *point*] applied technically in hawking to the hovering of the falcon over
 the spot where the quarry seeks refuge.

8 *fain of*] fond of, desirous of.

16 *how . . . that*] what do you think of that?

20 *Beat on a crown*] Cf. I, ii, 47, *supra*: "And wilt thou still be *hammering*
treachery?"

22 *smooth'st it so*] flatterest so. Cf. I, i, 151, *supra*: "*smoothing*
words."

24 *Tantæne . . . iræ*] Quotation from Virgil, *Æneid*, bk. i, line 15:
 "Do such passions possess souls divine?"

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

SUF. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

GLOU. As who, my lord?

SUF. Why, as you, my lord,
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship. 30

GLOU. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

QUEEN. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

KING. I prithee, peace, good queen,
And whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

CAR. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

GLOU. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 't were
come to that!

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.

GLOU. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers
for the matter; 40

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] Ay, where thou darest not peep:
an if thou darest,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

KING. How now, my lords!

CAR. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,

26 *With such . . . do it*] Thus the Folios. The line seems defective.
Warburton's emendation *With such holiness can you not do it?* is
frequently adopted.

40 *Make . . . matter*] Bring no members of your faction into this
contest.

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy
two-hand sword.

GLOU. True, uncle.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] Are ye advised? the east side
of the grove?

GLOU. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

KING. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!

GLOU. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord. ⁵⁰
[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave
your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] Medice, teipsum —
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

KING. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying "A miracle!"

GLOU. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim? 60

46 *two-hand sword*] sometimes called the "long sword," needing both
hands for wielding.

52 *fence*] skill in fencing.

53 *Medice, teipsum*] "Physician, [heal] thyself"; from the Vulgate, *Luke*
iv, 23: "Medice, cura teipsum."

55 *stomachs*] tempers, anger.

TOWNS. A miracle! a miracle!

SUF. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.

TOWNS. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

KING. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing SIMP-
COX, between two in a chair, SIMPCOX's Wife following*

CAR. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

KING. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale, 70
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

GLOU. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the
king;

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

KING. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?

SIMP. Born blind, an 't please your grace.

WIFE. Ay, indeed, was he.

SUF. What woman is this?

WIFE. His wife, an 't like your worship. 80

61 *A miracle! a miracle!*] This story is absent from the Chronicles of both Holinshed and Hall, which supply the dramatist with his main material. It was first narrated by Sir Thomas More in his *Dialogue concerning heresies*, whence it was borrowed by the chronicler Grafton.

GLOU. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst
have better told.

KING. Where wert thou born?

SIMP. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

KING. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to
thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

QUEEN. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by
chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

SIMP. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep, 90
By good Saint Alban; who said, "Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."

WIFE. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

CAR. What, art thou lame?

SIMP. Ay, God Almighty help me!

SUF. How camest thou so?

SIMP. A fall off of a tree.

WIFE. A plum-tree, master.

GLOU. How long hast thou been blind?

SIMP. O, born so, master.

GLOU. What, and wouldst climb a tree?

SIMP. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

WIFE. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

GLOU. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst
venture so. 101

92 *offer*] *sc.* money, make offering.

SIMP. Alas, good master, my wife desired some
damsons,

And made me climb, with danger of my life.

GLOU. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.
Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open
them:

In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

SIMP. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and
Saint Alban.

GLOU. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this
cloak of?

SIMP. Red, master; red as blood. 110

GLOU. Why, that's well said. What colour is my
gown of?

SIMP. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.

KING. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is
of?

SUF. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

GLOU. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a
many.

WIFE. Never, before this day, in all his life.

GLOU. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

SIMP. Alas, master, I know not.

GLOU. What's his name?

SIMP. I know not. 120

GLOU. Nor his?

SIMP. No, indeed, master.

GLOU. What's thine own name?

SIMP. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

GLOU. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave

in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

132

SIMP. O master, that you could!

GLOU. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

MAY. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

GLOU. Then send for one presently.

MAY. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

GLOU. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

141

SIMP. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips

GLOU. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

BEAD. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

129 *nominate*] give names to.

140-141 *leap me*] "me" is the ethic dative.

SIMP. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. [*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, "A miracle!"*]

KING. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

QUEEN. It made me laugh to see the villain run. 151

GLOU. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

WIFE. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

GLOU. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, &c.*]

CAR. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

SUF. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

GLOU. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM

KING. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

BUCK. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold. 161

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practised dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

153 *pure need*] sheer necessity.

162 *A sort . . . bent*] A set of blackguards, bent on mischief.

163 *confederacy*] partnership in conspiracy.

Demanding of King Henry's life and death, 170
And other of your highness' privy-council;
As more at large your grace shall understand.

CAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by
this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

GLOU. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my
heart:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom. 180

KING. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

QUEEN. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

GLOU. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue and conversed with such 190

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloucester's honest name.

KING. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,

183 *tainture of thy nest*] defilement of thy household.

To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales, 199
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — LONDON

THE DUKE OF YORK'S GARDEN

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK

YORK. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and War-
wick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

SAL. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

WAR. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

YORK. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons: 10
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;

3 *close walk*] retired path (of the garden). Cf. line 60, *infra*: "private plot."

5 *Which*] The antecedent is "your opinion" (line 4).

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;

William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

Edward the Black Prince died before his father,

And left behind him Richard, his only son,

Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king; 20

Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,

The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,

Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,

And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,

Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

WAR. Father, the duke hath told the truth;

Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

YORK. Which now they hold by force and not by right; 30

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,

The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

SAL. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

YORK. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line

I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:

Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;

Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.

SAL. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

39-42 *This Edmund . . . till he died*] There is much confusion here. In 1 Hen. VI, II, v, this Edmund Mortimer (5th Earl of March) has already been erroneously brought on the stage as dying in captivity

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown; 40
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

YORK. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth
son.

By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence: 50
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

WAR. What plain proceeding is more plain than
this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And in this private plot be we the first 60

in the Tower of London, whereas he died a free man in Ireland. The present allegation that he was imprisoned by Owen Glendower is equally wrong. It was an uncle of this Edmund, another Edmund Mortimer, who was Glendower's prisoner.

53 *proceeding*] course of narrative, narration.

60 *private plot*] sequestered place. Cf. line 3, *supra*: "close walk."

That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

BOTH. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
king!

YORK. We thank you, lords. But I am not your
king

Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, 70
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'T is that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

SAL. My lord, break we off; we know your mind
at full.

WAR. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

YORK. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself: 80
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. [*Exeunt.*

68 *advice*] forethought, caution.

SCENE III—A HALL OF JUSTICE

Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, GLOUCESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard

KING. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

10

DUCH. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

GLOU. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.

[Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go; 20
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.

KING. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere
thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

QUEEN. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm. 30
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

GLOU. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [Exit.

QUEEN. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself, 40
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.

21 *would . . . would*] In both cases the word here means "would have,"
"requires," "stands in need of."

25 *lantern . . . feet*] Cf. the Prayer Book version of *Psalm* cxix, 105:
"Thy word is a *lantern unto my feet*, and a light unto my paths."

41 *bears so shrewd a maim*] endures so grievous a mutilation.

This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

SUF. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

YORK. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists, 50
So please your highness to behold the fight.

QUEEN. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

KING. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

YORK. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door, HORNER, the Armourer, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door PETER, his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and 'Prentices drinking to him

FIRST NEIGH. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to
you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall
do well enough. 61

43 *raught*] having been seized (by me). Cf. Drayton's *Poly-olbion*, LX, 290: "He *raught* the wreath."

45-46 *hangs his sprays . . . days*] lets its branches droop; thus Eleanor's grandeur dies in its early days, before it enjoys maturity.

47 *let him go*] dismiss thought of him. Gloucester has left the stage after line 38.

48 *appellant*] accuser, plaintiff.

SEC. NEIGH. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

THIRD NEIGH. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

HOR. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

FIRST 'PREN. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

SEC. 'PREN. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the 'prentices.

71

PETER. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

SAL. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

80

PETER. Peter, forsooth.

SAL. Peter! what more?

PETER. Thump.

SAL. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

HOR. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king,

63 *charneco*] common sweet wine, from the name of a village near Lisbon.

87-88 *take my death*] undergo death, stake my life.

nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with
a downright blow!

90

YORK. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

HOR. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*]

YORK. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God,
and the good wine in thy master's way.

PETER. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this
presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

KING. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

100

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — A STREET

Enter GLOUCESTER and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks

GLOU. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a
cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds

90 *downright blow*] Warburton, Malone, and others insert here from the
Quartos the following words, which are omitted from the Folios, as
Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart. Ascapart was the old giant
whom, according to legend, Bevis of Southampton slew.

95 *in thy master's way*] which disabled thy master.

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?

SERV. Ten, my lord.

GLOU. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook 10
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

*Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER in a white sheet, and a taper
burning in her hand; with SIR JOHN STANLEY, the Sheriff,
and Officers*

SERV. So please your grace, we'll take her from the
sheriff.

GLOU. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

DUCH. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze! 20
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

8 *Uneath*] Uneasily, hardly, with difficulty.

12 *envious*] malicious. Cf. line 23, *infra*: "hateful looks" (i. e., looks full of hatred).

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,
 And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
 And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

GLOU. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

DUCH. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!
 For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
 And thou a prince, protector of this land,
 Methinks I should not thus be led along, 30
 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
 And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
 To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
 And when I start, the envious people laugh,
 And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
 Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,
 Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
 No; dark shall be my light and night my day; 40
 To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
 Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
 And he a prince and ruler of the land:
 Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
 As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

23 *hateful*] full of hatred. Cf. line 12, *supra*: "envious looks."

24 *rue*] pity.

31 *Mail'd up in shame*] Wrapped, bundled up in the disgraceful sheet of penance. Cf. Drayton's *England's Heroicall Epistles* 1598,—"*Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey*": "*See me mayld vp in a sheete Doe shamefull penance three times in the streete.*"

33 *deep-fet*] deep-fetched.

Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will; 50
For Suffolk — he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all —
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

GLOU. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attained;
And had I twenty times so many foes, 60
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
'These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

54 *limed*] smeared with birdlime. Cf. I, iii, 86, *supra*: "myself have
limed a bush for her."

57 *seek prevention of thy foes*] seek to prevent thy foes from carrying out
their schemes against you.

62 *scathe*] hurt, harm; the word is only retained in modern use in
"scatheless" and "unscathed."

68 *sort*] adapt, suit.

Enter a Herald

HER. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,

71

Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

GLOU. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

SHER. An 't please your grace, here my commission
stays,

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

GLOU. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

STAN. So am I given in charge, may't please your
grace.

80

GLOU. Entreat her not the worst in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!

DUCH. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!

GLOU. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.]

DUCH. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death, —
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,

73 *close*] crafty.

82 *the world may laugh again*] things may smile yet, luck may turn.

Because I wish'd this world's eternity. 90

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

STAN. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.

DUCH. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

STAN. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's
lady;

According to that state you shall be used.

DUCH. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare, 100
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

SHER. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

DUCH. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharged.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

STAN. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

DUCH. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can. 109

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*]

100-101 *Sheriff . . . shame*] Sheriff, farewell, and may you fare better
than I, although thou hast acted as conductor or guardian of me in
my shame.

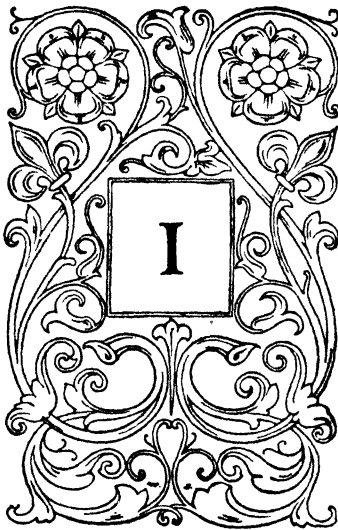


ACT THIRD — SCENE I

THE ABBEY AT BURY ST EDMUND'S

Sound a Sennet. Enter KING, QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY and WARWICK to the Parliament

KING



MUSE MY LORD OF Gloucester is not come:

'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

QUEEN. Can you not see?
or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,

10

10 glance . . . look] give a perfunctory glance at him.

Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission :
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin ;
But great men tremble when the lion roars ;
And Humphrey is no little man in England. 20
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted ;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ;

18 *grin*] growl. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 459: "the wolf doth *grin* before he barketh."

23-24 *it is no policy, Respecting*] it is not good policy, it is unwise considering.

35 *collect*] note, observe.

Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can; 40
Or else conclude my words effectual.

SUF. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputed of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
Unsound yet and full of deep deceit.

CAR. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

YORK. And did he not, in his protectorship, 60
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

40 *Reprove*] Refute.

48 *reputing of*] valuing himself upon, pluming himself on.

54 *simple show*] artless aspect, appearance of innocence.

BUCK. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke
Humphrey.

KING. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person, 70
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The Duke is virtuous, mild and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

QUEEN. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond
affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 80
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET

SOM. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

KING. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from
France?

64 *to*] as compared to.

66 *at once*] in one word.

72 *well given*] well disposed. Cf. *Jul. Cæs.*, I, ii, 197: "He is a noble
Roman and *well given*."

74 *fond affiance*] foolish confidence.

SOM. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

KING. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be
done!

YORK. [*Aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of
France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

90

Enter GLOUCESTER

GLOU. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

SUF. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too
soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

GLOU. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

100

YORK. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes
of France,

87-88 *Cold news . . . fertile England*] These lines are, with very slight
verbal change, a repetition of I, i, 232-233, *supra*.

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

GLOU. Is it but thought so? what are they that
think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England!
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

CAR. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

GLOU. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

YORK. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

GLOU. Why, 't is well known that, whiles I was
protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,

115 *proper store*] personal property, private fortune.

117 *dispursed*] disbursed.

123 *That . . . tyranny*] So that England was disgraced by tyrannical

I never gave them condign punishment: 130
 Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
 Above the felon or what trespass else.

SUF. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
 But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
 I do arrest you in his highness' name;
 And here commit you to my lord cardinal
 To keep, until your further time of trial.

KING. My Lord of Gloucester, 't is my special hope
 That you will clear yourself from all suspect: 140
 My conscience tells me you are innocent.

GLOU. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
 Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
 And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
 Foul subornation is predominant,
 And equity exiled your highness' land.
 I know their complot is to have my life;
 And if my death might make this island happy,
 And prove the period of their tyranny,
 I would expend it with all willingness: 150
 But mine is made the prologue to their play;
 For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
 Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

132 *Above the felon . . . else*] More severely than the offence of the felonious thief or any other crime; "what" means "whatever."

133 *easy*] slight.

140 *suspect*] suspicion. The Folios read *suspense*. The correction is Capell's. Cf. I, iii, 134, *supra*: "the *suspect* is great."

And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
 Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
 Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
 With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
 Look after him and cannot do him good,
 So mighty are his vowed enemies. 220
 His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
 Say "Who's a traitor? Gloucester he is none."

*[Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk,
 and York. Somerset remains apart.]*

QUEEN. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
 hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
 Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230

211 *binds the wretch . . . strays*] ties a halter about the calf's neck and
 beats it when it tries to get loose.

223 *Free lords*] Thus the Folios. *Fair lords* and *My lords* are suggested
 emendations. Probably the original reading means "lords free from
 the compassionate scruples of the king," "unfettered by sentimentality."

225 *show*] specious show of innocence.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I —
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good —
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

CAR. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

SUF. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life; 240
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

YORK. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

SUF. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!

YORK. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector? 250

QUEEN. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

SUF. Madam, 't is true; and were 't not madness, then,

236 colour] pretext.

252-260 were 't not madness . . . by reasons, to my liege] The meaning is,

"It were madness to make the fox guardian of the sheepfold. He is a crafty murderer by nature, and his potential guilt must not be lightly slurred over or ignored, because his purpose of murder be foiled. Duke Humphrey, sharing the nature of a fox, deserves death." In other words, Humphrey is proved by sound arguments or reasons an enemy to his king as completely as the fox, even before he has shed the sheep's blood, is proved by nature an enemy to the flock (line 258).

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
 Who being accused a crafty murderer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.
 No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
 As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege. 260
 And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
 Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

QUEEN. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

SUF. Not resolute, except so much were done;
 For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

CAR. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
 Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
 Say you consent and censure well the deed,

260 *reasons*] arguments. Thus the original editions. Many modern editors substitute *reason*, and a few *treason*. But no change is needed.

261 *stand on quillets*] depend on legal niceties.

265 *mates*] overcomes, subdues. Cf. Marlowe's *Faustus*, cho. 2: "Mars did *mate* the Carthaginians."

272 *be his priest*] render him the last rites in death.

275 *censure well*] judge well, approve.

And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

SUF. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

QUEEN. And so say I.

YORK. And I: and now we three have spoke it, 280
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post

POST. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

CAR. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

YORK. That Somerset be sent as regent thither: 290
'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

SOM. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

YORK. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin: 300
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

281 *It skills not . . . doom*] It is no great matter who contests our
decision.

QUEEN. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging
fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.

YORK. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a
shame take all!

SOM. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

CAR. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms, 310
And temper clay with blood of Englishman:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

YORK. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

SUF. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

YORK. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs. 320

SUF. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

CAR. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.

306 *happily*] perchance.

310 *uncivil kernes*] uncivilized light-armed footsoldiers of Ireland. Cf.
lines 361 and 367, *infra*, and *Rich. II*, II, i, 156, "those rough
rugheaded *kernes*."

320 *take order*] take measures, arrange.

And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

YORK. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

SUF. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York. 330

[Exeunt all but York.]

YORK. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on
thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 340

Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me:

I take it kindly; yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell; 350

331 *steel*] harden, make resolute.

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
 Until the golden circuit on my head,
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
 John Cade of Ashford,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.
 In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade 360
 Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
 And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
 Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
 Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy,
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villanies. 370
 This devil here shall be my substitute;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:

352 *the golden circuit*] the golden circlet, the diadem. Cf. *Macb.*, I, v, 25:
 "the golden round [*i. e.*, crown]."

354 *mad-bred flaw*] violent squall or gust of wind.

361 *kernes*] See note on line 310, *supra*; cf. line 367, *infra*.

363 *porpentine*] the common Elizabethan form of "porcupine."

365 *Morisco*] Morris-dancer, to whose legs small bells (line 366) were
 attached. Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) defines "Moresca" as "a kind of
 morice or antique dance after the Moorish or Ethiopian fashion."

By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
 I know no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
 Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength, 380
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
 For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II — BURY ST EDMUND'S

A ROOM OF STATE

Enter certain Murderers, hastily

FIRST MUR. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

SEC. MUR. O that it were to do! What have we
 done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK

FIRST MUR. Here comes my lord.

SUF. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

FIRST MUR. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

378 *moved . . . arms*] instigated him to take up arms or to collect armed
 bands. "Arms" is used in the sense of "armed bands," *infra*, IV,
 ix, 29, "His *arms*," and V, i, 18, "these *arms*," and 39, "thy *arms*."

379 *great like*] greatly like, very probable.

SUF. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand. 10
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
FIRST MUR. 'T is, my good lord.
SUF. Away! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.]

*Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, CARDINAL
BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, with Attendants*

KING. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.
SUF. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.
KING. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester 20
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practice culpable.
QUEEN. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
KING. I thank thee, Nell; these words content me
much.

11 *Is*] Thus the First Folio, for which the Second and Third Folios substitute *are*. But '*T is*' (line 13) renders a change undesirable. "All things" is equivalent to "everything." The singular verb with the plural subject is no uncommon construction in Shakespeare.

22 *approved . . . culpable*] proved guilty of treasonable practice.

26 *Nell*] Thus the original editions. The dramatist addresses Queen

Re-enter SUFFOLK

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

SUF. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

QUEEN. Marry, God forfend! 30

CAR. God's secret judgement: I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.]

QUEEN. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king
is dead.

SOM. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

QUEEN. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine
eyes!

SUF. He doth revive again: madam, be patient.

KING. O heavenly God!

QUEEN. How fares my gracious lord?

SUF. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, com-
fort!

KING. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

Margaret by this name by an oversight. He was thinking of the Duke of Gloucester's wife, Eleanor. The error of substituting Eleanor's name for Margaret's is thrice repeated in lines 79, 100, and 120, *infra*.

40 *right now*] just now.

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world. 50
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

QUEEN. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans, 60
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judged I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

52 *basilisk*] according to Pliny's *Natural History*, Book XXIX, pp. 356-357 (translated by Holland), the basilisk was a serpent who killed any man who looked at it. Cf. III, ii, 324, *infra*: "murdering *basilisks*!"
63 *blood-drinking sighs*] Cf. line 61, "blood-consuming sighs," and 3 *Hen. VI*, IV, iv, 22, "blood-sucking sighs." It was a common belief that every sigh absorbed a drop of blood.

And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death: ay me, unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

70

KING. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

QUEEN. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
 What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
 What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
 Why, then, dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy.
 Erect his statuë and worship it,
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
 And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well forewarning wind
 Did seem to say "Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore"?
 What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,

80

73 *Be woe for me*] Grieve for me (not for Gloucester).

76 *adder, waxen deaf*] Cf. *Psalms* lviii, 4: "like the *deaf adder*, which stoppeth her ear, which will not listen to the voice of charmers."

79 *Eleanor*] See note on line 26, *supra*, and cf. 100 and 120, *infra*.

80 *statuë*] The Folios read *statue*. The form "statua" is more common in Elizabethan literature. The word was invariably pronounced as a trisyllable.

83 *awkward wind . . . bank*] adverse wind . . . shore.

88 *gentle gusts*] the epithet here, like "well forewarning (wind)" in line 85, and "pretty-vaulting (sea)" in line 94, implies that the speaker credits

And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
 But left that hateful office unto thee:
 The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on
 shore,
 With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Eleanor.
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck —
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds —
 And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
 And even with this I lost fair England's view,

with kindly characteristics the obstacles that impeded her voyage
 England. The conceit is quite in Shakespeare's manner.

89 *he that . . . caves*] Æolus, the god of the winds, who kept them
 the confines of a cave. His name is mentioned in line 92, *infra*
 Cf. Virgil, *Æneid*, I, 52-54.

100 *perish*] destroy. The verb is used transitively.
Eleanor] See note on line 26, *supra*, and cf. 79 and 120.

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
 Ay me, I can no more! die, Eleanor! 120
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and many
 Commons*

WAR. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
 By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 And care not who they sting in his revenge.

111 *bid . . . heart*] ordered my eyes to hurry after the heart-shaped
 jewel flung into the sea. Cf. lines 106–107.

116 *witch*] Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading *watch*. "Witch"
 for "bewitch" is not uncommon. The word is similarly used in line
 119.

116–118 *Ascanius . . . Troy*] The Virgilian story is much misrepresented
 here. It was Cupid in the disguise of Æneas's son Ascanius, who,
 sitting in Dido's lap, infected her with love of his father. It was
 Æneas himself who told of his "acts commenced in burning Troy."

117 *madding*] on the point of going mad with love.

120 *Eleanor*] See note on line 26, *supra*, and cf. 79 and 100.

Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death. 129

KING. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

WAR. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. [Exit.

KING. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my
thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgement only doth belong to Thee. 140
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*Re-enter WARWICK and others, bearing GLOUCESTER's body
on a bed*

WAR. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

KING. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace, 151
For seeing him I see my life in death.

129 *order*] manner.

152 *my life in death*] my life in the condition of death, my own death.

WAR. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon
him

To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

SUF. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

WAR. See how the blood is settled in his face. 160
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale and bloodless
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man; 170
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd

159 *instance*] proof, evidence.

161 *a timely-parted ghost*] the body of one who has departed from life in nature's own good time. The expression is the antithesis of "timeless [*i. e.*, premature] death" in line 187, *infra*.

163 *Being all descended*] The subject is evidently "the blood" (line 160); this antecedent is suggested by "bloodless" at the end of the preceding line (162).

165 *the same*] the blood; see line 160.

172 *abroad display'd*] stretched out broad or wide, with the fingers spread.

And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued :
 Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking ;
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
 It cannot be but he was murder'd here ;
 The least of all these signs were probable.

SUF. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to
 death ?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection ; 180
 And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

WAR. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's
 foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :
 'T is like you would not feast him like a friend ;
 And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

QUEEN. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
 As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

WAR. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter ? 190
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

QUEEN. Are you the butcher, Suffolk ? Where's
 your knife ?
 Is Beaufort term'd a kite ? Where are his talons ?

176 *lodged*] beaten down; a common provincial use as applied to corn
 flattened by wind or rain.

187 *timeless*] premature. Cf. line 161, *supra*: "timely-parted," and note.

SUF. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge. 200
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*]

WAR. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare
him?

QUEEN. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

WAR. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

SUF. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour! 210
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

WAR. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee 220
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,

205 *controller*] censorious critic.

216 *bucklers*] shields.

218 *Quitting*] Acquitting, releasing, freeing.

And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

SUF. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dardest go with me.

WAR. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee 230
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.]

KING. What stronger breastplate than a heart
untainted!

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[A noise within.]

QUEEN. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn

KING. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons
drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

SUF. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign. 241

SAL. *[to the Commons, entering]* Sirs, stand apart; the
king shall know your mind.

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,

Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty, 250
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest
In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty, 260
It were but necessary you were waked,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

COMMONS [*within*]. An answer from the king, my
Lord of Salisbury! 270

SUF. 'T is like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:

263 *mortal worm*] deadly serpent.

But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

COMMONS [*within*]. An answer from the king, or we
will all break in!

KING. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care; 280
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

QUEEN. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

KING. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk! 290
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.

274 *quaint*] cunning, dexterous.

277 *sort*] pack, company.

287 *in this air*] into this air.

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*]

QUEEN. Mischance and sorrow go along with you! 300
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

SUF. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

QUEEN. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

SUF. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, 310
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

306 *heavy*] mournful, sad.

310 *kill, as doth the mandrake's groan*] There was an old superstition exposed by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Vulgar Errors*, II, 6, that the mandrake plant, when pulled up by the roots, uttered a shriek, which caused death to the hearer. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, IV, iii, 47: "And shrieks like *mandrake's* torn out of the earth."

And even now my burthen'd heart would break, 320
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

QUEEN. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st
thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass, 330
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

SUF. You bade me ban, and will you bid me
leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

QUEEN. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy
hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears; 340
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

324 *basilisks*] See note on III, ii, 52, *supra*.

325 *lizards' stings*] another false conception of natural history. Lizards are perfectly harmless, and are credited with stings only in fable.

333 *leave*] leave off.

To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for
thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself: 350
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

SUF. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough, 360
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

343-345 *O, could this kiss . . . breathed for thee !]* Would that, by virtue of the seal-like impression that this kiss of mine makes upon thy hand, thou mightest keep in thy thought these lips of mine, through which a thousand sighs are breathed for thee.

Enter VAUX

QUEEN. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I
prithce?

VAUX. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him, 370
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

QUEEN. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit Vaux.]

Ay me! what is this world! what news are these! 380
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

369 *Cardinal . . . death*] The historical sequence of events is here much misrepresented by the dramatist. The Cardinal's death did not occur till almost six weeks after Gloucester's, the latter dying February 28, 1447, the former April 11 following. Suffolk's banishment did not take place till three years later.

381 *at an hour's poor loss*] at the abbreviation of the Cardinal's life by one short hour, a very brief period of time. The Queen implies that the Cardinal, being an old man, has merely died an hour before his time, which is no theme for deep sorrow.

And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is
coming;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

SUF. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;

And in thy sight to die, what were it else

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

390

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,

Dying with mother's dug between its lips:

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it lived in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee were but to die in jest;

400

From thee to die were torture more than death:

O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

QUEEN. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;

384 *southern clouds*] the south was regarded as the rainy quarter. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, I, iv, 103: "the dew-dropping south," and *Cymbeline*, IV, ii, 350: "the spongy south."

394 *Where, from*] Whereas, out of.

403 *corrosive*] This is the original reading, for which Malone substituted *cor'sive* to suit the metre. In any case the word must be pronounced as a dissyllable.

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

SUF. I go.

QUEEN. And take my heart with thee.

SUF. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth. 410
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

QUEEN. This way for me.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III — A BEDCHAMBER

*Enter the KING, SALISBURY, WARWICK, to the CARDINAL
in bed*

KING. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy
sovereign.

CAR. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

KING. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

WAR. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

CAR. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

407 *Iris*] properly the messenger of Juno; she is often identified with the rainbow. In *Tempest*, IV, i, 76, she is called "many-colour'd messenger." Cf. Ovid, *Met.*, I, 270: "Nuntia Junonis varios induta colores."

Can I make men live, whether they will or no? 10

O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

KING. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch! 20

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

WAR. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

SAL. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

KING. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

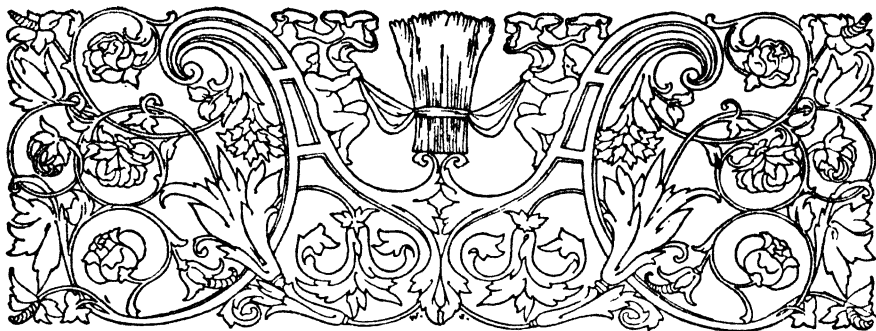
WAR. So bad a death argues a monstrous life. 30

KING. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;

And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.

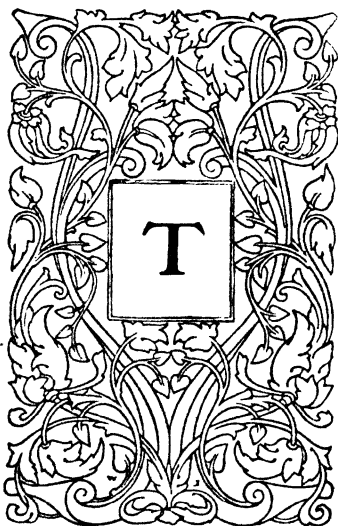
16 *lime-twigs*] twigs smeared with birdlime. See note on I, iii, 86.



ACT IV — SCENE I
THE COAST OF KENT

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and others, prisoners

CAPTAIN



HE GAUDY, BLABBING
and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the
sea;
And now loud-howling wolves
arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy
night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow
and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and
from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious dark-
ness in the air.

Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

¹ *blabbing and remorseful*] tell-tale and compassionate. Cf. *Macb.*, "Scarf
up the tender eye of *pitiſul* day."

SCENE I SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, 10
Or with their blood stain this discoloured shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

FIRST GENT. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

MAST. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

MATE. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

CAP. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?

Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall: 20

The lives of those which we have lost in fight

Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

FIRST GENT. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

SEC. GENT. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

WHIT. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die; [To *Suf.*

And so should these, if I might have my will.

CAP. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

SUF. Look on my George; I am a gentleman: 30
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

WHIT. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

6 *Clip*] Embrace, encircle.

25 *laying . . . abroad*] placing my own ship alongside the prize.

29 *George*] A metal badge in the shape of the figure of St. George on horseback. A part of the insignia of the order of the Garter.

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
 And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
 When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
 Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n.
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
 And duly waited for my coming forth?
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

60

WHIT. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

CAP. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

SUF. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

CAP. Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side
 Strike off his head.

SUF. Thou darest not, for thy own.

CAP. Yes, Pole.

SUF. Pole!

CAP. Pool! Sir Pool! lord!

70

54 *foot-cloth mule*] a mule covered with a rich foot-cloth nearly touching the ground on each side. It was a caparison only used by persons of rank and wealth. Cf. IV, vii, 43, *infra*.

60 *abortive pride*] pride that has been born before its time, unnatural, futile.

61 *voiding lobby*] hall or corridor of entry and exit.

63 *writ in thy behalf*] written letters recommending thee for preferment.

64 *charm . . . tongue*] charm into silence thy insolent tongue. Cf. *Othello*, V, ii, 187: "I will not *charm my tongue*; I am bound to speak."

70 *Yes, Pole. . . . lord!*] These three interjectory speeches of the Captain and Suffolk were added by Capell from the Quartos. They were omitted from the Folios. Suffolk's family name was De la Pole, "Pole" being pronounced "Pool."

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
 Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;
 And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death
 Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
 Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 For daring to affy a mighty lord 80
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding hearts.
 By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
 The false revolting Normans thorough thee
 Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
 Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home. 90
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

71 *kennel*] used here in the sense of "channel," "gutter," "ditch."

80 *affy*] affianced, betrothed.

84-85 *Sylla . . . hearts*] Sulla, the Roman general, who engaged in civil war with his rival general, Marius, and made himself dictator of Rome, instituted a reign of terror, which was defamed by a ruthless massacre of his opponents.

85 *gobbets*] fragments. The word is only used by Shakespeare here, and V, ii, 58, *infra*.

thy mother's] thy mother-country's.

87 *thorough*] through, owing to.

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
 And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
 By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
 Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
 Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
 Under the which is writ "Invitis nubibus."
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms: 100
 And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
 Is crept into the palace of our king,
 And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

SUF. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
 Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives:
 It is impossible that I should die 110
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

98-99 *half-faced sun . . . nubibus*"] Edward III's badge or cognisance was a picture of the sun seeking to shine through clouds. The Latin motto "Invitis nubibus" means "in spite of the clouds."

108 *Bargulus . . . pirate*] Cicero's *De Officiis*, II, xi, incidentally mentions as a type of wickedness "Bargulus, Illyrius latro" on the authority of a Greek historian Theopompus of Chios. Cicero's work was extant in English translations. The Quarto reads here *Mighty Abradas the great Macedonian pirate*, of whom nothing else is known save two bare mentions of him in Robert Greene's prose romances *Penelope's Web*, 1587 (ed. Grosart, Vol. V, p. 197), and *Menaphon*, 1587 (*ibid.*, Vol. VI, p. 77).

Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

CAP. Walter, —

WHIT. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

SUF. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*: it is thee I fear.

WHIT. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

FIRST GENT. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

120

SUF. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:

More can I bear than you dare execute.

130

CAP. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

SUF. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!

117 *Gelidus timor occupat artus*] "Chill fear seizes my limbs." This is the reading of the Second and later Folios. The First Folio unintelligibly places the word *Pine* before *gelidus*. For this word Theobald substituted *Pænæ* (*i. e.*, of punishment), and Malone *Pene*. The precise source of the quotation is unknown, though similar expressions are found in classical poetry. Cf. Virgil's *Æneid*, VII, 446: "subitus tremor occupat artus."

Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
 A Roman sworder and banditto slave
 Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
 Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
 Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*]

CAP. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
 It is our pleasure one of them depart: 140
 Therefore come you with us and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK's body

WHIT. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
 Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

FIRST GENT. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
 His body will I bear unto the king:

134 *bezonians*] needy beggars. Shakespeare only uses the word once elsewhere, in 2 *Hen. IV*, V, iii, 112. It is formed from the Italian "bisogno," "need," "want." Cf. Cotgrave's *Fr.-Eng. Dict.*, "Bisongne . . . a filthie knave, or clowne; a raskall, *b'sonian*, base-humored scoundrell." "Besonian" is also found in Elizabethan literature in the sense of "raw recruit."

136-138 *Tully . . . Julius Cæsar . . . Pompey the Great*] Plutarch gives a full account of Cicero's assassination by "Herennius, a centurion, and Popilius Laena, a tribune of the soldiers." Brutus was popularly credited in error with being Julius Cæsar's bastard son, owing to the fact that his mother, after her lawful husband's death and his birth, became Cæsar's mistress. It is incorrect to describe Pompey as slain by "savage islanders." According to Plutarch he was treacherously slain on the banks of the Nile by hirelings of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, of whom he was seeking asylum.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit with the body.]

SCENE II — BLACKHEATH

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND

BEVIS. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

HOLL. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

BEVIS. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

HOLL. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

BEVIS. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in 10 handicrafts-men.

HOLL. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

BEVIS. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

HOLL. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

BEVIS. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

2 up] in rebellion.

HOLL. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, ²⁰
the tanner of Wingham, —

BEVIS. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to
make dog's-leather of.

HOLL. And Dick the butcher, —

BEVIS. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and in-
iquity's throat cut like a calf.

HOLL. And Smith the weaver, —

BEVIS. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

HOLL. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

*Drum. Enter CADE, DICK Butcher, SMITH the Weaver,
and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers*

CADE. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed ³⁰
father, —

DICK. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of her-
rings.

CADE. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired
with the spirit of putting down kings and princes, —
Command silence.

DICK. Silence!

CADE. My father was a Mortimer, —

DICK. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good
bricklayer.

CADE. My mother a Plantagenet, —

40

³² *cade*] a cask, barrel, from the Latin "cadus."

³³ [*fall*] The Fourth Folio's correction of the earlier reading *fail*. The
word is a quibble on the Latin "cado," fall. The pun is out of
keeping with Cade's alleged illiteracy.

DICK. [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

CADE. My wife descended of the Lacies, —

DICK. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

SMITH. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

CADE. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

DICK. [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage. 50

CADE. Valiant I am.

SMITH. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

CADE. I am able to endure much.

DICK. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

CADE. I fear neither sword nor fire.

SMITH. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

DICK. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. 60

CADE. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and

46 *furred pack*] knapsack of skin with the hair outward.

washes bucks] washes clothes. Cf. *M. Wives*, III, iii, 2: "buck-basket," i. e., clothes-basket.

48 *field*] a quibble on the heraldic sense of the word.

50 *cage*] village gaol.

52 *beggary is valiant*] an allusion to the common expression "valiant or sturdy [i. e., able-bodied] beggars."

58 *of proof*] a quibble on the two senses of the expression, viz., "warranted to resist assault," and "well-worn."

vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be, —

ALL. God save your majesty!

CADE. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will 70 apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

DICK. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 't is the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there? 80

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham

SMITH. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

CADE. O monstrous!

SMITH. We took him setting of boys' copies.

CADE. Here's a villain!

63 *three-hooped pot*] a common drinking mug, made, like barrels, of wooden staves bound together at fixed intervals by hoops. The quart pot had three hoops.

79 *mine own man*] myself.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

SMITH. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

CADE. Nay, then, he is a conjuror.

DICK. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

CADE. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, ⁹⁰ of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

CLERK. Emmanuel.

DICK. They use to write it on the top of letters: 't will go hard with you.

CADE. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

CLERK. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name. ¹⁰¹

ALL. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

CADE. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL

MICH. Where's our general?

CADE. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

⁸⁸ *obligations*] documentary bonds.

⁹⁵ *on the top of letters*] Piously worded greetings, like the cited word "Emmanuel," which literally means "God with us," often headed official letters. Cf. the old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V*: "Deliver him our safe conduct Under our broad seale *Emanuel*" (Hazlitt, *Shak. Libr.*, Vol. I, Pt. II, p. 353).

MICH. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

CADE. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down.
He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself:
he is but a knight, is a'?

112

MICH. No.

CADE. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*]
Now have at him!

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his Brother, with drum and soldiers

STAF. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

120

BRO. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

CADE. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

STAF. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

CADE. And Adam was a gardener.

BRO. And what of that?

130

120 *if you revolt*] *sc.* from Cade; if you desert the rebel.

123 *I pass not*] I care not, regard not. Cf. George Herbert, *The Temple*—
Forerunners, vi: "Yet if you go, *I pass not*; take your way."

128 *shearman*] one who shears woollen cloth, a clothworker.

CADE. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,

Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

STAF. Ay, sir.

CADE. By her he had two children at one birth.

BRO. That's false.

CADE. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 't is true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age: 140
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

DICK. Nay, 't is too true; therefore he shall be king.

SMITH. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; there-
fore deny it not.

STAF. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

ALL. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

BRO. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught Clyou
this.

CADE. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself. 150
'Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's
sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-
counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign;
but I'll be protector over him.

152-153 *span-counter*] a boy's game played with marbles or counters.
The first player threw his counter to any distance; the second aimed
his counter at the first player's, so as either to hit it or to come within
a span or hand's breadth of it.

DICK. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

CADE. And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

162

STAF. O gross and miserable ignorance!

CADE. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counselor, or no?

ALL. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

BRO. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

170

STAF. Herald, away; and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors: And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.]

CADE. And you that love the commons, follow me.

Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty.

157 *mained*] Thus the first three Folios. A pun on the reference to "Maine" (line 156) is obviously intended, and the Fourth Folio's change to *maim'd* is unnecessary.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon; 180
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

DICK. They are all in order and march toward us.

CADE. But then are we in order when we are most
out of order. Come, march forward. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III — ANOTHER PART OF BLACKHEATH

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFFORDS are slain.

Enter CADE and the rest

CADE. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

DICK. Here, sir.

CADE. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine
own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,
the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt
have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

DICK. I desire no more.

CADE. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less.

180 *clouted shoon*] hobnailed shoes.

7 *hundred lacking one*] Malone added from the Quartos the words *a week*,
which seem an improvement. During Lent Elizabethan butchers
were prohibited from selling flesh meat unless they obtained a special
license, which invariably specified the number of beasts they might
slaughter each week.

This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir 10
Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

DICK. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

CADE. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — LONDON

THE PALACE

Enter the KING with a supplication, and the QUEEN with Suffolk's head, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD SAY

QUEEN. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

BUCK. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

10-11 (stage direction) *putting on . . . brigandine*] "brigandine" is body-armour or corslet, in which rings of iron or small iron plates were fastened together, beneath a canvas or leather covering. The stage direction, which is supplied by the Cambridge editors from Holinshed's account of the episode of Cade's action, is not in the Folios.

2 *fearful*] full of fear, nervous.

KING. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls 10
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

QUEEN. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

KING. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy
head.

SAY. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his. 20

KING. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

QUEEN. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for
thee.

Enter a Messenger

KING. How now! what news? why comest thou in
such haste?

MESS. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,

12 *cut them short*] reduce their numbers.

16 *a wandering planet*] according to astrology, planets exerted irresistible
influence over those born under their sway.

And calls your grace usurper openly, 30
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

KING. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

BUCK. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth, 40
Until a power be raised to put them down.

QUEEN. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

KING. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

SAY. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger

MESS. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge: 50
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

37 *caterpillars*] unproductive parasites.

39 *Killingworth*] An old name of Kenilworth, the well-known Warwickshire Castle, at this time a royal palace.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

BUCK. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

KING. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour
us.

QUEEN. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.

KING. Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish
rebels.

BUCK. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

SAY. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.* 60]

SCENE V — LONDON

THE TOWER

Enter LORD SCALES *upon the Tower, walking. Then enter*
two or three Citizens below

SCALES. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

FIRST CIT. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for
they have won the bridge, killing all those that with-
stand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour
from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

SCALES. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe; 10
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

9 *gather head*] collect reinforcements.

SCENE VI — LONDON

CANNON STREET

*Enter JACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his staff on
London-stone*

CADE. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running

SOLD. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

CADE. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

SMITH. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning. 10

DICK. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

CADE. Come, then, let's go fight with them: but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

² *London-stone*] A rounded block of stone which was a familiar landmark in Elizabethan London. It stood in Cannon Street. Portions of it, having been built into the street wall of St. Swithin's Church, still survive.

³ *pissing-conduit*] a well-known fountain in London, similar to one still to be seen in Brussels.

¹⁴ *set London bridge on fire*] The bridge was of stone, with rows of houses on each side of it. It was these which Cade proposed to set on fire.

SCENE VII — LONDON

SMITHFIELD

Alarums. MATTHEW GOFFE *is slain, and all the rest.* Then enter
JACK CADE, with his company

CADE. So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

DICK. I have a suit unto your lordship.

CADE. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

DICK. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

HOLL. [*Aside*] Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

SMITH. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; ¹⁰ for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

CADE. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

HOLL. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

CADE. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

1 *Savoy*] The Savoy Palace in the Strand, London, was pulled down by the rebels under Wat Tyler in 1381, and was not rebuilt till 1505, when a royal hospital was erected on the site. The text here therefore involves an error of fact.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the 20 pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY

CADE. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth 30 of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used,

20 *fifteens*] A tax on personal property of one fifteenth of its value was called "a fifteenth." Cf. I, i, 128, *supra*. Lord Say is credited with having levied this tax twenty-one times.

23 *say*] woollen stuff resembling serge.

26 *Basimecu*] A corrupted form of an obscene French term of abuse.

32 *score and the tally*] The tally was the stick on which notches or scores were cut. Illiterate persons were in the habit of keeping their accounts in this fashion. Cf. *Sonnet* cxxii, 10: "Nor need I *tallies* thy dear love to *score*."

33 *printing*] an anachronism. Caxton did not introduce printing into England till 1476, twenty-six years after Cade's rebellion.

and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not⁴ read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

SAY. What of that?

CADE. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

DICK. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

SAY. You men of Kent, —

50

DICK. What say you of Kent?

SAY. Nothing but this; 't is "bona terra, mala gens."

CADE. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

40-41 *because . . . hanged them*] By a custom known as the "benefit of clergy," convicted prisoners who were able to read were entitled to claim exemption from full penalties.

43 *foot-cloth*] the rich caparison of a horse, which was a distinguishing feature of the equipages of the rich. Cf. IV, i, 54, *supra*, and note. The preposition "in" here has the force of "on."

52 *bona terra, mala gens*] a pleasant land but evil people. Cf. Heber's Missionary Hymn: "Though every prospect pleases And only man is vile."

SAY. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
 Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
 Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
 Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
 The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
 Which makes me hope you are not void of pity. 60
 I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
 Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
 Justice with favour have I always done;
 Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
 When have I aught exacted at your hands,
 But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
 Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
 Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
 And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, 70
 Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
 You cannot but forbear to murder me:
 This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
 For your behoof, —

CADE. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

56-57 *Kent . . . isle*] Cf. Julius Cæsar, *Commentaries*, Bk. V: "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt," which Arthur Golding translated thus (1590): "Of all the inhabitants of *this isle* *The civilist are the Kentish folke*." These last words figure almost verbatim in Lyly's *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 247).

58 *because*] Thus the Folios. Hanmer substituted *beautcous*.

66 *But*] The Folios misread *Kent*. Dr. Johnson suggested the change.

68 *my book preferr'd me*] my love of study, my learning, recommended me. Cf. *Hen. VIII*, I, i, 122-123: "A beggar's *book* Outworths a noble's blood."

THE SECOND PART OF ACT IV

SAY. Great men have reaching hands : oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

GEO. O monstrous coward ! what, to come behind
folks ?

SAY. These cheeks are pale for watching for your
good.

CADE. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 80
'em red again.

SAY. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

CADE. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the
help of hatchet.

DICK. Why dost thou quiver, man ?

SAY. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

CADE. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be
even with you : I'll see if his head will stand steadier on
a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him. 90

SAY. Tell me wherein have I offended most ?

Have I affected wealth or honour ? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold ?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold ?

Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death ?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live!

98

84-85 *Ye shall have . . . hatchet*] Cade means that Lord Say shall be
cured by a hempen rope round his neck, and the executioner's axe
about his head.

96 *guiltless blood-shedding*] the shedding of innocent blood ; "guiltless"
is an epithet of "blood."

CADE. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

ALL. It shall be done.

SAY. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? 110 And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

CADE. Away with him! and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maiden-head ere they have it: men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

101 *a familiar*] the demon or spirit who, it was believed, might be in servile attendance on a human being.

114-116 *there shall not . . . ere they have it*] An alleged feudal usage, known as "*mercheta mulierum*," which is the central motive of Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Custom of the Country*.

116 *in capite*] a pun on the feudal term "*tenant in capite*," which was the technical designation of those who held land directly of the king.

117-118 *as free . . . tell*] Ancient feudal grants were occasionally made on fantastic terms, and these words of Cade appear almost verbatim in the conditions attaching to tenures of certain feudal property.

DICK. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills? 120

CADE. Marry, presently.

ALL. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads

CADE. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII — SOUTHWARK

Alarum and retreat. Enter CADE and all his rabblement

CADE. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so

120 *our bills*] a quibble on the two meanings of "bills," viz., halberds or staves, and mercantile bills, or bills of credit. The identical pun appears in *Much Ado*, III, iii, 198-199.

1 *Up Fish Street, etc.*] Theobald placed this scene in Southwark. At line 23 Cade mentions that he is at the "White Hart in Southwark." But both Fish Street (or Fish Street Hill, where the London Monument stands) and St. Magnus' Corner (in Lower Thames Street) are on the City side of the river Thames and on the opposite side to Southwark. In this first speech Cade may be directing his men to cross the river.

bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, attended

BUCK. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee :
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled ;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

CLIF. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, 10
And yield to mercy whilst 't is offer'd you ;
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say "God save his majesty!"
Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

CADE. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so
brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? 20
will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your
necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through Lon-
don gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart
in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given
out these arms till you had recovered your ancient free-
dom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and de-
light to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break
your backs with burthens, take your houses over your
heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your

24 *given out*] given up or over.

faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's 30
curse light upon you all!

ALL. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade!

CLIF. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar, 40
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying "Villiago!" unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly; 50
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

ALL. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king
and Clifford.

CADE. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro
as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales

45 "*Villiago!*"] Thus the Folios. "*Viliaco*" was no uncommon term of reproach among Elizabethans. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of His Humour*, V, iii: "Now out, base *Viliaco*." Florio in his *Ital.-Eng. Dict.* gives "*Vigliacco*, a rascal."

them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and ⁶⁰ honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. *[Exit.]*

BUCK. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him; And he that brings his head unto the king Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.]
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX — KENILWORTH CASTLE

*Sound trumpets. Enter KING, QUEEN, and SOMERSET,
on the terrace*

KING. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

⁴ *nine months old*] This is historically correct. But cf. *1 Hen. VI*, III, iv, 17–18, where the king is erroneously made to say that he remembers the advice his father gave him in his youth.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD

BUCK. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

KING. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?

Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks

CLIF. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield; 10
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

KING. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

ALL. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger

MESS. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes

26 *Of . . . kernes*] Thus the Folios. A foot is wanting to complete the metre. Dyce suggested the insertion of *savage* after *Of*. "Gallowglasses" and "kernes" (cf. III, i, 310, 361, and 367, *supra*) were two orders of Irish footsoldiers, of whom the former was the more

Is marching hitherward in proud array,
 And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
 His arms are only to remove from thee
 The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor. 30

KING. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York
 distress'd;

Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
 Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
 But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
 And now is York in arms to second him.
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
 And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
 Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

SOM. My lord,
 I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

KING. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
 For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

BUCK. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
 As all things shall redound unto your good.

KING. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
 For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

heavily armed. See *Macb.*, I, ii, 12-13: "The merciless Macdonwald . . . from the western isles Of *kernes* and *gallowglasses* is supplied."

29 *arms*] armed bands. See note on III, i, 378, *supra*, and cf. V, i, 18 and 39, *infra*.

44 *rough in terms*] violent or vituperative in language.

SCENE X — KENT

IDEN'S GARDEN

Enter CADE

CADE. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word "sallet" was born to do me good: ¹⁰ for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word "sallet" must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN

IDEN. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.

8 *sallet*] there is a quibble in the lines that follow on the two meanings of the word, *viz.*, "salad" and "helmet."

12 *brown bill*] battle-axe.

I seek not to wax great by others' waning, 20
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

CADE. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me
for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.
Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand
crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but
I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my
sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

IDEN. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be, 30
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

CADE. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever
was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well:
I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and
thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a
door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more. 40

IDEN. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England
stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;

20 *waning*] Pope's ingenious correction of the Folio misreading *warning*.

30 *companion*] fellow.

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air, 50
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

CADE. By my valour, the most complete champion
that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut
not out the burly-boned clown in chins of beef ere thou
sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou
mayst be turned to hobnails. [*Here they fight. Cade falls.*]

O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me:
let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me
but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. 60
Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place
to all that do dwell in this house, because the uncon-
quered soul of Cade is fled.

IDEN. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous
traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;

52-53 *As for words . . . forbears*] The general sense is, as in *3 Hen. VI*, I, iv, 49-50: "I will not bandy with thee *word for word*, But buckle with thee blows twice two for one." Iden means that he will have no more to do with mere words, the capacity of which, however great, is only to be fitly measured by mere words. He prefers that his silent sword shall proclaim the issue of the quarrel, with which his speech declines to concern itself further.

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got. 70

CADÉ. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and
exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never
feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

[*Dies.*

IDEN. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my
judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave, 80
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [Exit.



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

FIELDS BETWEEN DARTFORD AND BLACKHEATH

Enter YORK, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours

YORK



FROM IRELAND THUS
comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble
Henry's head:

Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bon-
fires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's
lawful king.

Ah! sancta majestas, who would
not buy thee dear?

Let them obey that know not
how to rule;

This hand was made to handle
nought but gold.

I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it:
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

SCENE I SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

Enter BUCKINGHAM

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

BUCK. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

YORK. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

BUCK. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn, 20
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

YORK. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so
great:

O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the king,

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:

But I must make fair weather yet a while, 30

18 *these arms*] armed bands. See note on III, i, 378, *supra*, and cf. IV, ix, 29, *supra*, and line 39, *infra*.

26-27 *Ajax . . . fury*] Ovid, in *Metamorphoses*, Bk. XIII, tells how Ajax, son of Telamon, angry because the arms of the dead Achilles were awarded to Ulysses and not to himself, slew a flock of sheep, which he mistook in his madness for the sons of Atreus, who had made the award. In *Ant. and Cleop.*, IV, xiii, 2, Shakespeare calls Ajax "Telamon."

Till Henry be more weak and I more strong. —
Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

BUCK. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand: 41
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

YORK. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

BUCK. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

YORK. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and every thing* you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love; 50
I'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

BUCK. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

39 *arms*] See note on line 18, *supra*.

46 *Saint George's field*] The muster or parade ground — in Southwark
— of the London soldiery. It is mentioned again in 2 *Hen. IV*,
III, ii, 190.

51 *as willing as I live*] with all the pleasure in life.

Enter KING and Attendants

KING. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

YORK. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.

KING. Then what intends these forces thou dost
bring? 60

YORK. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's head

IDEN. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

KING. The head of Cade! Great God, how just art
Thou!

O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble. 70
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

IDEN. I was, an 't like your majesty.

KING. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

IDEN. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

BUCK. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

KING. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

IDEN. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [Rises.

Enter QUEEN and SOMERSET

KING. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the
queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

QUEEN. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his
head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

YORK. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset? 90
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear, 100

97 *a palmer's staff*] a pilgrim's staff; a symbol of ultra-piety.

98 *awful*] causing awe, reverend.

100 *Achilles' spear*] A post-Homeric tradition that the touch of Achilles' spear could cure the wounds it inflicted is often noticed by Ovid. Cf. *Metamorphoses*, XIII, 171-172. Robert Greene, in his *Orlando Furioso* (1599), lines 516-518, gives the same account of the capacities of Achilles' spear.

Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

SOM. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

YORK. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of
these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man. 110
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail: [*Exit Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

QUEEN. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit Buckingham.*

YORK. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those 120
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

101 *with the change*] *i. e.*, from frown to smile.

103 *act controlling laws*] put into force coercive laws.

109 *these*] York appeals either to his troops or to his sons, whom he summons two lines below.

112 *ward*] gaol, prison.

117 *Neapolitan*] Queen Margaret's father, René, Duke of Anjou, claimed the throne of Naples which his father had occupied, but he never succeeded in asserting his claim to that kingdom.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter CLIFFORD and his Son

QUEEN. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.

CLIF. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[*Kneels.*]

YORK. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

CLIF. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do: 130
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

KING. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

CLIF. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

QUEEN. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

YORK. Will you not, sons?

EDW. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

131 *Bedlam*] The popular name of Bethlehem Hospital for the insane in Bishopsgate ward in the city of London. Originally founded in 1246, it still survives, though it has been removed to Lambeth; "bedlam" (line 132) was commonly used as an adjective meaning "mad."

137 *His sons*] York's sons were, according to historic fact, mere children at the date of these events. The eldest, Edward, was just thirteen, and Richard, the fourth and youngest, was well under three.

RICH. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

CLIF. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here! 141

YORK. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK and SALISBURY

CLIF. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou darest bring them to the baiting place. 150

RICH. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

CLIF. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

146 *astonish . . . curs*] terrorise these curs, who are at once cruel and treacherous.

149 *bear-ward*] Pope's change for the First Folio reading *Berard*. Cf. line 210, *infra*. "Bear-ward" is commonly used by Elizabethan writers for "bear-keeper."

153 *being suffer'd with*] being allowed to have his way with, being suffered to approach.

158 *As crooked . . . thy shape*] According to Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Essex deliberately insulted Queen Elizabeth by telling her

YORK. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

CLIF. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

160

KING. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

170

SAL. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

KING. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

at a council meeting in 1598 that "her conditions were as crooked as her carcass," a speech which the queen rewarded by boxing the Earl's ears. Cf. *Tempest*, V, i, 290-291: "as disproportion'd in his manners As in his shape."

165 *seek . . . spectacles*] apply your failing sight to finding out matter for grief.

169 *to find out war*] by finding out war, by stirring up strife. The infinitive is here used gerundively.

174 *with mickle age*] with the weight of great age.

SAL. I have.

180

KING. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

SAL. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

190

QUEEN. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

KING. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

YORK. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolved for death or dignity.

CLIF. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

WAR. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

CLIF. I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

200

181 *dispense with*] get a dispensation from heaven, square heaven, arrange to get off divine punishment.

200 *burgonet*] a close-fitting helmet or steel cap, said to have been invented by the Burgundians.

201 *household*] The First Folio reads *housed*. Malone restored *household* from the Quartos.

WAR. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

CLIF. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

210

Y. CLIF. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

RICH. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. CLIF. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou
canst tell.

RICH. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II — SAINT ALBAN'S

Alarums to the battle. Enter WARWICK

WAR. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,

210 *bear-ward*] See line 149, *supra*, and note.

215 *stigmatic*] one marked with the stigma of deformity. Strictly the word is applied to a criminal branded by a hot iron with a stigma.

Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

YORK. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him, 10
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter CLIFFORD

WAR. Of one or both of us the time is come.

YORK. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other
chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

WAR. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou
fight'st.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*]

CLIF. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
pause?

YORK. With thy brave bearing should I be in love, 20
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

CLIF. Nor should thy prowess want praise and
esteem

But that 't is shown ignobly and in treason.

YORK. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

THE SECOND PART OF ACT V

CLIF. My soul and body on the action both!

YORK. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.

[They fight, and Clifford falls.]

CLIF. La fin couronne les œuvres. *[Dies.]*

YORK. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! *[Exit. 30]*

Enter young CLIFFORD

Y. CLIF. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valour. *[Seeing his dead father]* O, let the
vile world end, 40
And the premised flames of the last day

27 *lay]* wager, stake.

28 *La fin . . . œuvres]* Cf. *All's Well*, IV, iv, 35: *The fine's the crown*, an English version of this proverb, which is best known in its Latin form "Finis coronat opus."

29 *Thus war . . . peace]* There is no historic foundation for the death of Clifford at York's hand. He was killed by the rank and file of the enemy in a desperate charge. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, I, i, 7, where the facts are correctly narrated.

35 *part]* party, side. Cf. line 87, *infra*.

39 *not essentially but by circumstance]* not by nature but by accident.

41 *premised]* sent before their time, premature.

Knit earth and heaven together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 'To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 The silver livery of advised age,
 And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 't is mine, 50
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
 And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame. 60
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
 As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;

47 *advised age*] wise experience.

48 *in thy reverence*] in the period of life which entitles you to reverence.
chair-days] Cf. 1 *Hen. VI*, IV, v, 5, and note.

58 *gobbets*] fragments. See note on IV, i, 85, *supra*.

59 *Medea*] The story that Medea, when fleeing from Colchos with Jason, murdered her young brother Absyrtus and hacked his body into pieces, so as to delay her father's pursuit of her, is told by Ovid in *Tristia*, III, Elegy 9.

But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his father.]

Enter RICHARD and SOMERSET to fight. SOMERSET is killed

RICH. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still: 70
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. *[Exit.]*

Fight. Excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, and others

QUEEN. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame,
away!

KING. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret,
stay.

QUEEN. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor
fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect, 80

69 *the wizard famous in his death*] a reference to the spirit's prediction about Somerset, I, iv, 34 *seq.* and 66 *seq.*: "Let him shun castles," etc. Somerset is slain before an alehouse bearing the sign of "The Castle."

We shall to London get, where you are loved,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter young CLIFFORD

Y. CLIF. But that my heart 's on future mischief
set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.* 90

SCENE III — FIELDS NEAR SAINT ALBAN'S

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, and
Soldiers, with drum and colours*

YORK. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,

86 *uncurable discomfit*] irremediable discomfiture, irretrievable disaster.
87 *parts*] party. Cf. line 35, *supra*: "our *part*." This is the Folio
reading. Dyce substituted *part*.

3 *Aged . . . time*] The contusions or injuries of age and the rub of time.

4 *brow*] height, full flush, as of the brow of a hill. Cf. *K. John*, V, vi, 17:
"in the black *brow* of night."

Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

RICH. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act: 10
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY

SAL. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
to-day;
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have: 20
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

YORK. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.

9 *bestrid him*] stood over him when he had fallen, and so protected him.

Cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, V, i, 121-122: "if thou see me down in the battle,
and *bestride* me, so; 't is a point of friendship."

20 *we . . . have*] we have not secured what we have won.

22 *opposites . . . nature*] foes of such recuperative power.

Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.

What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

WAR. After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious day:

Saint Alban's battle won by famous York

30

Shall be eternized in all age to come.

Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:

And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*]

29 *faith*] Malone restored this word from the Quartos in place of the Folio reading *hand*.



KING HENRY VI PART III

III

WILLIAM WARD
ERALD MOIRA

KING HENRY VI
PART III
GERALD MOWAT

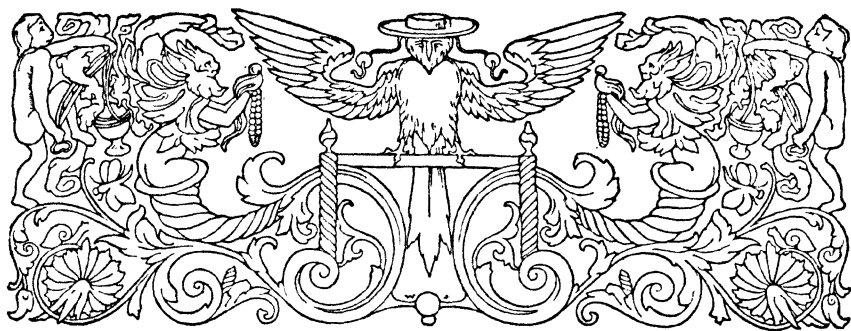
✓ OHA. -- *She-wolf of France.*
ACT I. SCENE IV. line 111.

KING HENRY VI—PART III

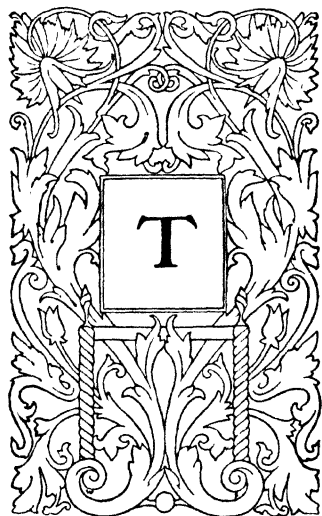
**WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY GERALD MOIRA**

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INTRODUCTION



THE "Third Part of Henry VI," which carries on the action without a break from that of the Second Part, follows the "True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of Good King Henrie the Sixt," so closely that the alterations contained in the later play may be said to consist only of details, and of the insertion of additional speeches or parts of speeches. The narrative of the "True Tragedie" itself is derived from Halle and Holinshed ; a single detail, the knight-
 ing of Prince Edward, being apparently taken from Stowe, the single instance of any importance in which he is directly utilised in either of the two old plays. Several incidents in the "True Tragedie" occur in Holinshed only, — viz., the oath imposed on York (Act I, sc. i, ll. 196–201) ; the mention of Lord Cobham (*ib.*, sc. ii, l. 35) ; the mole-hill on which Richard of York is made to stand (*ib.*, sc. iv, l. 67), and the taunts addressed to him. The other mole-hill, on which King Henry afterwards meditates (Act II, sc. v, l. 14), is not,

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

however, in the "True Tragedie." Holinshed, too, points out that the Lancastrians lost all the battles at which Henry was present (Act II, sc. ii, l. 73, and "True Tragedie").

From Halle are likewise derived details not found elsewhere. Thus, perhaps, Act I, sc. i, l. 155, though the strength of Warwick in the counties named might be matter of common knowledge ; and the numbers given in Act I, sc. ii, ll. 66, 68, 71, seem to be suggested by Halle's assertion that the Duke rashly hurried with 5000 against 18,000, or some say, 22,000, in contempt for a woman. Halle, or possibly his imitator the "Mirror," is responsible for the ascription of cruelty to Clifford, "the blood-supper," and for the myth of his slaughter of the child. The Earl of Rutland was a young man with an establishment of his own, from whom adhesion to his father's oath of loyalty had been required. Clifford's cry, "thy father slew mine," etc., is from Halle. The vivid picture of the battle of Towton is likewise, all of it, in Halle, even to a hint of son fighting against father. Further items taken over are Clarence's complaint (made, however, to the Earl of Warwick) as to his brother's unfair assignment of heiresses, — "three marriages more meeter for his two brethren and kin than for such new foundlings," — though, as a matter of fact, Clarence was married before Edward. Halle comments on Henry's unhappy fate (cf. Act IV, sc. vi, ll. 18–25), and tells how he was left alone, "as an host that should be sacrificed, in the bishop's palace of London" (cf. Act IV, sc. viii), mentioning Oxford's imprisonment in Hammes Castle.

Perhaps the proverb to which King Henry alludes (Act II, sc. ii, l. 48) needs no specific authority ; it is, however, twice used by Latimer in his published sermons.¹

¹ In his Third Sermon, preached before Edward the Sixth, it appears in the succinct form : "Happy is the child whose father goeth to the devil."

INTRODUCTION

These and all the other details of the play, which are to be found in their exact form in both Halle and Holinshed, are taken over from the "True Tragedie;" but from a number of small corrections it would seem clear that the passages in question were verified by the author or authors of Part III. Thus, the character of Cumberland is omitted: there was no such earldom at the time, although the "True Tragedie" obviously intends him for a Clifford. In Act III, sc. ii, l. 2, Grey's name is correctly given as "John" ("Richard" in the "True Tragedie"); but the statement of his dying on behalf of the Yorkists is, for obvious reasons, not corrected. So, again, in Act II, sc. iii, l. 15, the incorrect "father" of the "True Tragedie" is changed into "brother;" "the bastard of Salisbury, brother to the Earl of Warwick," say Halle and Holinshed. In Act IV, sc. i, ll. 52-57, the brides are correctly assigned — apparently with the help of Stowe; and in Act IV, sc. i, l. 27, Somerset (in the "True Tragedie" Hastings) is, quite plausibly, intended for the Duke, who submitted to Edward after Towton, but afterwards revolted: two dukes are in the play compressed into one.

In Act I, sc. i, l. 238, "Warwick is chancellor and lord of Calais" is a correct addition; and such is also "Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help" (Act III, sc. iii, ll. 34-35), which would seem to come from Monstrelet. Lastly, the slight alterations of the names of places on the roads to Coventry indicate a close accuracy which would possibly be instinctive in a writer personally acquainted with those roads.

The remaining additions to the "True Tragedie" consist of a few amplifications of the speeches, — of which one at least (Act IV, sc. vii, ll. 10-12) can hardly be thought a felicitous change, — and of considerable additions, of which the

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most important are the larger parts of Henry's soliloquies in Act II, scenes ii and v, and his speeches in Act IV, scenes vi and viii, with the remainder of Act IV, sc. vi; also much of Gloucester's part in Act III, sc. ii, and some telling lines in Act IV, sc. i; also most of Margaret's speeches before King Louis in Act III, sc. iii, and in Act V, sc. iv, and, finally, the watchmen in Act IV, sc. iii, and the taunts in Act V, sc. i, ll. 48-57.

Frequently the use is discernible which has been made of the very words of the histories. Examples of this are: Rutland "holding up his hands for mercy"; Warwick at Towton, slaying his horse, with the words, "Surely I will tarry with him that will tarry with me"; the battle "uncertainly heaving and setting on both sides" (Holinshed) "in a manner unnatural; for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother," etc. (Halle); and the loyalty of Hastings, who "had married the Earl's sister, yet was ever true to the King his master." Indeed, Act IV, sc. ii-vii keeps singularly close to the authorities.

As to style and diction, there seems little to distinguish the "Third Part of Henry VI" from the "Second" in those characteristics which were noted in it above. Alliteration is much employed in Part III, but in that modified form which was found to prevail in the earlier Part, — being most largely used by personages whose utterances have manifestly been elaborated with special care, such as King Henry and Clifford; and this again tallies with the greater apparent frequency of alliteration in Part III as compared with the "True Tragedie," though there is more, or at least more noticeable alliteration in Part I than in either. Part III has more rime than Part II; that in Part III is largely but by no means entirely taken over from the "True Tragedie," and is nearly always to be found at the end of

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speeches. The peculiar feature of a repetition of words or sounds, which was noticed above as observable in both Parts I and II, is also to be found in Part III, where it appears in instances reproduced from the "True Tragedie," but with augmentation. Finally, the classical allusions in Part III are for the most part, but not entirely, taken over from the same play. The mannerism of the omitted definite article also occasionally recurs.¹ Of more significance, as indicating greater maturity of style, is a certain conscious irony. The phrase (subsequently repeated) "Thou setter up and plucker down of kings," descriptive in Act II, sc. iii, l. 37 (as in the "True Tragedie") of the power of the Almighty, is in Act III, sc. iii, l. 157 savagely applied by Queen Margaret to Warwick (this is not in the "True Tragedie"), and again calmly by Warwick to himself (Act V, sc. i, l. 26; this is substantially in the "True Tragedy"). The sneers in scriptural parlance of Richard of Gloucester (Act I, sc. ii, l. 18, and Act IV, sc. i, l. 32) are not in the older play.

Altogether the Third Part, towards its close, suggests a very explicable determination on the part of the author or authors to wind up the action of the play; their adherence to the "True Tragedie" becomes, if possible, more marked than it was before; and there is about the progress towards the end an unmistakeable air of business—a desire, not to treat things perfunctorily, but to spend no unnecessary time over them. And yet (this should by no means be overlooked) the reader or spectator is left with a sense of *more to come* beyond the framework of the play; no doubt is left as to the personage to whom the future will appeal—to whom per-

¹ So in Act II, sc. i, l. 82: "For selfsame wind that I should speak withal."

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haps that future may belong. This personage is not the "sportful" King Edward IV, in whose concluding hope of "lasting joy" little interest can be felt, nor the shifting Clarence—but the prince who seals the bargain of national peace and fraternal concord with a Judas kiss.

In what there remains for me to state here, I have hardly anything to offer in addition to the summary previously attempted by me after a full reconsideration of this complex subject under the light of researches as ample and profound as are to be found in any chapter of Shakespeare criticism. With regard, then, to what seem the most probable conclusions on the question as to the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI," and on the antecedent question as to the authorship of the two old plays of which these two Parts are now generally held to be enlarged and modified reproductions, the following may suffice.¹ It has been shown in the preceding pages,

¹ The authorities on the subject are in the main the same as those cited in the course of my remarks on "Henry VI" in the second edition of my "History of English Dramatic Literature" (1899), Vol. II, pp. 58-74. Since Malone, the late Mr. Grant White's "Essay On the Authorship of King Henry the Sixth" (in vol. VII of his edition of the Works of William Shakespeare, Boston, 1859) is the earliest critical contribution of importance to the discussion of the question. His views were put in a shorter form by Mr. G. L. Rives in his Harness Prize Essay on the same subject (Cambridge, 1874); and Mr. Grant White himself summarised them in his "Studies in Shakespeare" (London, 1885), pp. 21 *seq.* The conclusions stated by Mr. F. G. Fleay in his remarkably complete and closely argued paper "Who Wrote Henry VI?" in "Macmillan's Magazine," vol. XXXIII (November, 1875-April, 1876), were repeated, with some important modifications, in his "Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare" (London, 1886),—a book which, whatever may be the judgment formed as to some of its conclusions, has a permanent place in the history of English literature. Finally, the subject received the most exhaustive treatment which has yet been given to it, or with which it is likely to meet for a long time to come, in Miss Jane Lee's paper "On the Authorship of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI," in the "Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society" (1876), where, on a suggestion thrown out

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more fully than in my own earlier observations on the subject, how very little in the way of actual new matter, as distinct from additions or ornament in the way of expansion and of stylistic improvements, was introduced by the hands to which, on the above assumption, the new versions of the two old plays were due, and how very few corrections of facts, or of the exposition of facts, were made during the process of "beautifying" the text (if Greene's word may be used without prejudice). Thus the difference between the two pairs of plays reduces itself in the main, though not entirely, to a question of form rather than of matter—in other words, to a question of style (including both diction and versification)—a kind of internal evidence which is of all kinds the most difficult to judge, and which has at times proved a very deceptive one to trust.

The problem of the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" cannot, then, be discussed apart from that of the authorship of the two old plays with which they are respectively connected; but in discussing it we must perforce begin by going back, more especially as on the primary question of the respective priority of the two pairs of plays Mr. Fleay

by Dr. Furnivall in the discussion on her paper, she supplements it by a "Table of Shakspere's and Marlowe's Shares in 2 and 3 Henry VI." Attention may also be directed to Miss Emma Phipson's paper, "The Natural History Similes in Henry VI," in the same Society's "Transactions," 1877-9, and Dr. Furnivall's "Table of parallel animal expressions in the Rape of Lucrece," and in 2 and 3 Henry VI, *ib.*, 1875-6; as well as to the late Mr. R. Simpson's "The Politics of Shakspere's Historical Plays" (V. "Henry VI"), *ib.*, 1874, and (though it has no bearing on the question of authorship) to Mr. P. A. Daniel's "Time Analysis of the Plots of Shakspere's Plays" (III.), *ib.*, 1877-9. Cf. also Mr. A. H. Bullen's Introduction to his "Works of Christopher Marlowe" (1885), vol. I, lxxix-lxxxiii, and Professor Churton Collins' General Introduction to his "Works of Robert Greene" (1905), vol. I, pp. 67-69.

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is in opposition to the generally received opinion. Malone, Grant White, and Miss Lee, entertain no doubt as to the priority in date of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" to the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI;" whereas Mr. Fleay advances the theory that the former two plays "consisted of surreptitious fragments taken down in shorthand at theatrical performances, and patched up by some inferior hack, hired to write additions, or by some strutting player, who interpolated bits of sensation for the groundlings." Now, it cannot be denied that among the additional matter to be found in the two Parts as compared with the other plays a good deal may be described as "poor"; but in all ages of the theatre adapters, especially if their work has to be done in a hurry, are apt not to be overnice in the choice of their patches. Again, it must be allowed that the notorious passage in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" can only be regarded as proving that the "Third Part of Henry VI" plagiarised from the "True Tragedie," if we assume as certain that it was a literary plagiarism, not the actor's declamation of other men's compositions, which Greene intended to satirise; and this assumption I agree with Mr. Fleay and the late Mr. R. Simpson (a sure-footed critic, though one who freely used his imagination) in declining to make. If, on the other hand, the passage does refer to a literary plagiarism, then, if Mr. Fleay's theory were correct, Greene would have accused Shakespeare of plagiarising a passage which was itself a plagiarism. Mr. Fleay's arguments from the history of theatrical companies and from that of publishers are too full of conjecture to carry conviction; and we are thus reduced to an issue of comparative probabilities. But could anything be

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more improbable than that the compilers of the “Contention” and the “True Tragedie” were so unlucky as to miss, or so foolish as to leave out, some of the finest passages in the plays which they conveyed—such, for instance, as two cited by Miss Lee—York’s description of Salisbury in the last scene of the Second Part,¹ and parts² of his picturesque first speech in Act I, sc. iv, of the Third Part. At the same time some particulars not in “Henry VI” are to be found in the other plays—such as the elaboration of the Duchess of Gloucester’s penance and the description of Jack Cade’s external appearance in the “Contention”; and I think Miss Lee goes too far in asserting that “though the author of “Henry VI” might have rejected such things, it is scarcely probable that any copyist would have invented or inserted them.” Why not? Still, it cannot be denied that, if Mr. Fleay’s theory be accepted, we must suppose the compilers of the “Contention” and the “True Tragedie” to have contrived to re-edit their originals in what is beyond all doubt a much cruder and more primitive kind of versification, and a less effective as well as less ornate diction—and to have done this while the much superior old model was still in the remembrance of playgoers. This seems to me incredible.

It must not, however, be overlooked that the 1619 edition of “The Whole Contention” was intermediate between the quartos of the “Contention” and the “True Tragedie” of 1600 and the Folio “Henry VI” of 1623; and that, as has been already pointed out, this 1619 edition contains a

¹ “That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion.”

² Including the simile of the swan.

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certain number of modifications of the texts of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie," though these do not approach those of the Folio in amount. Here again, in order to avoid Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' conjecture that Shakespeare subjected these texts to a poetical revision, Mr. Fleay resorts to another (also baseless) conjecture that the publisher Pavier "obtained a few shorthand notes from the theatre, and thus corrected his stolen copy."

Accepting, then, as on the whole more probable, the priority in date of composition of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" to the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI," we come to the further question: who was the author, or who were the authors, of the earlier two plays? Neither Charles Knight nor the German critics, who, as in the case of the authorship of the whole trilogy of "Henry VI," had the full courage of their belief that Shakespeare was also the author of the early "Sketches," were able to adduce any evidence in support of this belief beyond that of their internal consciousness. But Ulrici, in his last deliverance on the subject¹ allowed that "in the earliest impressions these plays have come down to us in a mutilated and corrupt condition"; and Delius, who argued with considerable force for the essentially Shakespearean authorship of the two old plays, cleverly supposed them not only to have been obtained by a piratical publisher from actors, but to have possibly been manipulated by some "subordinate" poet for the purposes of publication.²

On the other side, according to which Shakespeare had no share whatever in the composition of these earlier

¹ In "Shakespeare Jahrbuch" vol. I (1864) p. 85.

² See his "Introduction" to the "Third Part of Henry VI" in vol. I of his edition of Shakespeare (Elberfeld, 1872), where he reprints both the old plays in full.

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plays, stands the whole body of English Shakespeare commentators and critics — from Malone and Drake to Hallam, Harness, Collier, and Dyce, and from these to Fleay and Furnivall, and Miss Jane Lee, who by her masterly essay may be said to have made the subject her own. The first argument on this side of the question is the fact that there is no contemporary statement as to any direct connexion between Shakespeare and these two plays; although a line which occurs in one of them was, as has been mentioned, quoted by Greene as early as 1592, and although they were separately printed in 1594 and '95, and reprinted in 1600. Only in 1619, when they were conjointly reprinted three years after his death, were they attributed to him by a piratical publisher.

The second argument is that in 1595 the "True Tragedie" and in 1600 the "Whole Contention" were printed as acted by Lord Pembroke's men; whereas Shakespeare is not known to have been connected with any company but the Lord Chamberlain's (afterwards the King's)¹. Neither of these arguments can be regarded as absolutely conclusive. Are they confirmed by internal evidence?

Would the two old plays as they stood have been assigned to Shakespeare as the author of the substantial part of them, had they not been followed by the later and more elaborate version? Do they resemble rough drafts which closely, though not slavishly, follow their main authorities, or are they compositions on which, notwithstanding many crudities of form, the impress of a single mind seems left? Does the general want of regularity in the

¹ The fact that the "First Part of Henry VI" was possibly acted by Lord Strange's men in 1592, is reconciled by Mr. Fleay with the above statement by means of the assumption that the play had passed to the Lord Chamberlain's servants before 1599, the probable date of the production of "Henry V," the Epilogue of which seems to allude to it (see above).

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versification, which in some scenes is exchanged for what Miss Lee aptly calls a "sing-song rhythm" point to unity of workmanship, or rather to the continued labour of the artificer's shop?

A view which would be reconcilable with the belief that it is impossible to accept the two old plays as solely and undividedly Shakespeare's work is taken by Halliwell-Phillipps, Staunton, and more especially by Grant White, while Dr. Furnivall extends to it some reluctant favour. Shakespeare, though not sole author of these plays, had a share in their composition. This compromise, or half-way solution, involves the supposition (for nobody, I take it, could contend that he had a share in the "Contention" and "True Tragedy," but none in the revision resulting in the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI") that he revised work of which he had himself been part author; and it seems futile to seek a way out of this difficulty — not, I think, in itself insuperable — by assuming the existence of some yet earlier plays, out of which Shakespeare and his associates formed the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie." Such plays *may* have existed; but we know nothing whatever of or about their existence. We are thus obliged once more to fall back, as Grant White and others do, upon internal evidence; and to seek for an answer to the question, Is there anything essentially Shakespearean which we find in the old plays, or which was taken over into "Henry VI" from the old plays?

This brings us at once to the significance of the Jack Cade scenes in the "Contention" — for it will be readily allowed that no other scenes in either of the two plays stand out similarly from the rest.¹ It is the strong impression,

¹ I think that Miss Lee's refusal to attach any importance, in this connection, to the supposed analogy between Biron's speech in "Love's Labour's Lost" (Act IV,

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if not the absolute conviction, of the foremost of living English poets, whose critical insight adds further authority to his opinion on such a subject, that these scenes are Shakespeare's; in Mr. Swinburne's own words,¹ "their forcible realism, their simple life-like humour, can scarcely be ascribed to any hand but Shakespeare's." And Dr. Furnivall, steeped like no other English scholar of his eminence in the lore of the matter, avows that he would gladly agree that Shakespeare had no hand in these sketch-plays, "if only he could made up his mind that the first sketch of Cade was not Shakespeare's."² Now, I cannot agree with Miss Lee in her view that (supposing the "Contention" to have been written by 1592) Shakespeare was not possessed of sufficient "knowledge of the world and of the things that are in the world" to have enabled him to write these scenes. It seems to me that the "knowledge of the world" displayed in them is that exhibited by many a youth (and Shakespeare would at the time have been more than a mere youth) who knows something of the people — with a large or a small P — and something of the notions entertained of the people by those towards whom he looks for patronage. And while I agree in thinking the satire racy and vivacious, and such as might very well have been indited by Shakespeare when a young man not yet capable of such treatment of the same theme as he afterwards, with variations, gave to it in "Julius Cæsar" and in "Coriolanus" — I am not prepared to assert that the humour could have been no other playwright's but his. Although I am fully conscious of the weight of the authority on the

sc. iii, l. 290) and York's speech in the "Second Part of Henry VI" (Act I, sc. i, l. 215) will command general assent.

¹ "Fortnightly Review," January, 1876.

² "New Shakspeare Society's Transactions," 1876, p. 283.

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opposite side, I feel bound to say that the *vis comica* of these scenes does not strike me as beyond the limit of the powers of Peele;¹ while I think that Greene, who could imitate most things that he chose to imitate, and whose inbred arrogance would have commended to him the spirit of the satire, might quite conceivably have had a hand in making it effective. Nor is an unknown author — such as the writer of the excellent comic scenes in “Sir Thomas More” (1590 c.) — out of the question.

For my part, as I have said before, I find it more difficult to attribute to any known authorship other than Shakespeare's certain other passages in the two old plays, in which, in Grant White's felicitously chosen words, “thought, diction, and rhythm sprang up together to flow in a consentaneous stream.” The stately opening of the “Contention;” the pathos of the “Duchess” Eleanor in the midst of her shame; the speeches of Warwick in Duke Humphrey's death-scene, and more especially that containing the similes of the dead heifer and the murderous kite; the fury of Suffolk's curse, and the intense reminiscent passion of his farewell to the Queen; or again, in the “True Tragedie,” York's speech about his valorous sons; the fire of invective in the last dialogue between York and the Queen; the “aloofness,” to use an ugly but expressive word, of King Henry in the hour of his capture; the downfall of Warwick, as that of the all-overtopping cedar, and the diabolical fury of Gloucester in making an end of the poor King's shadowy life — not one of these passages, and not all of them taken together, seem to me to prove themselves

¹ I see from a notice of H. Schütt's edition of “The Life and Death of Jack Straw,” in the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, vol. XXXVIII (1902), pp. 283–285, that the authorship of this old play, in which there are some parallels to the “Contention,” has been ascribed to Peele; but I agree with W. Keller, the writer of the notice, that there seems no necessity for connecting an important name with it.

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Shakespeare's; but it is difficult to reject as absolutely untenable the belief that he had any concern in them. Unless, therefore, we take refuge in Halliwell-Phillipps' somewhat far-fetched supposition, that passages in the impressions of the two plays dating from 1594 and 1595 were introduced into them from the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI," supposing these to have been already on the stage — we must leave the notion of a co-operation by Shakespeare in the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" in the position of an unproved surmise.

If, then, Shakespeare was not the original author of these two plays, and if the question whether he had any share in them cannot with confidence be answered in the affirmative, can any further hypothesis be successfully maintained as to their authorship? The writers who here alone come into question, because of them alone plays remain to us which will serve for the purpose of comparison, are Marlowe, Greene, and, perhaps, Peele. Lodge and Nashe cannot definitely be drawn into this enforced competition, because their extant share in the acted drama of the age is so small; and no serious attempt has been made, or indeed practically could have been made, to urge a claim on their behalf. With the mention of Kyd's or one or two other names we should be taken into the region of pure conjecture, into which I for one decline to stray.

Among the dramatists previously mentioned, there is an external probability in favour of Greene, who, according to the testimony of Nashe, wrote "more than four others" for Lord Pembroke's company, by whom the "True Tragedie" was performed. On the other hand, the fact that Marlowe's "Edward II" was also played by Lord Pembroke's men so far strengthens the possibility that he was concerned in the composition of the two old plays.

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In the matter of versification, Miss Lee is no doubt quite right in saying that "Marlowe's versification was at times largely under the influence of that traditional monotony of metrical structure from which Shakespeare was the first to break wholly free." Unless, however, we are to date the two old plays further back than 1592 or the preceding year (which would considerably weaken the force of Greene's allusion in the "Groatsworth," supposing it to have been to a line in the "True Tragedie"), we might assuredly have expected a more striking agreement in versification as well as in general qualities of style than can be said to be observable between the two old plays and "Edward II," which was brought out in 1592 (or at the latest in 1593). It is quite true that, if the infrequency of rime in these plays is to be regarded as a sound argument against Shakespeare's authorship of them, it is difficult to see who but Marlowe could at so early a date have written plays with so little rime in them, and dependent, so far as the verse goes, on its own strength. (Of course there are in the two plays many broken lines, for which publishers and players rather than the authors may fairly be held responsible.)¹

The argument in favour of Marlowe, then, apart from certain parallelisms of expression,² practically reduces it-

¹ Miss Lee cites eight lines or pairs of lines from the "Contention" and "True Tragedie," repeated or imitated from Marlowe — not of course all of them exact repetitions, but such instances as :

"Even to my death — for I have lived too long." ("Cont.")

"Nay, to my death — for too long have I lived." ("Edward II," Act V, scene vi.) But who could set this down as a proof that it was Marlowe who repeated himself? Shakespeare, we know, occasionally quoted Marlowe. (Peele has, in "Edward I,"

"Haste death — for Joan hath lived too long.")

² Of such Mr. Bullen (Introduction to Marlowe's Works, vol. I, p. lxxxi) notes
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self to the proposition that, if Shakespeare did not write certain scenes in the two old plays, there was no contemporary dramatist sufficiently gifted to have written them but Marlowe. As such Miss Lee indicates (if my counting be correct) the scene of Duke Humphrey's death in the "Contention" (from Suffolk's re-entrance) and Clifford's slaughter of young Rutland in the "True Tragedie." Allowing that at the time Marlowe stood forth among his contemporaries, including Shakespeare, like no other writer, the marks of his genius discernible in such scenes as these are not to my mind sufficiently specific to be convincing. And I cannot avow myself very forcibly struck by the resemblances of thought to Marlowe perceptible in the old plays: in the fury of the contending nobles there is nothing specially characteristic of him; the mild despondency of Henry VI may be in some measure like that of Mycetes in "Tamburlaine," and like that of Edward II, but it is far less rough-edged than the former, and on the other hand far less elaborated than the latter.

For the claim put forward on behalf of Greene there is cumulatively more to urge. Before 1592, as Mr. Churton Collins has pointed out,¹ Greene's contemporaries and friends are silent about his work as a playwright,

two instances — the use of the verb "to mask" in Bullenbrooke's conjuration in the "Contention":

— "the silence of the Night,
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes" —

which verb occurs several times in "Tamburlaine," but not in Marlowe's later plays; and the following passage in the speech of Iden when bringing in Cade's head —

"Deep-trenched furrows in his frowning brow" —

as compared with the "Second Part of Tamburlaine," Act I, scene iii:

"But in the furrows of his frowning brow."

¹ "Introduction" to Greene's "Dramatic Works," vol. I, pp. 67-69.

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and in his own writings no mention is made of his plays; moreover, Nashe, in his address prefixed to Greene's "Menaphon," though he manifestly intended to pour contempt upon Marlowe and his associates (Miss Lee thinks, upon Kyd) as contrasted with Greene, says nothing about any plays written by the latter. Thus it is quite possible that he may have been concerned in a greater or less measure with more plays than bear his name; and his facility as a playwright was, as we have seen, afterwards specially attested by Nashe, and as a matter of fact only formed part of a general facility almost unparalleled, and duly held up to scorn by such an antagonist as Gabriel Harvey. The difficulty of assuming Greene's cooperation in the two old plays is increased rather than diminished by assuming Marlowe's; for there is no proof of their having worked together as dramatists; and whether or not in the "Groatsworth" Greene complained of literary plagiarism of himself and Marlowe, he certainly says nothing in that tract as to their having been associated as playwrights. Thus we have to fall back upon style, versification, and incidental detail. It cannot be denied that resemblances to the diction and versification of Greene are to be found in the two old plays, though, as I have remarked elsewhere, it is somewhat suspicious to find them to be largely taken from "Greene the Pinner of Wakefield," a play of which Greene's authorship cannot yet be said to have been with certainty established. There might also seem some force in the fact of the repeated use in the two plays of the obsolete use of "for to" = to,¹ which Miss Lee has noted as occurring five times in the "Contention" (and, curiously, twice in that bit of the Incantation Scene which is to be

¹ *E. g.*, "And conjure them for to obey my will."

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found only in that old play) and four times in the "True Tragedie"; whereas Shakespeare uses the form only a few — Churton Collins says eight — times. But as it also occurs now and then in Marlowe, and more often in Peele's "Edward I" than either in the "Contention" or "True Tragedie," it may be said to prove too much. Miss Lee mentions certain resemblances of verbal expression, which she judiciously herself describes as not decisive, and which, as their occurrence is for the most part isolated, I should be inclined to regard as fortuitous. The total number of lines in the two old plays which closely resemble lines in plays undoubtedly by Greene is in any case smaller than that of those which resemble lines in Marlowe. It is certainly odd that the name of "mightie Abradas, the great Masadonian Pyrate" ("Contention") who in the "Second Part of Henry IV," Act IV, sc. i, l. 108, is changed into "Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate" should not be known to recur anywhere else in English literature except in a passage of Greene's "Penelope's Web." It is also impossible, as Miss Lee points out, to avoid being struck by the number of proverbial expressions which occur in the two old plays, and which help to give to them and to "Henry VI" as a whole a certain sententious colouring: these are more in Greene's manner — as that of the conscious trained man of letters — than in that of perhaps any of his contemporaries. The abundant classical allusions in these plays I am not prepared to pronounce as speaking for Greene rather than for Marlowe. The occasional introduction of fragments of Latin into the dialogue¹ is, I believe, more in Mar-

¹ Cf. in "Part II," Act I, scene iv, l. 22: "adsum"; *ib.*, l. 61 "aio te," &c.; Act II, scene i, l. 53: "nosce teipsum"; Act IV, scene vii, l. 49: "bona terra"; and in "Part III," Act I, scene iii, l. 48: "Dii faciant," &c.

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lowe's than in Greene's way ; but it is not altogether out of Shakespeare's.

Thus I conclude — if it be a conclusion — that Marlowe and Greene very possibly, and Greene probably, had a share in the authorship of the two old plays, and that Peele, who was certainly possessed of a racy vein of humour, as shown in his “ Old Wives' Tale,” as well as in his “ Edward I,” may conceivably likewise have had some concern in them. But, if I am asked to go further, and to seek (as I could in no case successfully do) to emulate Miss Lee in laying down, with a modesty of manner reminding one of the blandness with which of old certain proposals used to be brought forward for reconstructing the Old Testament, a choristic scheme separating the portions of these plays written by Marlowe from those written by Greene — the imitative Greene — my courage fails me. I demur to the assumption, to begin with, that, as the comic scenes in the two old plays could not be by Marlowe, they must be by Greene, whom Chettle, in his “ Kind Hart's Dreame,” averred to have been, “ to no man's disgrace be it intended, the only Comedian, of a vulgar writer in this country.” For Chettle may not have been carried away by the humours of the Armourer and his man, or by the grim fun of the Cade scenes ; and the Cade scenes, in whosoever manner they may be, are not in Greene's. I demur to the distribution of the tragic scenes between Marlowe and Peele, because of more or less superficial resemblances — “ by Marlowe were certainly the Cardinal's death, the parting of Suffolk and Margaret.” Or again — Marlowe took charge of Henry VI, because he resembles Mycetes and Edward II, and Greene of Edward IV, whom we may compare with James IV ! Queen Margaret's words towards the close, it is more pointedly noted, bear some resemblance

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to Queen Elinor's dying speeches in "Edward I." Mr. Grant White held that Shakespeare had undertaken Clifford and Warwick (curious that he of all men should have made the blunder, noted above, as to the Warwick badge !) and Mr. Rives faithfully followed suit in supposing the Queen's character to be of Shakespeare's devising. It seems to matter little that in the former two instances the characters were, so to speak, transferred bodily into "Henry VI," while in the latter case the part was extended almost throughout. The critic's consciousness is sufficient.

And so, I fear, the dubious question of the authorship of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie" must be left only half-answered. We certainly stand on firmer ground in discussing the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" themselves. For, as the figures show, of which the result was stated above, something between one-third and one-half of the whole number of lines in these Second and Third Parts were added to the text of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie." According to Grant White's calculation, 1479 lines were taken over from the 3057 of the "Contention," and the still larger proportion of 1931 from the 2877 lines of the "True Tragedie." It is, therefore, of nearly one-half of the Second and Third Parts, taken together, that the authorship is in question. On the other hand, it has been seen that in the conduct of the action Part II and the first three acts of Part III exhibit no considerable variation from the "Contention" and the "True Tragedie"; and in the course of this Introduction it has been demonstrated, I think for the first time, how consistently as a whole, though with certain deviations of detail, the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" follow, step by step, and stage by

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stage, the authorities of which the two old plays accepted the guidance. Yet it cannot be denied that the revision or re-editing of the old plays, and their transformation into the "Second and Third Parts of Henry VI" were carried out on a scale of elaborateness and thoroughness to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in dramatic or in any other kind of imaginative literature, unless in instances where a single mind has, like Goethe in his "Faust," evolved a masterpiece of his maturity out of fragmentary beginnings dating from his youth. The additions, omissions, and alterations which in the case of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" are generally improvements, amount to a renewal of the whole; though already Malone pointed out that the revisor or revisors proved true to their character as such by showing themselves to be not infallible, and indulging in transpositions and repetitions which occasionally, after the manner of revisions not carried through with perfect completeness and consistency, wear the aspect of patchwork. We have, therefore, in conclusion of this long disquisition, to ask who was the agent, or who were the agents, that converted the two old plays into dramatic works so notably superior in general proportion and in consequent effectiveness of form, as well as in abundance of striking detail.

Shakespeare would in any case be entitled to "preferential" consideration on this head; since even in our own day the authority of the First Folio is not to be lightly set aside. And I think that we are coming to recognise more clearly than ever, that the objections against extruding from such a canon any work which has been included, and has long remained included in it, are particularly strong where the canon, whatever its origin, has received a national acceptance. Indeed, in the present instance, no play has

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been excluded from the Shakespearean canon with a predominant assent of critics, with the sole exception of "Titus Andronicus." If, in the last two lines of the passage already cited from the Epilogue to "Henry V" —

" Which oft our stage has shown ; and for their sake
In your fair minds let this acceptance take " —

the words "for their sake" be considered to refer to at least two plays previously performed with success on the same stage as "Henry V," there can be no reasonable doubt but that the three Parts of "Henry VI" are in question. No doubt it would be strange that Shakespeare should describe as "our stage" a theatre other than the only one with which he is known to have been connected ; but, if he was actually concerned with the plays themselves, the possessive pronoun might be held justifiable. And it is surely hypercritical to assert that the loss of France is really dealt with in Part I ; for Part II at its opening is still concerned with the loss of Anjou and Maine, and even in Part III the consequences of the ill-management of the relations between England and France may be said to be still in progress ; while Mr. Fleay's notion seems far-fetched, that the *their* in the penultimate line of the Epilogue refers to the *they* of the preceding line — *i. e.* to the personages who mismanaged the relations in question, and hence to the actors who represented those personages in "Henry VI" (only). But I do not think that the evidence of this passage, somewhat obscure as it is, can be allowed to count for much. On the other side we have the fact that Francis Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia" (1598), takes no notice of "Henry VI" — an omission which must go for what it is worth, but cannot be held to clinch the matter. Thus the external evidence as to Shakespeare's authorship of the

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Second and Third Parts is, apart from the fact of their inclusion in the First Folio, unsatisfactory.

The internal evidence has been marshalled very effectively by Miss Jane Lee, and is worth re-stating, as, in my opinion at all events, its cumulative probability renders it virtually irresistible. In the first place, as to versification, she seems to me justified in disregarding the argument against Shakespeare's participation in these plays which have little rime, drawn from the fact that the earliest plays indisputably his ("The Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labour's Lost," &c.) have much; for these were not, as the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" are generally held to have been, founded on plays which themselves had little rime. On the other hand, Miss Lee points to things in the vocabulary of these plays which are distinctly Shakespearean—*e. g.* the use of the verb "to budge," of the retreat of an army; the verb "misthink"; the picturesque descriptive touch "blowing of his nails" (Third Part, Act II, sc. v, l. 3), which recurs in a song in "Love's Labour's Lost; and the occurrence of certain specially Shakespearean compounds.

But these are trifles.¹ The changes from the text

¹ I may take this opportunity of referring to a singular conjecture which has been advanced, but which will hardly carry conviction on the evidence furnished—*viz.*, the unusual similes to be found in these plays from natural history and from the life and habits of animals—that an unknown writer who "specialized" in this direction ("a farmyard and menagerie man," as Dr. Furnivall humorously called him) had a hand in them. According to Miss Emma Phipson, who investigated the subject with remarkable assiduity, the number of natural history similes in the Second Part amounts to 49, and that in the Third Part to 53. They are partly the result of direct observation (or the assumption of it) of natural life in the country, partly artificial figures, borrowed from writers on natural (as it has wittily been termed, "unnatural natural") history, such above all as that which "Euphuus" rendered fashionable and popular—and chiefly if not entirely derived by them from unscrupulously imaginative or reproductive writers of antiquity. Miss Phipson was at the pains of ascertaining that of the

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of the earlier plays are at times singularly Shakespearean in their sudden revelation of the depths of human nature—so in the Duchess Eleanor's—

“Go, lead the way—I long to see my prison”—

(Second Part, Act II, last line); or in their life-like truthfulness, such as the few lines of talk between the murderers at the opening of Act III, sc. ii. It is just in such things as this, and in a vividness of characterisation—for which neither the fiery passion of Marlowe (who except in “Edward II” seems almost to go out of the way of drawing character) nor the unde-

dramatists who have with more or less reason been supposed to have contributed to the “Second and Third Parts of Henry VI” Peele’s animal similes are not very numerous, and are mostly of the artificial kind; Greene’s (it will be remembered that he continued “Euphues”) also generally artificial, but of a more poetical kind than Peele’s—and I may add that, with all his affectations, there are indications in Greene of a true appreciation of the charms of the country. He was very fond of introducing natural history similes into his writing; and Miss Lee aptly quotes Nashe in his “Have with ye to Saffron Walden,” where, indignant at having been charged with imitating Greene, he exclaims: “Did I ever write of coney-catching? stufft my stile with hearbs and stones? . . . if not, how then did I imitate him?” The animal similes occurring in Marlowe, who was town-bred and lived in towns all his life, are scanty and euphuistic. Shakespeare, as we know and Mr. Rushton and others have shown, was largely indebted to “Euphues” as a writer, but he was also deeply indebted to his knowledge and observation of country life; he loved birds both as a poet and from his familiarity with them (see J. E. Hasting’s “Ornithology of Shakespeare,” 1871); and he is full of allusions to country sports (except fishing), and to that of hawking in particular, to which Miss Phipson has not found a single allusion in Peele, Greene, or Marlowe. The “Contention” contains some references to the use of birdlime; but the passage with which the first scene of Act II of the “Second Part of Henry VI” opens contains technical hawking terms not to be found in the corresponding passages of the “Contention.” Speaking generally, though in “Henry VI” (so notably in scenes ii and iii of Act II. of Part II) the natural history similes for the most part lie close together; more than half of them are also to be found (with certain modifications) in the “Contention” and the “True Tragedie.” The curious epithet (probably only an *epitheton ornans*), “empty” eagle, which occurs once in each “Part,” is also found in Greene. Miss Phipson is of opinion that the similes, as they stand in the “Contention” and the “True Tragedie,” give the impression of being Shakespeare’s. See also as to parallel expressions of the same kind in Parts II and III of “Henry VI,” and in “The Rape of Lucrece,” the list given by Dr. Furnivall in the “New Shakspeare Society’s Transactions,” 1876, pp. 312–313.

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niable superficiality of Greene fitted the one or the other of them—that Shakespeare is so indescribably himself. And, although Part III adheres more closely to the play on which it is founded than Part II, and this very fact may account for the comparative fewness of the actual resemblances to Shakespeare contained in Part III, yet it is from this later play above all—the transition play proper—that is derived what seems to me one of the very strongest arguments in favor of the Shakespearean authorship of both parts. This consists in the unity of design between “Henry VI” and “Richard III” and in their exactly parallel use of the same historical sources—a twofold fact which must be regarded as convincing, unless of course we are again to resort to paradox and to treat the Richard of both “Henry VI” and “Richard III” not as Shakespeare’s creation, but as his revision of Marlowe’s.

For myself, a fresh reconsideration of the question has only served to confirm me in my previous conclusion that Shakespeare’s participation in the Second and Third Parts of “Henry VI,” to which they owe the note of his genius as a possession forever, may be regarded as established; nor do I think that the work so admirably done by Miss Jane Lee need in this respect to be done over again. But I am not so well satisfied that Marlowe had a share with Shakespeare in the transformation of the two earlier plays into the Second and Third Parts of “Henry VI.” This is the last in the series of Miss Lee’s conclusions, and she has supplemented it by elaborate tables in which she undertakes to distinguish, scene upon scene, and often part of scene upon part of scene, the passages which in her opinion represent Shakespeare’s revisions of Marlowe, of Mar-

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lowe and Greene, and of Greene only; as well as the much smaller number in which she holds Marlowe to have been the revisor, either alone or in company with Shakespeare, of the work of others or of himself. She avoids the supreme audacity of suggesting that any other writer, even Marlowe, in any instance, revised Shakespeare, although Marlowe, it must be remembered, was at the time the more celebrated playwright of the pair. I must say that into these final flights I cannot venture to follow Miss Lee; and I cannot suppress a regret that she should have essayed them, though it is a glorious vicinity which, if such be the case, has "sear'd her wings." For what evidence have we to allow us to hazard such a hypothesis as a cooperation between genius and genius, when we know absolutely nothing of the conditions under which it might have been exercised? It may no doubt be conjectured that the relations between Shakespeare and Marlowe were friendly — at least in so far as Shakespeare, we know, admired his brilliant fellow-writer; and there are a few passages in the plays which, unless we are to suppose that Marlowe imitated them, are directly taken from him.¹ But does this in any way prove them to have been inserted by himself? And, though Mr. Fleay's attribution to Marlowe's genius of scenes which seem to have a touch of it, such as those which make up Act III of Part

¹ "These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre."

(Third Part, Act II, sc. v, l. 114; cf. "The Jew of Malta," sc. ii).

The phrase "He wears a duke's revenue on his back" (in the Second Part, Act I, sc. iii, l. 78) recurs with "lord's" instead of "duke's" in "Edward II" (Act I, sc. iv); and the less characteristic.

"And we are graced with fruits of victory"
occurs in just the same words both in the Third Part (Act V, sc. iii, l. 1), and in the "Massacre at Paris" (Act II, sc. vi).

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II together with the first scene of Act IV is seductive, Miss Lee cannot refrain from assuming here the presence of Shakespeare's touch—the power of passion which he shared with Marlowe is tempered by a gnomic wisdom which belonged to Shakespeare alone. From Miss Lee's unproved theory of a revision by both poets, few, I think, will be prepared to go on to the view of Mr. Fleay, who excludes Shakespeare from any substantial share in the revision, and regards the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI," together with "Richard III," in its unrevised form, as essentially Peele's work. He argues that "Richard III" by its form of verse, by the absence from it of classical quotations, and in other respects, differs from "Henry VI"; that there are historical mistakes in "Henry VI" which do not occur in "Richard III" (*e. g.* in the Third Part the Prince of Wales marries Anne, who is called Warwick's eldest daughter, whereas in "Richard III" she is rightly called his youngest). These discrepancies, he thinks, show that there were different supervisors; and he accordingly comes to the conclusion that Peele at his death (before 1598) left behind him the unfinished trilogy of "Richard III" (consisting of the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" and of "Richard III"); that Shakespeare finished the former by adding the three battle-scenes (ii, iii, iv) of Act V of the Third Part; and that it was produced by the Lord Chamberlain's company. Marlowe, he considers, and Marlowe alone, had revised the "Whole Contention," just as Shakespeare revised the First Part of "Henry VI," adding to Peele's part of the work. Grant White has pointed out how much in "Richard III" ("which . . . although it is the greatest favourite of all his histories on the stage, is yet the poorest and

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thinnest in thought, the least harmonious in rhythm — in a word, the least Shakespearean of them all”) is to be found that resembles Marlowe and Peele, especially the latter. We may readily agree that when writing “Richard III” Shakespeare had not yet found his most truly original style and manner, of which the first full exemplification is to be found in “Richard II”; his processes were still in a large measure imitative; but it is a long step from this — and a step which I for one decline to take — to argue that “Richard III” was not essentially his own handiwork.

I am willing, as I stated above, to allow it to be quite possible that Marlowe and Greene, the latter more especially, contributed to the “Contention” and the “True Tragedie,” and that Peele may conceivably also have had a hand in them. But while I see no reason for attributing the conception of Richard of Gloucester to Peele — from whose hand we have no character approaching this in dramatic force — I am less disposed than I formerly was to consider a revision by or with the coöperation of Marlowe to be an assumption necessary in order to account for the revision of the two old plays which transformed them into the Second and Third Parts of “Henry VI.” This assumption implies another to which I cannot bring myself to assent, viz., that Shakespeare’s ’prentice hand, fortified by his consciousness of what was to follow — “Richard III” — was unequal to the task of the revision of the two old plays, if (as we certainly cannot prove) this task was imposed upon him. The belief that Shakespeare, although a beginner, was capable of accomplishing it, by no means contradicts the probability that a strong influence was exercised upon Shakespeare as the revisor of the Second and Third Parts of “Henry VI,” and as the writer of “Rich-

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ard III," by Marlowe, and also by Peele. In the former case the probability is indeed to all intents and purposes a certainty. Marlowe — the one great imaginative poet among the predecessors of Shakespeare — the one dramatic poet in whom there burnt the fire of passion, and whose thoughts were winged with aspirations that made them soar into the infinite — the one Promethean soul in face of an Olympus of limited ambitions — how could such a writer have left unaffected and uninfluenced the most receptive, the most intelligent, the most sympathetic of his younger contemporaries? Or was Shakespeare not great enough to absorb into his creative activity the spirit of Marlowe — as Goethe in his period of Storm and Stress absorbed into his genius the spirit — far less powerful than Marlowe's — of a Klinger or a Lenz? That is the question which those who are, like myself, unwilling to assume a direct coöperation of Marlowe with Shakespeare in this "revision" are unwilling to answer by a timid negative. For my part, I am still unable to see why the Second and Third Parts of "Henry VI" are not, together with the First, to be legitimately included, as Hemyng and Condell included them, among the works of Shakespeare — and this in a sense in which they could be included among the works of no other English dramatist.

A. W. WARD.

**THE THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

KING HENRY the Sixth.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, his son.

LEWIS XI. KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.

DUKE OF EXETER.

EARL OF OXFORD.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

LORD CLIFFORD.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.

EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,

EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,

GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STAFFORD.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, }
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } uncles to the Duke of York.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a youth.

LORD RIVERS, brother to Lady Grey.

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.

Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.

Two Keepers. A Huntsman.

A Son that has killed his father.

A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

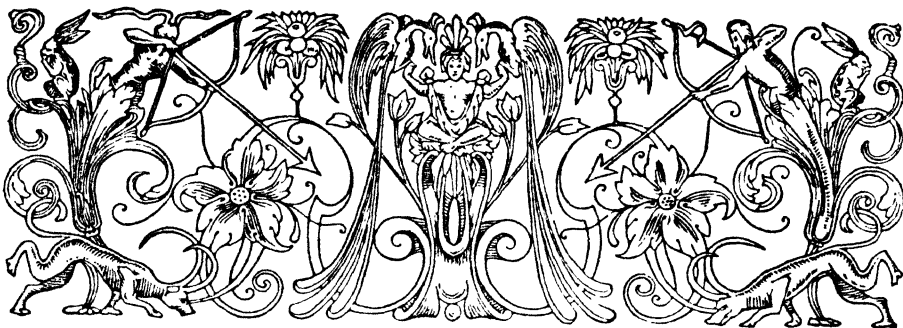
LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE: *England and France*

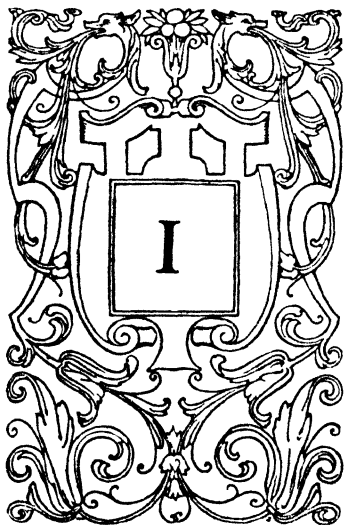
¹ This play was first printed in its present form in the First Folio of 1623. But it had already been published in an unrevised draft in 1595 under the title of *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixth*, in a quarto volume, which was reprinted in 1600 and 1619. The Quartos have no divisions into acts or scenes. The Folio has the single heading at the opening of the play, "Actus Primus Scena Prima." Rowe inserted in 1709 full division into "acts" and "scenes," a list of the "dramatis personæ," and indications of the "Scene."



ACT FIRST—SCENE I—LONDON

THE PARLIAMENT-HOUSE

Alarum. Enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK,
MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers
WARWICK



WONDER HOW THE KING
escaped our hands.

YORK. While we pursued the
horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away and left his
men:

Whereat the great Lord of
Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never
brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army;
and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Staf-
ford, all a-breast,

Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

¹ *I wonder . . . hands*] The dramatist represents the events of this scene
as immediately following the battle of St. Albans, May 23, 1455,

EDW. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10
Is either slain or wounded dangerously;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

MONT. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's
blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

RICH. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*]

YORK. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

NORF. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

RICH. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. 20

WAR. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne

with which the Second Part ends. As a matter of history, there was an interval of five years between the battle and this meeting in the Parliament-house (on October 7, 1460), which is described in this scene.

7 *Lord Clifford*] This account of Lord Clifford's death, which accords with history, differs from that already given in *2 Hen. VI*, V, iii, 13-28; see I, iii, 5, *infra*.

8 *main battle*] the centre or main body of the army.

12 *beaver*] the lower portion of the "faceguard" of a helmet; here used for the whole helmet.

14 *brother*] Here, as at line 116 and I, ii, 4, 55, and 60, *infra*, the speaker, John Neville, Marquess of Montague, is inaccurately represented as brother of the Duke of York, who was merely his uncle by marriage; the Duke's wife was sister of Montague's father. Montague was brother of the Earl of Warwick.

15 *the battles join'd*] the armies joined battle. Cf. II, i, 121, *infra*.

17 *Richard . . . sons*] Historically, Richard, the Duke of York's youngest son, was now only eight years old. See *2 Hen. VI*, V, i, 111 *seq.*

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

YORK. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

NORF. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die. 30

YORK. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[*They go up.*]

WAR. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

YORK. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.

RICH. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

WAR. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king, 40
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

YORK. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute:
I mean to take possession of my right.

WAR. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

46 *The proudest he . . . up*] The proudest man or person who upholds.

Cf. II, ii, 97, *infra*: "any *he the proudest*."

47 *Dares . . . bells*] Warwick is likened to a falcon to whose legs in the sport of hawking bells were attached, the sound of which made

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

*Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and the rest*

K. HEN. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, ⁵⁰
Even in the chair of state: belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd
revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.

NORTH. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

CLIF. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

WEST. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him
down:

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it. 60

K. HEN. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

CLIF. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

NORTH. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. HEN. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

EXE. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

the birds of the chase afraid to rise. Cf. *Lucrece*, 511: "With
trembling fear, as fowl hear *falcon's bells*."

62 *Patience*] A trisyllable; "poltroons" is accented on the first syllable.

K. HEN. Far be the thought of this from Henry's
heart,

70

To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

YORK. I am thine.

EXE. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke
of York.

YORK. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.

EXE. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

WAR. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown, 80
In following this usurping Henry.

CLIF. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

WAR. True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of
York.

K. HEN. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my
throne?

YORK. It must and shall be so: content thyself.

WAR. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

78-79 '*T was my inheritance . . . crown*] The earldom (of March) was inherited by York from his mother Anne Mortimer, daughter of Roger, Earl of March (see line 106, *infra*), who was great-grandson of Edward III. It was through his mother that York claimed the throne. To his dukedom of York he succeeded on the death at Agincourt in 1415 of his father's brother Edward, 2d Duke of York, son of Edmund (Langley), 1st Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III. His father Richard, Earl of Cambridge, the traitor to Henry V (see *Hen. V*, II, ii), never held the dukedom. Cf. line 105, *infra*.

WEST. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

WAR. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chased you from the field, 90
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

NORTH. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

WEST. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

CLIF. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir. 100

WAR. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

YORK. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. HEN. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

WAR. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all. 110

K. HEN. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

RICH. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,
you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

105 *Thy father . . . York*] This is an error. See note on 78-79, *supra*.

EDW. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

MONT. Good brother, as thou lovest and honourest
arms,

Let's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

RICH. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king
will fly.

YORK. Sons, peace!

K. HEN. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave
to speak. 120

WAR. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. HEN. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly
throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,

And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his. 130

WAR. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. HEN. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the
crown.

YORK. 'T was by rebellion against his king.

K. HEN. [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title's
weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

YORK. What then?

116 *brother*] See note on line 14, *supra*, and cf. I, ii, 4, 55, and 60, *infra*.

K. HEN. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his. 140

YORK. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

WAR. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 't were prejudicial to his crown?

EXE. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. HEN. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

EXE. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

YORK. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

EXE. My conscience tells me he is lawful king. 150

K. HEN. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to
him.

NORTH. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

WAR. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

NORTH. Thou art deceived: 't is not thy southern
power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

CLIF. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence: 160
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

144 *prejudicial to his crown*] detrimental to the throne, injurious to the
prerogative of monarchy.

K. HEN. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

YORK. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

WAR. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.]

K. HEN. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word :
Let me for this my life-time reign as king. 171

YORK. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

KING. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

CLIF. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

WAR. What good is this to England and himself!

WEST. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!

CLIF. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

WEST. I cannot stay to hear these articles. 180

NORTH. Nor I.

CLIF. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

WEST. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

NORTH. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

CLIF. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!

[Exeunt North., Cliff., and West.]

186 *in bands*] in bonds, in imprisonment. Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II*,
III, i, 3: "weaponless must I fall and die *in bands*."

WAR. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not. 189

EXE. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.

K. HEN. Ah, Exeter!

WAR. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. HEN. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may: I here entail

The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

And neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down and reign thyself. 200

YORK. This oath I willingly take and will perform.

WAR. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace
him.

K. HEN. And long live thou and these thy forward
sons!

YORK. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

EXE. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. Here they come down.*]

YORK. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

WAR. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

NORF. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

205 (stage direction) *Sennet . . . down*] The sennet is a flourish played on a trumpet. The speakers here apparently descend from the dais, on which the throne stands. Capell substitutes for this stage direction, *Flourish; and the Lords come forward.*

206 *my castle*] Sandal Castle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire, where the next scene takes place.

MONT. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

*[Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk,
Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants.]*

K. HEN. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court. 210

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and the PRINCE OF WALES

EXE. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her
anger:

I'll steal away.

K. HEN. Exeter, so will I.

Q. MAR. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. HEN. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. MAR. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!

Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?

Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,

220

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,

Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

PRINCE. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. HEN. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet
son:

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Q. MAR. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be
forced?

230

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

240

233 *given . . . such head*] given such rein, such liberty (as of a horse).

239 *Stern Falconbridge . . . seas*] Inaccurate reference is here made to Thomas, commonly called the Bastard of Falconbridge, natural son of Warwick's uncle, William Neville, Earl of Kent, and Baron Falconbridge. The command of the narrow seas (*i. e.*, St. George's Channel between Dover and Calais) was not bestowed on the Bastard of Falconbridge at the period of this scene, but nearly eleven years later, in 1471, when he supported the Earl of Warwick in his defection from the cause of Edward IV, he was by the Earl made "Captain of his navy." When "the narrow seas" are mentioned again, IV, viii, 3, *infra*, the term is applied to the passage between England and Holland. But St. George's Channel is usually intended. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, II, viii, 28-29: "*the narrow seas, that part The French and English.*"

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let's away;
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.

K. HEN. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. MAR. Thou hast spoke too much already: get
thee gone.

K. HEN. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. MAR. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies. 260

PRINCE. When I return with victory from the field
I'll see your grace: till then I'll follow her.

Q. MAR. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*]

K. HEN. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

268 *cost*] *cost* me. This is the Folio reading. Numerous emendations have been suggested, *e. g.*, *truss* (Hanmer), *souse* (Dyce), *cote* (Steevens), *coast* (Warburton); "truss" and "souse" are terms in falconry, implying a swift plunge of the hawk on the flying prey; "cote" and "coast" are both met with in the sense of "overtake" or "come up with." No change seems essential.

268-269 *an empty eagle Tire*] Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 55-56: "*an empty eagle, sharp by fast, Tires* [*i. e.*, feeds ravenously] with her beak on feathers, *flesh* and bone."

The loss of those three lords torments my heart: 270
I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

EXE. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II — SANDAL CASTLE

Enter RICHARD, EDWARD, and MONTAGUE

RICH. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

EDW. No, I can better play the orator.

MONT. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK

YORK. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a
strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

EDW. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

YORK. About what?

RICH. About that which concerns your grace and
us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

YORK. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead. 10

RICH. Your right depends not on his life or
death.

EDW. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

4 and brother] See note on I, i, 14, *supra*.

YORK. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

EDW. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

RICH. No; God forbid your grace should be for-
sworn.

YORK. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

RICH. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me
speak.

20

YORK. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

RICH. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

30

YORK. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

40

Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
 While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
 But that I seek occasion how to rise,
 And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such
 post?

MESS. The queen with all the northern earls and
 lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle: 50
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

YORK. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou
 that we fear them?

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
 My brother Montague shall post to London:
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

43 *Witty*] Intelligent. Thus the original editions. Theobald substituted *Wealthy*.

48 (stage direction) *Enter a Messenger*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *Enter Gabriel*, and give the messenger's speech below (ll. 49-52) to "Gabriel." "Gabriel" was doubtless the name of the actor who filled the part. Cf. III, i, 1, *infra*. Gabriel Spencer was the actor whom Ben Jonson killed in a duel on September 22, 1598. Heywood in his *Apology for Actors* (1612) respectfully mentions "Gabriel" with four other actors, who, though dead, enjoyed great posthumous reputations (*Shakesp. Society Reprint*, p. 43).

post] post-haste. Cf. III, iii, 222, and V, v, 84, *infra*.

55 and 60 *brother*] See note on I, i, 14, *supra*.

Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

MONT. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not: 60
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [Exit.

Enter SIR JOHN MORTIMER and SIR HUGH MORTIMER

YORK. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine
uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

SIR JOHN. She shall not need; we'll meet her in the
field.

YORK. What, with five thousand men?

RICH. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[A march afar off.]

EDW. I hear their drums: let's set our men in
order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight. 70

YORK. Five men to twenty! though the odds be
great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[Alarum. Exeunt.]

62 *Sir John . . . Hugh*] These knights were illegitimate sons of York's maternal grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. Holinshed calls them York's "bastard uncles." See I, iv, 2, *infra*.

SCENE III — FIELD OF BATTLE BETWIXT SANDAL
CASTLE AND WAKEFIELD*Alarums — Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor*

RUT. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers

CLIF. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

TUT. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

CLIF. Soldiers, away with him!

TUT. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.]

CLIF. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear 10
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

RUT. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.

5 *Whose*] The antecedent is "brat." The young Earl of Rutland was third son of the Duke of York, who slew "young" Clifford's father at the battle of St. Albans, according to 2 *Hen. VI*, V, iii, 13-28; but cf. *supra* I, i, 7.

12 *pent-up*] long confined without food.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live. 20

CLIF. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's
blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
enter.

RUT. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

CLIF. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York 30
Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore — *[Lifting his hand.]*

RUT. O, let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

CLIF. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

RUT. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

CLIF. Thy father hath.

RUT. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me, 40

39 *But . . . born*] This is an error. The speaker, who was slain in his eighteenth year, was in his thirteenth year when his father, the Duke of York, is alleged to have slain Clifford's father. Hall and Holinshed state in error that Rutland was twelve at the date of his death.

Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
 He be as miserably slain as I.
 Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
 And when I give occasion of offence,
 Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

CLIF. No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die. [*Stabs him.*

RUT. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ! [*Dies.*

CLIF. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
 And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade 50
 Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
 Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Alarum. Enter RICHARD, Duke of York

YORK. The army of the queen hath got the field:
 My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves

48 *Di . . . tuæ !*] From Ovid's *Heroides*, Phyllis to Demophoon, II, 66:
 "God grant this may be the height of your glory."

2 *My uncles . . . rescuing me*] According to Holinshed, Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer (see I, ii, 62 *seq.*, *supra*) were slain in the general fight within the same "half an houre" as York and other "of his trustie freends" at this battle of Wakefield.

Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried "Courage, father! fight it out!" 10
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!
We bodged again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide 20
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, the
young Prince, and Soldiers

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

NORTH. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet. 30

CLIF. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.

19 *bodged*] gave ground; a variant form of "budged."

Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

YORK. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

CLIF. So cowards fight when they can fly no further; 40
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

YORK. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

CLIF. I will not bandy thee with word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. 50

Q. MAR. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand
causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

NORTH. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

34 *noontide prick*] mark of noon on the dial's face. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, II, iv, 128: "the *prick of noon*," and *Lucrece*, 781: "Ere he arrive his weary *noontide prick*."

It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

60

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

CLIF. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

NORTH. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

YORK. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

NORTH. What would your grace have done unto him
now?

Q. MAR. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northum-
berland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.

What! was it you that would be England's king?

70

Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

80

Made issue from the bosom of the boy;

68 *raught*] the old preterite of "reach." Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, II, iii, 43.

69 *parted . . . hand*] divided merely the shadow, failed to touch the substance.

73 *mess*] a party or company of four persons. See *L. L. L.*, IV, iii, 203, and note.

And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. 90
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath? 100
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 't is a fault too too unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

103 *pale*] encircle as with a pale or paling.

108 *do him dead*] put him to death. Cf. III, iii, 103: "done to death."

CLIF. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. MAR. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

YORK. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves
of France,

111

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!

But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would essay, proud queen, to make thee blush.

To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.

120

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,

Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,

Unless the adage must be verified,

That beggars mounted run their horse to death.

'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;

But, God He knows, thy share thereof is small:

'T is virtue that doth make them most admired;

130

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

110 *orisons*] prayers. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, i, 89-90: "in thy *orisons* Be all my sins remember'd."

115 *captivates*] makes captive.

122 *the Sicils*] the two kingdoms of Sicily, — Naples and Sicily, — to both of which Queen Margaret's father preferred a nominal claim. Cf. V, vii, 39, *infra*.

'T is government that makes them seem divine;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable:
 Thou art as opposite to every good
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion.
 O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
 How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? 140
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
 Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

132 *government*] behaviour, self-control.

136 *septentrion*] the north. Cf. Greene's *Mourning Garment*, 1590 (ed. Grosart, IX, 136): "the *septentrionall* cloudes that freeze," and Milton, *Parad. Reg.*, IV, 31: "cold *septentrion* blasts."

137 *O tiger's heart . . . hide!*] Parodied by Robert Greene in his *Groats-worth of Wit*, 1592, in the familiar passage maliciously attacking Shakespeare: "There is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a players hide* supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you."

145-146 *For raging wind . . . rain begins*] Cf. II, v, 85-86, *infra*, and *Lucrece*, 1788-1791: "This *windy* tempest, till it *blow up rain*, Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more; At last *it rains*, and *busy winds give o'er*: Then son and father weep with equal strife."

NORTH. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so 150
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

YORK. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
curse;

And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

NORTH. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him, 170
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. MAR. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northum-
berland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

155 *Hyrcania*] The classical name of a wild region south of the Caspian
Sea. See note on *Merch. of Ven.*, II, vii, 41.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT I

CLIF. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
death. *[Stabbing him.]*

Q. MAR. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
king. *[Stabbing him.]*

YORK. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.
[Dies.]

Q. MAR. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[Flourish. Exeunt.]

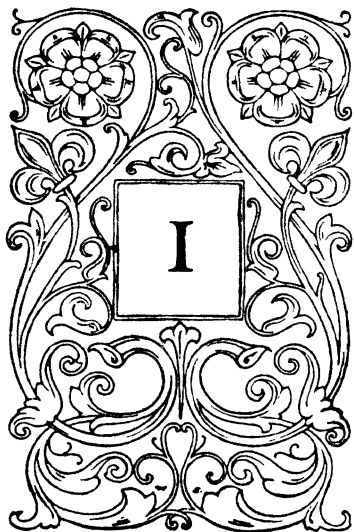


ACT SECOND — SCENE I

A PLAIN NEAR MORTIMER'S CROSS IN HEREFORDSHIRE

A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their power

EDWARD



WONDER HOW OUR
princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away
or no
From Clifford's and Northum-
berland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should
have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should
have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks
we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good
escape.

How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

RICH. I cannot joy, until I be resolved

1 *I wonder . . . 'scaped*] An almost *verbatim* repetition of the first line of this play (I. i. 1.)

Where our right valiant father is become. 10
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son. 20
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

EDW. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

RICH. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

10 *Where . . . become*] What has become of our father. Cf. IV, iv, 25,
infra: “*where is Warwick then become?*”

14 *neat*] horned cattle.

25 *three suns*] Here, according to the stage direction of the Quartos,
Three sunns appear in the aire. The chroniclers Hall and Holinshed
mention this optical illusion, which Edward, the Duke of York's heir,
experienced on the eve of the battle of Mortimer's Cross, February 2,
1461, when he defeated a Lancastrian army. That engagement is
ignored in the play, which in this scene departs widely from the
historic turn of events.

27 *racking clouds*] clouds moving rapidly in mass. Cf. *Sonnet xxxiii*,
5-6: “Anon permit the basest clouds to ride With ugly *rack* on his
celestial face.”

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable: 30
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

EDW. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
 heard of.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
 Each one already blazing by our meeds,
 Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
 And over-shine the earth as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair-shining suns. 40

RICH. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I
 speak it,
 You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

MESS. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on
 When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
 Your princely father and my loving lord!

33 *wondrous strange*] Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 59, and *Hamlet*, I, v, 164.

36 *blazing by our meeds*] shining with a brilliance proportioned to our merits.

39-40 *will I bear . . . suns*] Cf. V, iii, 5, *infra*.

42 *breeder*] woman, female. This jest, appropriate enough to Edward's amorous character, sounds in the context a somewhat jarring note.

EDW. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

RICH. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

MESS. Environed he was with many foes, 50
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite, 60
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

EDW. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain 70
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.

51 *the hope of Troy*] Hector. Cf. IV, viii, 25: "my Hector, and my
Troy's true hope."

59 *in high despite*] in excess of spite, in height of scornful malice. Cf. II,
vi, 80, *infra*: "in *all despite.*"

Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

RICH. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart: 80
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;
 For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
 Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,
 And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
 To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
 Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
 Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

EDW. His name that valiant duke hath left with
 thee;
 His dukedom and his chair with me is left. 90

RICH. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
 Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

80 *furnace-burning*] burning like a furnace. Cf. IV, viii, 43, *infra*,
 "water-flowing tears," and V, i, 57, "*Wind-changing Warwick*."

91-92 *princely eagle's bird . . . sun*] It was a familiar tradition of
 natural history that the genuineness of a young eagle's breed could
 be tested by its power of facing without flinching the glare of the
 sun. The conceit, which was very common in late Latin poetry,
 abounds in Elizabethan literature. Cf. *Elizabethan Sonnets* (ed.
 Sidney Lee), Introd., p. xci.

*March. Enter WARWICK, MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE, and
their army*

WAR. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news
abroad?

RICH. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain! 100

EDW. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

WAR. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart. 110
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;

103 *done to death*] Cf. I, iv, 108, *supra*: *do him dead*.

105 *add more measure to*] increase the measure of.

110 *depart*] departure, parting from life, death. Cf. II, vi, 43, *infra*,
"life and death's *departing*," and IV, i, 92, "At my *depart*."

113 *And . . . thought*] This line, which is omitted in the Folios, was
restored from the Quartos by Steevens.

For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met, 120
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 't was report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight, 130
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were, 140
Making another head to fight again.

EDW. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

121 *Our battles join'd*] Our armies joined battle. Cf. I, i, 15, *supra*.

141 *Making another head*] Gathering another force.

WAR. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

RICH. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150

WAR. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

RICH. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?

146 *your kind aunt*] The Duchess of Burgundy of this date was merely third cousin of young Edward and his brothers. Their sister Margaret at a later date married Charles the Bold, heir of Duke Philip, whose duchess is mentioned in this line in the text. As a matter of history the Duke of York's sons George and Richard, mere boys, were sent to Flanders immediately after their father's death (Dec. 30, 1460), and did not return to England till after their eldest brother had won his crowning victory at Towton, March 29, 1461.

150 *his scandal of retire*] the discredit of his retreat.

162 *Numbering . . . beads*] Cf. the Queen's description of the king, 2 *Hen VI*, I, iii, 59: "But all his mind is bent to holiness, *To number Ave-Maries on his beads.*"

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

WAR. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds, 170
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry "Charge upon our foes!"
But never once again turn back and fly.

170 *of their feather*] of the same plumage.

177 *thirty thousand*] Thus the Folios. The Quartos read *fifty thousand*.
The chroniclers give the number of Lancastrian troops as 60,000 at
the coming battle of Towton.

181 *five and twenty*] The Quartos give *eight and forty*, a number with
which the chroniclers are in agreement. In the next scene (line 68)
Warwick's army is said to consist of 30,000 men.

182 *Via! . . . amain*] Away! to London will we march at full speed.

RICH. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries "Retire," if Warwick bid him stay.

EDW. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st — as God forbid the hour! — 190
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!

WAR. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task. 200

RICH. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

EDW. Then strike up drums: God and Saint George
for us!

Enter a Messenger

WAR. How now! what news?

MESS. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

WAR. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

209 *it sorts*] it fits, turns out right.

SCENE II — BEFORE YORK

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drum and trumpets

Q. MAR. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. HEN. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

CLIF. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

10

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting;
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:

20

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argued thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
 Which sometime they have used with fearful flight, 30
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
 For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
 Were it not pity that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
 And long hereafter say unto his child,
 "What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
 My careless father fondly gave away"?
 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth 40
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. HEN. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.
 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
 That things ill-got had ever bad success?
 And happy always was it for that son

26 *Unreasonable*] Unreasoning, brutish.

44 *Inferring*] Adducing. This line is repeated almost verbatim, III, i,
 49, *infra*.

46 *success*] issue, result.

47-48 *happy . . . hell*] the misfortunes which attend sons who inherit the
 estate of a miserly or covetous father form a favourite text for moral-
 izing in Elizabethan writers. It is fully expounded by Robert Greene
 in *The Royal Exchange*, 1590 (ed. Grosart, Vol. VII, pp. 235, 236).

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more! 50
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. MAR. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes
are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down. 60

K. HEN. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

PRINCE. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

CLIF. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along, 70

57 *soft courage*] soft-heartedness.

64 *apparent*] heir-apparent.

68 *thirty thousand*] Thus the Folios. The Quartos read *fiftie thousand*.

See note on II, i, 181, *supra*.

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

CLIF. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. MAR. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our
fortune.

K. HEN. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll
stay.

NORTH. Be it with resolution then to fight.

PRINCE. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry "Saint
George!"

80

*March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK,
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers*

EDW. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for
grace

And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. MAR. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

EDW. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,

90

72 *Darraign your battle*] Arrange, make ready your army. Cf. Hall's
Chronicle, 47: "The Kyng of Englande . . . chose a place mete
and conveniente for twoo armies to *darrayne battail*."

Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

CLIF. And reason too:

Who should succeed the father but the son?

RICH. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!

CLIF. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

RICH. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it
not?

CLIF. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

RICH. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100

WAR. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the
crown?

Q. MAR. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick!
dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

WAR. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now 't is
thine.

CLIF. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

WAR. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me
thence.

NORTH. No, nor your manhood that durst make you
stay.

RICH. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain 110
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

97 *any he . . . sort*] any man, be he the proudest of thy crew. Cf. I, i,
46, *supra*: *The proudest he*.

CLIF. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

RICH. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. HEN. Have done with words, my lords, and hear
me speak.

Q. MAR. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. HEN. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileged to speak. 120

CLIF. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting
here

Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

RICH. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

EDW. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

WAR. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on. 130

PRINCE. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

RICH. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. MAR. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,

136 *mis-shapen stigmatic*] branded with deformity. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, V, i, 215. Drayton, in his *England's Heroical Epistles* (Queen Margaret to the Duke of Suffolk, line 64), calls Richard "that foul ill-favoured crook-backed *stigmatic*."

Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

RICH. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king, — 140
As if a channel should be call'd the sea, —
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

EDW. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France, 150
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,

138 *venom . . . stings*] The assignment of venom to toads, and stings to lizards, was a popular delusion. "Venom" here is used for the adjective "venomous."

141 *channel*] used in the sense of kennel or gutter; a streamlet of water.

142 *extraught*] a rare preterite of "extract."

144 *A wisp of straw*] Such an adornment was commonly set by way of scornful punishment on the head of a scold. Cf. Nash's *Pierce Penilesse*: "A *wispe*, you kitchen stuffe wrangler." "Callet" (in the next line) usually means a woman of loose character, rather than a scold. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, I, iii, 81, "base-born callet."

147 *Menelaus*] *i. e.*, a cuckold. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, V, i, 60, where Thersites calls Menelaus "the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept; 160
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

GEO. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

EDW. And, in this resolution, I defy thee; 170
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. MAR. Stay, Edward.

EDW. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — A FIELD OF BATTLE BETWEEN TOWTON
AND SAXTON, IN YORKSHIRE

Alarum. Excursions. Enter WARWICK

WAR. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;

For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running

EDW. Smile, gentle heaven ! or strike, ungentle death !
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

WAR. How now, my lord ! what hap ? what hope of
good ?

Enter GEORGE

GEO. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair ;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us : 10
What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

EDW. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings ;
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD

RICH. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn
thyself ?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance ;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my death !" 20
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

5 *spite of spite*] in spite of everything. Cf. *K. John*, V, iv, 5: "In *spite of spite*."

WAR. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

EDW. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope, 40
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

RICH. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

27 *look upon*] look on, stand by.

37 *Thou . . . kings*] This line is repeated almost verbatim, III, iii, 157, *infra*.

WAR. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

GEO. Yet let us all together to our troops,
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay; 50
 And call them pillars that will stand to us;
 And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 As victors wear at the Olympian games:
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
 For yet is hope of life and victory.
 Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD

RICH. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
 Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
 And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

CLIF. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
 And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
 To execute the like upon thyself; 10
 And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*]

56 *Forslow*] Loiter. The word, though not uncommon in contemporaries,
 is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare.

amain] at full speed; cf. II, i, 102, *supra*.

RICH. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY alone

KING. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best; 10
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe? 20

12 *chase*] quarry; often used for the hunted animal.

3 *blowing of his nails*] *i. e.*, in order to warm himself. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii,
900: "And Dick the shepherd *blows his nail.*"

O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times: 30
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave. 40
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,

24 *quaintly*] cleverly, ingeniously.

36 *the poor fools will ean*] the poor creatures will bring forth young.

His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys, 50
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father, dragging
in the body*

SON. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them 60
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee! 70
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

51 *delicates*] delicacies, luxuries.

53 *curious*] elaborate.

64 *press'd forth*] impressed, enlisted on compulsion.

K. HEN. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body

FATH. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold; 80
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
 But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
 O, pity, God, this miserable age!
 What statagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural, 90
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

75 *abide their enmity*] are punished for, pay for the lions' hostilities.

77-78 *let . . . grief*] the general meaning is: let our hearts and eyes suffer, like the two opposing forces in a civil war; the eyes be blinded by tears, and the hearts break from grief.

85-86 *what showers . . . heart*] Cf. I, iv, 145-146, *supra*, note.

92-93 *O boy . . . too late!*] The meaning of the first line seems to be that the father begot the son too early; had he been born later, he

K. HEN. Woe above woe ! grief more than common
grief !

O that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !

O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses :

The one his purple blood right well resembles ;

The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth : 100

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish ;

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

SON. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied !

FATH. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied !

K. HEN. How will the country for these woful
chances

Misthink the king and not be satisfied !

SON. Was ever son so rued a father's death ?

FATH. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son ? 110

K. HEN. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe ?

Much is your sorrow ; mine ten times so much.

SON. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[Exit with the body.]

would have been too young to face death in fight. *Too late* in the second line is used in the sense of too lately, too recently, as in *Lucrece*, 1800-1801: "'O,'" quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life Which she too early and *too late* hath spilt.'" The general intention of the two lines is the same as in the quotation from *Lucrece*, viz.: that the boy not only was born but also died prematurely.

104 *Take on*] be enraged, be angry.

108 *Misthink*] Think ill of. The Quartos read *Misdeem*.

FATH. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120
 I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
 For I have murdered where I should not kill.

[Exit with the body.]

K. HEN. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
 Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, the PRINCE,
 and EXETER*

PRINCE. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
 And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
 Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. MAR. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick
 post amain:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
 Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130
 With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

EXE. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

118 *obsequious*] attentive to funeral rites.

119 *Even*] Capell's emendation of the Folio misreading *Men*.

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. HEN. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
Exeter:

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

A loud alarm. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded

CLIF. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent

10

6 *thy tough commixture*] the stubborn glue compounded of love and fear
(see line 5) which bound Clifford's friends to the king. For the Folio
reading *thy*, the Quartos read more satisfactorily *that*.

8 *The . . . flies*] This line, which is omitted in the Folios, was restored
by Theobald from the Quartos.

11 *hadst . . . consent*] Henry VI, who is likened to Phœbus, had intrusted
the Duke of York, who is likened to Phaëthon, with supreme duties
of government both in Ireland and France.

That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth !
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
'They never then had sprung like summer flies ;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death ;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace. 20
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity ?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :
The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest ;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast. 30
[*He faints.*]

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers

EDW. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us
pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,

12 *check*] control, rein in.

Command an argosy to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

WAR. No, 't is impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave: 40
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans, and dies.*]

EDW. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy
leave?

RICH. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

EDW. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

RICH. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring, 50
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

WAR. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

EDW. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,

43 *life and death's departing*] parting of life and death. Cf. II, i, 110, *supra*: "your loss and his *depart*."

47 *contented*] here used as the preterite of an intransitive verb, "to content" *i. e.*, "to feel content."

55 *Measure for measure*] Tit for tat; a proverbial expression. Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 409.

56 *screech-owl*] a common barn owl, whose cry, resembling a shriek, was supposed to forebode disaster. Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 365-367:

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

WAR. I think his understanding is bereft. 60
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

RICH. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

GEO. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

RICH. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.

EDW. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence. 70

WAR. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

GEO. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

RICH. 'Thou didst love York, and I am son to
York.

EDW. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.

GEO. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

WAR. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast
wont.

RICH. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes
hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life, 80

"Whilst the *screech-owl* screeching loud, Puts the wretch that lies in
woe In remembrance of a shroud."

68 *eager*] sharp, biting,

That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing
 blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

WAR. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:

90

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.

First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

EDW. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,

100

And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

81 *in all despite*] in all spite or malignity. Cf. II, i, 59, *supra*.

89 *cut*] cut through, sail.

91 *sinew*] bind as with sinews.

100 *in thy shoulder*] relying on thy support.

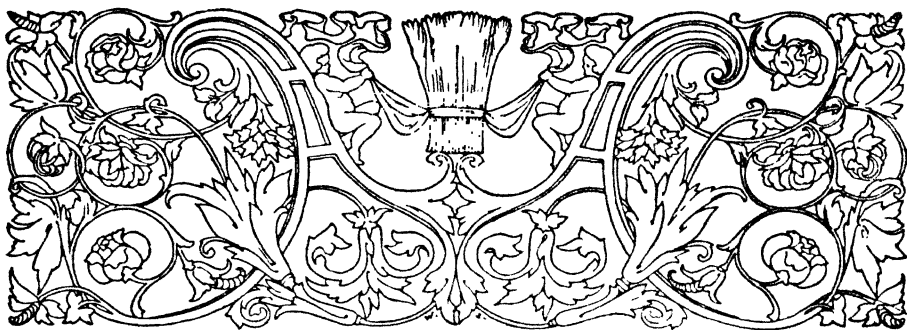
RICH. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester;

For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

WAR. Tut, that's a foolish observation:

Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.* 110]

107 *Gloucester's dukedom . . . ominous*] Hall and Holinshed both point out that the three most recent Dukes of Gloucester had all met violent ends.

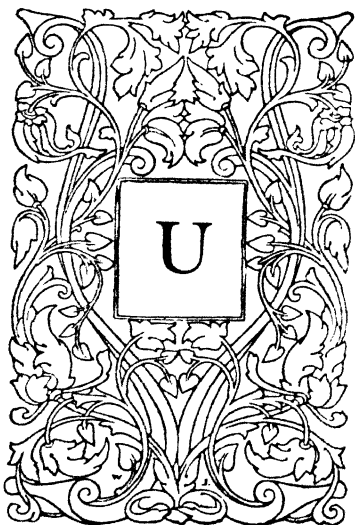


ACT THIRD — SCENE I

A FOREST IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands

FIRST KEEPER



UNDER THIS THICK-
grown brake we'll shroud our-
selves;

For through this laund anon the
deer will come;

And in this covert will we make
our stand,

Culling the principal of all the
deer.

SEC. KEEP. I'll stay above
the hill, so both may shoot.

FIRST KEEP. That cannot be;
the noise of thy cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

ACT III, SCENE I. (stage direction). *Enter two keepers*] Thus the
Quartos. The Folios read *Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey*, — clearly

SCENE I THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

I'll tell thee what befel me on a day 10
 In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

SEC. KEEP. Here comes a man; let's stay till he
 be past.

Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book

K. HEN. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
 To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
 No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
 Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
 Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
 No humble suitors press to speak for right,
 No, not a man comes for redress of thee; 20
 For how can I help them, and not myself?

FIRST KEEP. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a
 keeper's fee:
 This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. HEN. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
 For wise men say it is the wisest course.

SEC. KEEP. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

the names of the actors who filled these parts. Cf. I, ii, 48, *supra*. Sinklo is similarly introduced into the Folio version of *T. of Shrew*, Induction, 189, and into the Quarto version of *2 Hen. IV*, V, iv, 1. Sinclo or Sinkler is mentioned as the name of an actor of Shakespeare's company in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604. Malone identified Humfrey with Humphrey Jeaffes or Jeffes, an actor of the day who is noticed in Henslowe's *Diary*.

1 *brake*] thicket.

2 *laund*] lawn, glade.

24 *thee, sour adversity*] Dyce's correction of the Folio reading *the sower Adversaries*.

FIRST KEEP. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. HEN. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister 30
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then Margaret may win him;
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse, 40
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg, Warwick, to give;
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her, 50
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

40 *tainted with remorse*] touched with pity.

49 *Injerreth . . . strength*] Cf. I, ii, 44, *supra*, and note.

SEC. KEEP. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings
and queens?

K. HEN. More than I seem, and less than I was
born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

SEC. KEEP. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a
king.

K. HEN. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough. 60

SEC. KEEP. But, if thou be a king, where is thy
crown?

K. HEN. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content:
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SEC. KEEP. Well, if you be a king crown'd with
content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance 70
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. HEN. But did you never swear, and break an
oath?

SEC. KEEP. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. HEN. Where did you dwell when I was King of
England?

SEC. KEEP. Here in this country, where we now
remain.

63 *Indian stones*] precious stones from India.

K. HEN. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

FIRST KEEP. No; 80
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. HEN. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin 90
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings, command, and I'll obey.

FIRST KEEP. We are true subjects to the king,
King Edward.

K. HEN. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

FIRST KEEP. We charge you, in God's name, and
the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. HEN. In God's name, lead; your king's name
be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform; 100
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II — LONDON

THE PALACE

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, *and* LADY GREY

K. EDW. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

GLOU. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. EDW. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause. 10

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

2 *Sir Richard Grey*] Thus all the early editions. There is much confusion here. The first husband of Lady Grey (afterwards Edward IV's queen) was Sir *John* Grey, who had a brother Richard, but the latter had small connection with his fortunes. Lady Grey's first husband was not a supporter of King Edward, as the text states. He was killed fighting for Henry VI, at the second battle of St. Albans, February 2, 1461, when Queen Margaret was "the conqueror" (line 3), and his lands were untouched. Sir John's lands were seized by King Edward after the later battle of Towton. These circumstances are correctly stated in *Rich. III.*, I, iii, 127-128. The account given by the chroniclers Hall and Holinshed of the interview of Edward IV with Sir John's widow, who begs of him her husband's lands, is very literally followed here by the dramatist.

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game: how true
he keeps the wind!

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!

K. EDW. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. GREY. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me. 20

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant
you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance
to fall.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he'll take
vantages.

K. EDW. How many children hast thou, widow?
tell me.

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child
of her.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then: he'll
rather give her two.

L. GREY. Three, my most gracious lord.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you'll
be ruled by him. 30

K. EDW. 'T were pity they should lose their father's
lands.

14 *keeps the wind*] directs his aim; a phrase from hunting. The huntsman could only take sure aim at the deer by keeping to windward of it.
19 *resolve*] certify, assure, make definite answer.

L. GREY. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. EDW. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[*Glou. and Clar. retire.*]

K. EDW. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. GREY. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. EDW. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. GREY. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. EDW. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

40

L. GREY. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. EDW. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. GREY. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. EDW. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. GREY. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. EDW. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. GREY. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. EDW. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. GREY. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much
rain wears the marble. 50

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her
wax must melt.

L. GREY. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my
task?

K. EDW. An easy task; 't is but to love a king.

L. GREY. That's soon perform'd, because I am a
subject.

K. EDW. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely
give thee.

L. GREY. I take my leave with many thousand
thanks.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals
it with a curt'sy.

K. EDW. But stay thee, 't is the fruits of love I mean.

L. GREY. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. EDW. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. 60

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. GREY. My love till death, my humble thanks,
my prayers;

That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. EDW. No, by my troth, I did not mean such
love.

L. GREY. Why, then you mean not as I thought you
did.

K. EDW. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. GREY. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. EDW. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. GREY. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison. 70

K. EDW. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. GREY. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. EDW. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. GREY. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit:

Please you dismiss me, either with "ay" or "no."

K. EDW. Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request;
No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand. 80

L. GREY. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. EDW. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen. —

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. GREY. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord: 90

77 *sadness*] seriousness, gravity.

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. EDW. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. GREY. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. EDW. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. GREY. 'T will grieve your grace my sons should
call you father. 100

K. EDW. No more than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

GLOU. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath
done his shrift.

CLAR. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver,
't was for shift.

K. EDW. Brothers, you muse what chat we two
have had.

GLOU. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. EDW. You'd think it strange if I should marry
her. 111

CLAR. To whom, my lord?

K. EDW. Why, Clarence, to myself.

GLOU. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

CLAR. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

GLOU. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. EDW. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you
both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman

NOB. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. EDW. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower: 120
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

GLOU. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me —
The lustful Edward's title buried —

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, 130
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,

114 *That's a day longer*] A nine days' wonder was proverbial.

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off; 140
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks. 150
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part, 160
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,

I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
 And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head 170
 Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home:
 And I, — like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
 Seeking a way and straying from the way;
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out, —
 Torment myself to catch the English crown:
 And from that torment I will free myself, 180
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
 And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart,
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. 190
 I can add colours to the chameleon,

170 *Until my . . . head*] Thus the First Folio. Steevens proposes, not very felicitously, to make the words *mis-shaped trunk* and *head* change places. The confused inversion of the original text is not un-Shakespearean.

171 *impaled*] encircled. Cf. III, iii, 189, *infra*.

187 *basilisk*] the fabulous serpent who was credited with killing those who looked upon it.

Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

SCENE III — FRANCE

THE KING'S PALACE

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, his sister BONA, his Admiral, called BOURBON: PRINCE EDWARD, QUEEN MARGARET, and the EARL OF OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again

K. LEW. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Q. MAR. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself. 10

K. LEW. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
deep despair?

193 *the murderous Machiavel*] The Quartos read *th' aspiring Catiline*. "Machiavel" was the name commonly bestowed on any crafty politician. Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, V, iv, 74: "Alençon! that notorious *Machiavell*!" Such references are anachronistic, Machiavelli having been born in 1469 and dying in 1527.

Q. MAR. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with
tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
cares.

K. LEW. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him*] yield not thy
neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

20

Q. MAR. Those gracious words revive my drooping
thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is of a king become a banish'd man,

And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;

While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York

Usurps the regal title, and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,

30

With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;

Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

26 a *forlorn*] an outcast. The word is rarely used as a substantive.

K. LEW. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. MAR. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe. 40

K. LEW. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. MAR. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter WARWICK

K. LEW. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. MAR. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. LEW. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*]

Q. MAR. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

WAR. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend, 50
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. MAR. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

WAR. [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60

Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. MAR. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? 70
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

WAR. Injurious Margaret!

PRINCE. And why not queen?

WAR. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen. 80

OXF. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

WAR. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost

All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten? 90

Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.

But for the rest, you tell a pedigree

Of threescore and two years; a silly time

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

OXF. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
liege,

Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,

And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

WAR. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king. 100

OXF. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,

Was done to death? and more than so, my father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,

When nature brought him to the door of death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,

This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

WAR. And I the house of York.

K. LEW. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and
Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside, 110

While I use further conference with Warwick.

[They stand aloof.]

Q. MAR. Heavens grant that Warwick's words be-
witch him not!

K. LEW. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
conscience,

99 *buckler*] used as a verb; shield, defend.

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

WAR. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. LEW. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

WAR. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. LEW. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120
Unto our sister Bona.

WAR. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. LEW. Now, sister, let us hear your firm re-
solve.

BONA. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine: 130
[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. LEW. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be
Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

128 *quit his pain*] requite, cure, his suffering.

THE THIRD PART OF

ACT III

PRINCE. To Edward, but not to the English king. 140

Q. MAR. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. LEW. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 't is but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield. 150

WAR. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. MAR. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love; 160
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[Post blows a horn within.]

K. LEW. Warwick, this is some post to us or
thee.

154 *You . . . you*] an ironical reference to the poverty of Margaret's father.

157 *Proud . . . kings*] This line is repeated almost verbatim from II, iii, 37, *supra*.

160 *sly conveyance*] sly trickery, juggling.

Enter a Post

POST. [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters
are for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:

[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty:

[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I
know not. [*They all read their letters.*]

OXF. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

PRINCE. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were
nettled:

I hope all's for the best.

170

K. LEW. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,
fair queen?

Q. MAR. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd
joys.

WAR. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. LEW. What! has your king married the Lady
Grey?

And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. MAR. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty. 180

WAR. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,

175 *soothe your forgery*] gloss over your deceit.

No more my king, for he dishonours me,
 But most himself, if he could see his shame.
 Did I forget that by the house of York
 My father came untimely to his death?
 Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
 Did I impale him with the regal crown?
 Did I put Henry from his native right?
 And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
 Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
 And to repair my honour lost for him,
 I here renounce him and return to Henry.
 My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
 And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
 I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
 And replant Henry in his former state.

190

Q. MAR. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate
 to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
 And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

200

WAR. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
 That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
 With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
 I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

186-187 *Did I forget . . . death?*] An historical error. Warwick's father, Richard, Earl of Salisbury, was taken prisoner by the Lancastrians at the battle of Wakefield, and was beheaded by Queen Margaret's order at Pontefract.

188 *Did . . . niece?*] Hall and Holinshed both report the attempt of King Edward to violate a female relative of Warwick ("his daughter or his niece") in the Earl's house.

189 *impale*] encircle. Cf. III, ii, 171, *supra*.

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him :
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour, 210
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

BONA. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. MAR. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

BONA. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

WAR. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. LEW. And mine with hers, and thine, and
Margaret's.

Therefore at last I firmly am resolved

You shall have aid. 220

Q. MAR. Let me give humble thanks for all at
once.

K. LEW. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,

That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,

To revel it with him and his new bride :

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal.

BONA. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower
shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

222 *post*] post-haste. Cf. I, ii, 48, *supra*.

226 *fear*] frighten, terrify, make afraid.

228 *the willow garland*] the badge of jilted lovers.

Q. MAR. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on. 230

WAR. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit post.*]

K. LEW. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

WAR. This shall assure my constant loyalty, 240
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. MAR. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your
motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

PRINCE. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it:
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand. 250

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

K. LEW. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall
be levied,

242 *mine eldest*] As a matter of history Warwick's younger daughter, Anne, became the wife of Prince Edward. His elder daughter married the Duke of Clarence. Cf. IV, i, 118, *infra*.

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt all but Warwick.]

WAR. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

260

[Exit.]

260 *stale*] laughing-stock.

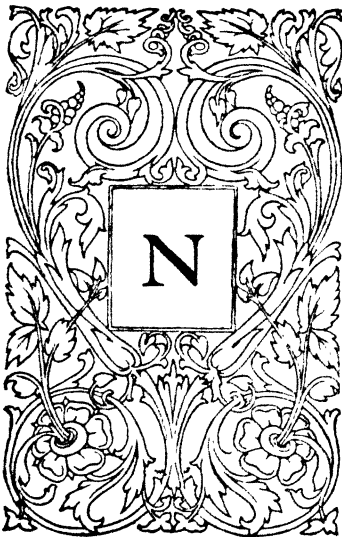


ACT FOURTH — SCENE I — LONDON

THE PALACE

Enter GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE

GLOUCESTER



NOW TELL ME, BROTHER

Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the
Lady Grey?

Hath not our brother made a
worthy choice?

CLAR. Alas, you know, 't is far
from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick
made return?

SOM. My lords, forbear this
talk; here comes the king.

GLOU. And his well-chosen
bride.

CLAR. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

- 6 SOM. *My lords*] The Duke of Somerset of this period was a consistent Lancastrian, and was never at King Edward's court. There is some confusion with his brother and predecessor in the title, who transferred his allegiance to King Edward IV for a brief while, although he died

SCENE I THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY GREY, as Queen;
PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, and others

K. EDW. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you
our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? 10

CLAR. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of
Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage and in judgement
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. EDW. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

GLOU. And shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. EDW. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

GLOU. Not I: 20
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 't were pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. EDW. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

CLAR. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

at Hexham fully five years before these events, fighting for Henry VI.
Cf. IV, ii, 3-7; V, i, 73-75; V, v, 3; V, vii, 5, *infra*.

GLOU. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. EDW. What if both Lewis and Warwick be ap-
peased
By such invention as I can devise?

MONT. Yet, to have join'd with France in such
alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

HAST. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself? 40

MONT. But the safer when 't is back'd with France.

HAST. 'T is better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

CLAR. For this one speech Lord Hastings well
deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. EDW. Ay, what of that? it was my will and
grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

GLOU. And yet methinks your grace hath not done
well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;

40 *England . . . itself*] Cf. the last speech of *K. John*, V, vii, 117–118:
“Nought shall make us rue, If England to itself do rest but
true.”

She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

CLAR. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. EDW. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. 60

CLAR. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your
judgement,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. EDW. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. ELIZ. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent; 70
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. EDW. My love, forbear to fawn upon their
frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

56 *bestow'd the heir*] Kings exerted the right of acting as guardian of heirs and heiresses of large estates during their minority, and of bestowing their hands in marriage. Edward IV caused the *heiress* of Lord Bonville to be married to his queen's son by her former marriage.

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; 80
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

GLOU. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*]

Enter a Post

K. EDW. Now, messenger, what letters or what
news
From France?

POST. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. EDW. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them. 90
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

POST. At my depart, these were his very words:
“Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.”

K. EDW. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me
Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

POST. These were her words, utter'd with mild
disdain:
“Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.” 100

92 *depart*] departure. Cf. II, i, 110, *supra*.

K. EDW. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

POST. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds
are done,
And I am ready to put armour on."

K. EDW. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

POST. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
"Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, 110
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

K. EDW. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

POST. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in
friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's
daughter.

CLAR. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the
younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; 120
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

103 *in place*] present. Cf. IV, vi, 31, *infra*.

118 *Clarence . . . younger*] Historically this is an error, Clarence marrying the elder, and Prince Edward the younger, daughter of Warwick. Cf. III, iii, 342, *supra*.

I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.]

GLOU. *[Aside]* Not I:

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I

Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. EDW. Clarence and Somerset both gone to
Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;

And haste is needful in this desperate case.

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130

Go levy men, and make prepare for war;

They are already, or quickly will be landed:

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me;

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:

But if you mind to hold your true obedience, 140

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

MONT. So God help Montague as he proves true!

HAST. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by
us?

GLOU. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand
you.

K. EDW. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—A PLAIN IN WARWICKSHIRE

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French soldiers

WAR. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

CLAR. Fear not that, my lord.

WAR. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother, 10
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?

7 *welcome, Somerset*] the Duke of Somerset of this period, a consistent Lancastrian, had never joined the Yorkists. Cf. IV, i, 6, *supra*, and note.

13 *in night's coverture*] in the shadow of night.

15 *towns*] villages; a frequent usage.

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
 That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
 With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, 20
 And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
 At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
 And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
 For I intend but only to surprise him.
 You that will follow me to this attempt,
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry, "Henry!"*]
 Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — EDWARD'S CAMP, NEAR WARWICK

Enter three Watchmen, to guard the KING's tent

FIRST WATCH. Come on, my masters, each man
 take his stand:

The king by this is set him down to sleep.

SECOND WATCH. What, will he not to bed?

FIRST WATCH. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn
 vow,

19-21 *as Ulysses . . . steeds*] According to Homer's *Iliad*, Book X, the Thracian prince Rhesus was bringing help to Priam and was thereby apparently fulfilling the prophecy that if Thracian horses once drank of the river Xanthus or grazed on Trojan pastures, Troy would never fall, when the Greeks, Ulysses and Diomede, intercepted the approach of the Thracian prince and killed him and his horses. Ovid refers to the story in *Metamorphoses*, XIII, 249.

Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

SECOND WATCH. To-morrow then belike shall be the
day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

THIRD WATCH. But say, I pray, what nobleman
is that,

That with the king here resteth in his tent? 10

FIRST WATCH. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's
chiefest friend.

THIRD WATCH. O, is it so? But why commands
the king

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

SECOND WATCH. 'Tis the more honour, because
more dangerous.

THIRD WATCH. Ay, but give me worship and
quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

FIRST WATCH. Unless our halberts did shut up his
passage. 20

SECOND WATCH. Ay, wherefore else guard we his
royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and French
soldiers, silent all*

WAR. This is his tent; and see where stand his
guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

FIRST WATCH. Who goes there?

SECOND WATCH. Stay, or thou diest!

*[Warwick and the rest cry all, "Warwick! Warwick!"
and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying,
"Arm! arm!" Warwick and the rest following
them.]*

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair. RICHARD and HASTINGS fly over the stage

SOM. What are they that fly there?

WAR. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is
The duke.

K. EDW. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we
parted, 30
Thou call'dst me king.

WAR. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgraced me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? 40

30 *parted]* Thus the Folios. The Quartos add *last*, which Capell restored.

K. EDW. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

WAR. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's
king: *[Takes off his crown.]*

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow. 50
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

[They lead him out forcibly.]

K. EDW. What fates impose, that men must needs
abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide. *[Exit, guarded.]*

OXF. What now remains, my lords, for us to do, 60
But march to London with our soldiers?

WAR. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. *[Exeunt.]*

48 *[for his mind]* in mind, in imagination (not in reality).

SCENE IV — LONDON

THE PALACE

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS

RIV. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. ELIZ. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

RIV. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against
Warwick?

Q. ELIZ. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

RIV. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. ELIZ. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand, 10
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.

RIV. These news I must confess are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. ELIZ. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross; 20
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

²² *blood-sucking sighs*] See note on 2 *Hen. VI*, III, ii, 63: "*blood-drinking sighs*."

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. ELIZ. I am inform'd that he comes towards
London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down,
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence, —

For trust not him that hath once broken faith, — 30

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.

Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:

If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE V — A PARK NEAR MIDDLEHAM CASTLE IN YORKSHIRE

Enter GLOUCESTER, LORD HASTINGS, SIR WILLIAM STANLEY,
and others

GLOU. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William
Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,

25 *where . . . become?*] what has become of Warwick? Cf. II, i, 10, and
note.

31 *the sanctuary*] the precincts of Westminster Abbey, where accused
persons enjoyed freedom from arrest.

Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD and a Huntsman with him

HUNT. This way, my lord; for this way lies the
game.

K. EDW. Nay, this way, man: see where the hunts-
men stand.

Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the
rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

GLOU. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. EDW. But whither shall we then?

HAST. To Lynn, my lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.

GLOU. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my
meaning.

K. EDW. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

GLOU. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.

K. EDW. Huntsmen, what say'st thou? wilt thou go
along?

11 *colour*] pretext, pretence.

HUNT. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

GLOU. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

K. EDW. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI — LONDON

THE TOWER

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and Lieutenant of the Tower

K. HEN. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,

At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

LIEU. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,

I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. HEN. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness, 10

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,

⁵ *enlargement*] release from prison.

At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me, 20
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

WAR. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

CLAR. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

WAR. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. HEN. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your
hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government: 40

29 *rightly . . . stars*] suit, accommodate their conduct to, their destiny.

31 *in place*] present. Cf. IV, i, 103, *supra*.

I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
'To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

WAR. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's
will?

CLAR. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

WAR. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be
content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

50

CLAR. What else? and that succession be determined.

WAR. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. HEN. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

60

CLAR. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all
speed.

K. HEN. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

SOM. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. HEN. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. 70
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post

WAR. What news, my friend?

POST. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

WAR. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape? 80

POST. He was convey'd by Richard duke of
Gloucester

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

WAR. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.]

68 *England's hope*] Henry, Earl of Richmond, son of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, was afterwards Henry VII. The reference which Henry VI makes to him in the text is drawn almost verbatim from the chroniclers Hall and Holinshed.

82 *attended*] waited for.

SOM. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, 90
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Rich-
mond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

OXF. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down. 100

SOM. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII — BEFORE YORK

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and
Soldiers*

K. EDW. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings,
and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arrived
[109]

From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

GLOU. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this; 10
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. EDW. Tush, man, abodements must not now
affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

HAST. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon
them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren

MAY. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. EDW. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, 20
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

MAY. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. EDW. Why, and I challenge nothing but my
dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

GLOU. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his
nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

8 *Ravenspurgh*] Ravenspur, on the coast of Yorkshire. The Quartos often print the word *Raunspur*, a dissyllable. It should be pronounced dissyllabically in this irregular line.

13 *abodements*] forebodings, evil omens. Cf. V, vi, 45: “*aboding* luckless time.”

HAST. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

MAY. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. *[They descend.]*

GLOU. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded! 30

HAST. The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 't were not 'long of him; but being enter'd,

I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade

Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below

K. EDW. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut

But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys:

[Takes his keys.]

For Edward will defend the town and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY, with drum and soldiers

GLOU. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

40

31-32 *The good old man . . . of him*] The Mayor is anxious to do as he is requested, but does not wish to be blamed for his complaisance; " 'long [*i. e.* along] of him" means "because of" or "through him."

40 *Sir John Montgomery*] This ally of King Edward was correctly Sir Thomas Montgomery. He had previously been in the service of

K. EDW. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you
in arms?

MONTG. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. EDW. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now
forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

MONTG. Then fare you well, for I will hence
again:

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

50

[The drum begins to march.]

K. EDW. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we'll
debate

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

MONTG. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

GLOU. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

K. EDW. When we grow stronger, then we'll make
our claim:

Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.

60

HAST. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must
rule.

Henry VI. His brother, Sir *John*, who was always a faithful Lancastrian, was beheaded by Edward IV, in the third year of his reign.
57 *pretend no title*] make no pretension to the title.

GLOU. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. EDW. Then be it as you will; for 't is my
right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

MONTG. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

HAST. Sound trumpet; Edward shall he here
proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. 70
[Flourish.]

SOLD. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

MONTG. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's
right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[Throws down his gauntlet.]

ALL. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. EDW. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks
unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon, 80
We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;

63 *out of hand*] straight away, immediately.

64 *bruit*] report.

80 *horizon*] The accent falls on the first and last syllables, not on the
second syllable, as in modern speech.

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII — LONDON

THE PALACE

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, MONTAGUE, CLARENCE,
EXETER, and OXFORD

WAR. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. HEN. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

CLAR. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

WAR. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; 10
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,

3 *the narrow seas*] See note on I, i, 239, where the term is applied to the
St. George's Channel, between Dover and Calais. Here it is used
of the passage between England and Holland.

8 *suffer'd*] *sc.* to spread.

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean, 20
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. HEN. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true
hope.

CLAR. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. HEN. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

MONT. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

OXF. And thus I seal my truth. and bid adieu.

K. HEN. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, 30
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

WAR. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*]

K. HEN. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

EXE. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

25 *Hector . . . hope*] See II, i, 51, *supra*, where Richard, Duke of York,
is described as the "hope of Troy."

37 *The doubt is*] The fear is.

For ³⁸ HEN. That's not my fear; my meed hath got
me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 40
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[*Shout within, "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"*]

EXE. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers

K. EDW. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him
hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

38 *meed*] merit.

40 *posted off*] put off. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, III, i, 255: "*posted over*," i. e., hurriedly passed by.

43 *water-flowing tears*] tears flowing like water. Cf. II, i, 80, *supra*, *furnace-burning*, i. e., "burning like a furnace," and V, i, 57, *infra*, "*Wind-changing Warwick*."

46 *forward of*] eager for.

And swell so much the higher by their ebb. forces,
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak. 10

[*Excunt some with King Henry* heard.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course, m.

Where peremptory Warwick now remains:

The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,

Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

GLOU. Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

61 *Cold . . . hay*] A variant of the common proverb "Make *hay* while the sun shines."



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I

COVENTRY

Enter WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the walls

WARWICK



HERE IS THE POST THAT
came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine
honest fellow?

FIRST MESS. By this at
Dunsmore, marching hither-
ward.

WAR. How far off is our
brother Montague?
Where is the post that came
from Montague?

SECOND MESS. By this at
Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE

WAR. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

6 *Daintry*] Daventry, a town in Northamptonshire, about thirty miles
from Coventry.

SCENE I THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

SOM. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence. 10

[*Drum heard.*

WAR. Then Clarence is at hand: I hear his drum.

SOM. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

WAR. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for
friends.

SOM. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER,
and Soldiers*

K. EDW. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a
parle.

GLOU. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

WAR. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair? 20

K. EDW. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

WAR. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

GLOU. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will? 30

18 *unbid* . . . *sportful*] uncalled for . . . lascivious.

20 *repair*] approach.

WAR. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

GLOU. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

WAR. 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. EDW. Why then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's
gift.

WAR. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. EDW. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this: 40
What is the body when the head is off?

GLOU. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. EDW. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.

GLOU. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down,
kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

WAR. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50

33 *I'll do thee service*] I'll enrol myself in thy service.

43-44 *single ten . . . deck*] The language is that of the card-table.

The "ten" (cf. *T. of Shrew*, II, i, 407: "a card of ten") and the
"king" are familiar names of playing cards. "The single ten,"
where "single" has the significance of "feeble," is a reference to
Clarence. The "deck" was the term commonly applied to a pack
of cards; "finger'd from the deck" means "filched from the pack."

45 *the bishop's palace*] the palace of the bishop of London.

49 *Nay, when?*] A common ejaculatory of impatience.

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. EDW. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide
thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
“Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.”

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours

WAR. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

OXF. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.]

GLOU. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

K. EDW. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt

Will issue out again and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

WAR. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours

MONT. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.]

GLOU. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this
treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

57 “*Wind-changing*” Changing with the wind. Cf. II, i, 80, *supra*, and
IV, viii, 43.

68 *buy*] pay for.

K. EDW. The harder match'd, the greater victory: 70
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours

SOM. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[He and his forces enter the city.]

GLOU. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours

WAR. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps
along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call. 80

CLAR. Father of Warwick, know you what this
means? *[Taking his red rose out of his hat.]*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,

73 *Two of thy name]* The father and elder brother of the present Duke of Somerset both lost their lives while fighting for Henry VI, the father at the first battle of St. Albans, May 22, 1455, and the brother, who for a very brief while previously transferred his allegiance to King Edward, after the battle of Hexham, April 25, 1464. Cf. IV, i, 6, and IV, ii, 3-7, *supra*. The present Duke was slain at the battle of Tewkesbury, May 4, 1471. Cf. V, v, 3, and V, vii, 5, *infra*.

81 (stage direction) *[Taking . . . hat]* This stage direction, omitted from the Folios, was restored by Theobald from the Quartos.

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety 90
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee —
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad —
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends: 100
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. EDW. Now welcome more, and ten times more
beloved,

Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

GLOU. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

WAR. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

K. EDW. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,
and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

WAR. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!

86 *blunt*] stupid, insensible (to fraternal feeling).

91 *Jephthah's*] Cf. *Judges* xi, 30 *seq.*: "And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord."

106 *passing*] surpassing, egregious.

I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

K. EDW. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads
the way.

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*Exeunt King Edward and his company. March.*
Warwick and his company follow.]

SCENE II — A FIELD OF BATTLE NEAR BARNET

Alarum and excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, bringing forth
WARWICK wounded

K. EDW. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our
fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.

Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*]

WAR. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,

And tell me, who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,

2 *Warwick . . . fear'd*] Warwick was a *bugbear* that *frightened* us all.

Cf. *T. of Shrew*, I, ii, 207: "*fear* boys with *bugs*."

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black
veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres; 20
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET

SOM. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again: 30
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

WAR. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,

14 *Jove's spreading tree*] the oak. Cf. Virgil, *Georgics*, III, 332: *magna Jovis . . . quercus*.

That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

SOM. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his
last;

40

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said "Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
"O, farewell, Warwick!"

WAR. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save
yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[Dies.]

OXF. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.]

SCENE III — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD in triumph; with GLOUCESTER,
CLARENCE, and the rest*

K. EDW. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward
course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,

44 *clamour*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *cannon*.

That will encounter with our glorious sun,
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed :
 I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
 Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

CLAR. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud, 10
 And blow it to the source from whence it came :
 Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

GLOU. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
 And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her :
 If she have time to breathe, be well assured
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. EDW. We are advertised by our loving friends
 That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury :
 We, having now the best at Barnet field, 20
 Will thither straight, for willingness rides way ;
 And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
 In every county as we go along.
 Strike up the drum ; cry " Courage ! " and away.

[*Exeunt.*

5 *our glorious sun*] the cognizance or badge of the House of York. Cf.

II, i, 39-40, *supra*.

8 *arrived*] often used, as here, in the transitive sense of "reach."

12 *Thy very beams*] Cf. line 5, *supra*: "our glorious sun."

21 *willingness rides way*] willingness gets rid of distance. Cf. Peele's

Arraignment of Paris, III, i, 88 (*Works*, ed. Bullen, Vol. I, p. 40):

"my game is quick, and *rides a length of ground*."

SCENE IV — PLAINS NEAR TEWKSBURY

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers

Q. MAR. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

What though the mast be now blown overboard,

The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he

Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad

With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much,

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock, 10

Which industry and courage might have saved?

Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?

And Montague our topmast; what of him?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?

And Somerset another goodly mast?

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge? 20

4 *holding-anchor*] sheet-anchor.

8-9 *With tearful eyes . . . too much*] A stock sentiment. Cf. *As You Like It*, II, i, 42-49, and *Sonnet cxxxv*, 9-10: "The sea, all water, yet receives rain still, And in abundance addeth to his store."

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas, 't is but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink: 30
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

PRINCE. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words, 40
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here — as God forbid! —
Let him depart before we need his help.

23 *shelves*] sandbanks.

OXF. Women and children of so high a courage, 50
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

SOM. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. MAR. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford,
thanks.

PRINCE. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing
else.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand, 60
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

OXF. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

SOM. But he's deceived; we are in readiness.

Q. MAR. This cheers my heart, to see your forward-
ness.

OXF. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

*Flourish and March. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER,
CLARENCE and Soldiers*

K. EDW. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire, 71

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. MAR. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I
should say

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarm: Retreat: Excursions. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE, and soldiers; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners

K. EDW. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

75 *I drink . . . eyes*] Cf. *Psalm lxxx, 5*: "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them tears to drink."

1 *period*] cessation.

2 *Hames Castle*] The famous castle in Picardy, then still in English hands, where many famous persons have been imprisoned; notably Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III, from 1840 to 1846.

OXF. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

SCM. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*]

Q. MAR. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. EDW. Is proclamation made, that who finds
Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

GLO. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD

K. EDW. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him
speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make

For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

PRINCE. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;

Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, 20

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. MAR. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

GLOU. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

16 *turn'd me to*] put me to, caused me. Cf. *Tempest*, I, ii, 64: "the
teen that I have *turn'd you to*."

24 *stol'n the breech*] a reference to the proverbial wearing of the breeches
by a shrewish wife. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, I, iii, 144: "Though in this
place most master wear no *breeches*."

PRINCE. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

GLOU. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that
word.

Q. MAR. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

GLOU. For God's sake, take away this captive
scold.

PRINCE. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back
rather.

30

K. EDW. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your
tongue.

CLAR. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

PRINCE. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. EDW. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[Stabs him.]

GLOU. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[Stabs him.]

CLAR. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

40

[Stabs him.]

Q. MAR. O, kill me too!

GLOU. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.]

K. EDW. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done
too much.

25 *Æsop*] The fabulist was commonly reputed to be a hunchback.

31 *charm your tongue*] silence your tongue. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, iv, i, 64:

"*charm thy riotous tongue.*"

38 *this railer*] a reference to the prince's railing mother.

GLOU. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. EDW. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

GLOU. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother; I'll hence to London on a serious matter: Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

CLAR. What? what?

GLOU. The Tower, the Tower. [Exit. 50]

Q. MAR. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!

They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by to equal it:

He was a man; this, in respect, a child:

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But if you ever chance to have a child,

44 *words*] contentious words, disputes.

56 *in respect*] in comparison.

63 *You have no children*] Cf. *Macb.*, IV, iii, 217: "He has *no children*"; said by Macduff of Macbeth.

64 *remorse*] pity.

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. EDW. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. MAR. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death: 70
What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

CLAR. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. MAR. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

CLAR. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. MAR. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.

What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back. 80

K. EDW. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. MAR. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!
[Exit, led out forcibly.]

K. EDW. Where's Richard gone?

CLAR. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. EDW. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

67 *As, deathsmen, . . . rid*] As executioners you have cut off, destroyed.

78 *Hard-favour'd*] Ill-favoured, ugly.

84 *in post*] in post-haste. Cf. I, ii, 48, *supra*.

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.* 90

SCENE VI — LONDON

THE TOWER

*Enter KING HENRY and GLOUCESTER, with the Lieutenant,
on the walls*

GLOU. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. HEN. Ay, my good lord: — my lord, I should say rather;

'T is sin to flatter; "good" was little better:
"Good Gloucester" and "good devil" were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not "good lord."

GLOU. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. HEN. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act? 10

GLOU. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

10 *Roscus*] The most famous of Roman actors (d. 62 B.C.). His name was commonly used by Elizabethans as a general appellation of tragic actors, though as a matter of history his fame was made in comedy.

K. HEN. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught and
kill'd.

GLOU. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. 20

K. HEN. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

GLOU. 'Think'st thou I am an executioner? 30

K. HEN. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

13 *limed in a bush*] snared in a bush smeared with birdlime. Cf. *2 Hen.*
VI, I, iii, 86: "myself have *limed a bush* for her."

15 *male*] male parent, father.

21 *Dædalus . . . Icarus*] According to the story told by Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, VIII, 183-235), Dædalus, being imprisoned with his son Icarus in Crete by King Minos, made wings for himself and his son, wherewith to escape by flight. But Icarus flew too near the sun. The wax which attached the wings to his body melted, and the youth, falling into the sea, was drowned.

GLOU. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. HEN. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou
didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye —

40

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,

And orphans for their parents' timeless death —

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, — an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down
trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,

50

To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,

To signify thou camest to bite the world:

38 *mistrust no parcel of my fear*] suspect no particle of the evils which my fears presage.

45 *night-crow*] the night raven. Cf. *Much Ado*, II, iii, 83. Neither the raven nor the crow is a night bird. The reference may be to some sort of owl or to the bittern or the night-jar.

aboding] foreboding. Cf. IV, vii, 13, *supra*, "abodements," and *Othello*, IV, i, 21-22, "the raven . . . Boding to all."

47 *rook'd her*] squatted or roosted; *her* is the "dativus ethicus."

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest —

GLOU. I'll hear no more : die, prophet, in thy speech :
[Stabs him.

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. HEN. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! [Dies. 60

GLOU. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house !
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee thither :
[Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of ;
For I have often heard my mother say 70
I came into the world with my legs forward :
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !"
And so I was ; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother ; 80

56 *Thou camest* —] Henry is about to add that Gloucester came into the world with his legs forward, as Gloucester himself states at line 71, *infra*.

And this word "love," which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

90

[*Exit, with the body.*]

SCENE VII — LONDON

THE PALACE

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ELIZABETH, CLARENCE,
GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, *a Nurse with the young Prince, and*
Attendants

K. EDW. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;

85 *I will sort . . . thee*] I will choose, or provide, a black day for thee.
Cf. *Rich. III.*, II, ii, 148-150: "I'll sort occasion . . . To part the
queen's proud kindred from the king."

And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Mon-
tague,

10

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

20

GLOU. [*Aside*] I'll blast his harvest, if your head
were laid;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
Work thou the way, — and thou shalt execute.

K. EDW. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely
queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

10 *two brave bears*] a reference to the well-known badge of the bear and the ragged staff borne by the house of Warwick and afterwards by Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Leicester. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, V, i, 144, where York likewise calls Warwick and his brother "two brave bears," and mentions the shaking of their chains.

23 *to heave*] in order to lift heavy weights.

25 *Work . . . execute*] Gloucester first touches his head, and then looks down at his hand.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI ACT V

CLAR. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. ELIZ. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,
thanks. 30

GLOU. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.

[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, "all hail!" when as he meant all harm.

K. EDW. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

CLAR. What will your grace have done with
Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom. 40

K. EDW. Away with her, and waft her hence to
France.

And now what rest but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*]

39 *the Sicils*] the two kingdoms of Sicily, viz., Naples and Sicily. Cf.
I, iv, 122, *supra*.

40 *it*] the sum for which the kingdoms were pawned.

43 *triumphs*] public festivities.



KING RICHARD III.

FRED. ROE.

KING RICHARD.

That I had murder'd

Came to my tent, and every one did threat

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

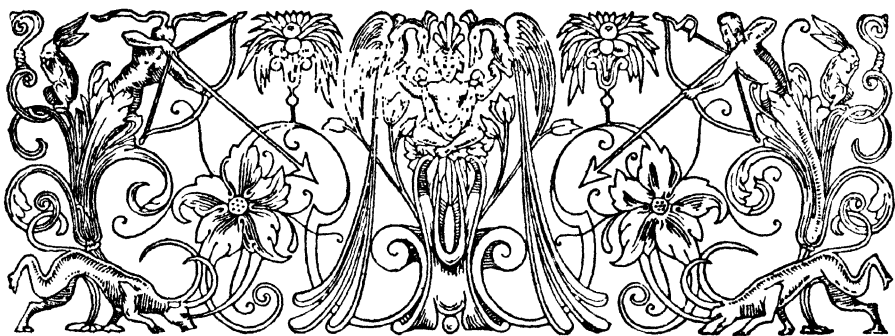
ACT TWO SCENE III. Line 204.

KING RICHARD III

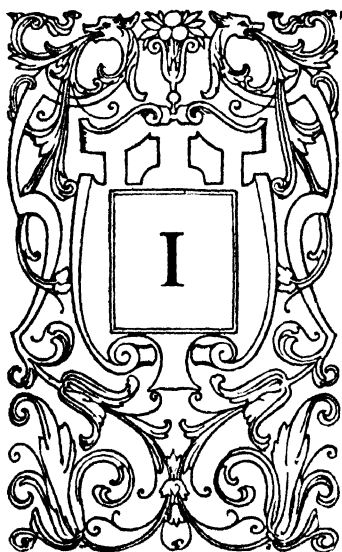
**WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM P. TRENT
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY FRED ROE**

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INTRODUCTION



IT would seem at first thought that the relegation to another hand of such knotty problems as the comparative authority of the folio and the quarto texts of "Richard III," the influence or the share of Marlowe in its composition, and its precise chronological place in the series of Shakespeare's dramas, would make the task of furnishing a brief critical introduction to the play a matter of no great labour or consequence. Whether, indeed, it is a matter of consequence may be doubted, in view of the fact that any note, essay, paper, monograph, or even treatise on a Shakespearean topic is but a drop in that vast ocean of criticism which fortunately has not yet submerged the broad continent of the dramatist's achievements and

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fame. But that the task of criticising the play at all adequately involves considerable labour and perplexity on the part of the venturesome critic admits of no doubt. "Richard III" is not only not an easy play to criticise; it is a very hard one.

The textual and kindred problems have their æsthetic analogues. For example, the critic finds himself confronted by the fact that although "Richard III" is rarely ranked among the greater Shakesporean plays by modern readers, it was perhaps the most popular of all the plays with readers of the first half of the seventeenth century. There were six quarto editions between 1597 and 1623, the date of the first folio; there were two others within eleven years after that time. Counting the second folio of 1632, we find that "Richard III" was printed ten times within thirty-seven years,—a test of contemporary popularity that is borne successfully by no other of Shakespeare's plays. Was this popularity due to the extraordinary favour then as now extended to the drama on the stage? Or was it due in considerable measure to the uncritical taste of the readers of Shakespeare's day? Or was it due, instead, to the fact that a vigorous, unsophisticated generation was better qualified than their less robust and more fastidious descendants to appreciate the work of a daring young playwright and poet?

But the æsthetic critic has other questions to consider and answer as best he may. He has to consider why "Richard III" is not a good enough play in the eyes of some critics to be accepted as truly and in the main

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Shakespeare's handiwork, and why in the eyes of other critics it is one of the great dramatist's most remarkable and admirably wrought performances. For example, although James Russell Lowell may have lived to modify some of the views he expressed about the drama in an address before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1883, afterwards published in his volume entitled "Latest Literary Essays," the fact remains that he seriously doubted Shakespeare's authorship of "Richard III" in any proper and complete sense, and that he did so on grounds highly uncomplimentary to the style and substance of the play. On the other hand, critics like Ulrici see in the drama a conscious and admirable exposition of the part played by the ideal tyrant in human affairs; others, like Professor Moulton, see in it a consummate presentation of an ideal villain and a closely woven chain of Nemesis-actions in which private and public crimes meet with their just retribution.

But not only do critics differ in their attitude toward the tragedy as a whole; they differ widely in their views with regard to individual scenes and characters. To Professor Dowden, for instance, the figure of Queen Margaret prophesying destruction to her foes is "introduced without historical warrant, but in a manner most impressive." To other critics both queens and the old duchess form a "scolding mob"; and even those writers who are timid in condemning the scenes of prophecy and vituperation from the point of view of literary effectiveness are often willing to admit that, when the drama is witnessed on

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the stage, these scenes scarcely come short of boring the average spectator. Although it is not unusual to discover in these more or less lyrical elements of the tragedy something that is akin in nature and function to the Greek choric ode, it is possible to wish that Shakespeare had exchanged his bereaved women, who utter so many ejaculations, for the page who serves as a sort of chorus in the old "True Tragedy of Richard III," — a play which is generally thought to have aided Shakespeare little if at all.

Again, while students with a psychological bent have made much of the fact that in the Shakesperean play the ghosts of his victims visit Richard in his sleep, when his powerful nature is relaxed, others, like Lowell, standing in less reverential awe of the master, have not hesitated to declare that the spiritual visitants introduced by Shakespeare form "a childish procession." Perhaps no one has gone so far as to prefer Richard's account, in the "True Tragedy," of the ghosts that tormented him to the mechanically balanced denunciations and incitements that play such an important part at the close of "Richard III"; yet if any critic or reader should dare to express such a preference, there would be no occasion for wonder.

From what has just been said it ought to be obvious that perhaps the most difficult and important task confronting the critical reader of "Richard III" is to endeavour to determine why such varying views have been taken of the drama and to find, if possible, a safe position between the two ranks of critics — between those who

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hold it to be an inferior production, and those who hold it to be a carefully wrought work of art. It is almost needless to say that here, as nearly always in matters of criticism, both classes of critics will be found to have reason and taste on their respective sides, and that if we can separate the true from the false in their views, we shall probably find ourselves standing nearly midway between the extremes of depreciation and admiration.

The reason for much of this divergence of critical opinions with regard to "Richard III" is not far to seek. It is to be discovered in the fact that, viewed in the light of the highest poetry — that is to say, in the light of the "grand style" and of a nobly philosophical "criticism of life" — the play is found wanting; but that viewed in the light of dramaturgic skill exhibited in construction of plot and in presentation of one dominating character, the play is, to say the least, a masterly achievement. In other words, here, as so often in criticism of the poetic drama, one set of critics and readers not finding the desiderated poetry, forgets to look for evidences of dramaturgic skill and wonders why the play should have ever seemed great to any one; the other set of critics and readers, but more frequently spectators, perceiving the dramaturgic skill or its effects, remains satisfied with what has been given, and does not demand poetry of supreme or even great excellence.

That "Richard III" is not a great poetic drama in the sense that "Othello" is will scarcely be denied by any one capable of reading through the two plays. Even if great

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actors almost invariably attempt to succeed in the rôle of the Crookback, they none the less admit in one way or another that they would rather be a great Hamlet, a great Iago, than a great Richard. As illustrations of Shakespeare's wide-embracing genius, "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," "As You Like It," and "The Tempest," to name no others, are obviously too admirable to be mentioned with "Richard III." Even among the historical plays proper, it does not begin to rank in importance with the two parts of "Henry IV," and most readers would place it below "King John" and, perhaps, "Richard II." Such prentice plays as "Titus Andronicus," "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," the three parts of "Henry VI," and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" may well be deemed inferior to it as wholes; but one reason for assigning "Richard III" to 1593 and for placing "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Romeo and Juliet" after that date may be found in an unwillingness to believe that Shakespeare's poetic genius, strictly speaking, could have declined from the two latter plays to the former. To base any sort of argument upon such a feeling would, of course, be preposterous; yet the feeling throws light upon the poetical standing of "Richard III" among Shakespeare's dramas.

But we need not compare the play with this or that Shakespearean poetic masterpiece in order to convince ourselves of its failure to attain the heights of great poetry. Truly great poetry requires great substance

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wedded to great style. And the element of greatness, in both respects, must be uniform, not spasmodic. But the unrelieved scolding scenes, the weakness of most of the characters save Richard, the mechanical and unconvincing use of the supernatural, — these and many other features of the play prevent us from feeling that it is uniformly great in substance. It lacks, except for Richard's grim irony, the humour needed to humanise such a tragedy. It does not sufficiently combine breadth of view with intensity of perception and feeling. The audacity with which the hero's character is portrayed is an element of greatness that naturally should not be underrated, — only a dramatist who was also a poet would have conceived such an artist in villainy or could have presented him so effectively, — but other elements of greatness are sacrificed to this one, and, as we shall soon see, if Richard escapes being a monstrosity it is only because the drama that exhibits his career becomes in respect to plot something resembling a *tour de force*.

Nor is the case improved when we turn to consider "Richard III" from the point of view of poetic style. Critics have often compared the protagonist of this play as an apotheosis of evil with the Satan of "Paradise Lost," but there is surely no comparison between the styles in which their respective speeches are couched. Of the memorable passages and lines furnished by the drama — such as Clarence's dream and the opening verses

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York" —

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a majority appeal to our sense for rhetoric rather than to our sense for poetry. To be sure, such lines as

“Our aery buildeth in the cedar’s top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun ;”

and

“To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air,”

are worthy of Shakespeare in his prime ; but lines of such beauty and power are seldom met with in “Richard III,” and how little do even they sustain comparison with lines of such quality as

“The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven,”

or

“Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering : but of this be sure —
To do aught good never will be our task.”

But a comparison in point of full weighted poetic style between the youthful Shakespeare and the mature Milton is hardly fair. It is better for our purposes to observe that “Richard III” not only has far less poetic charm of style than other plays of Shakespeare that precede and immediately follow it, as well as far less poetic subtlety and power of style than the later plays, but that it has considerably less poetic eloquence, as Lowell remarked, than the other historical plays, with which it seems fair to compare it. This eloquence, combined with Shakespeare’s burning patriotism, is found at its full height in the very slightly later apostrophe to England uttered by the dying John o’ Gaunt in “Richard II.”

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The tyrant's address to his troops at the close of the tragedy we are considering has some gleams of this eloquence and pride in England, but the play as a whole lacks the lift of high poetic eloquence just as it lacks poetic richness and charm and power. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that Colley Cibber's notorious "Richard's himself again" is not so completely out of keeping with the tone of the play he altered as some critics would have us believe. This is not to affirm that the style of "Richard III" is not, in many respects, well adapted to the purposes Shakespeare had in mind in composing his drama, but only to maintain that that style in its diction, its tropes, its rhythm, comes short of illustrating the main stylistic resources of great poetry. It may be doubted whether the poetic style of "Richard III" reaches Marlowe's level, which is one reason for believing that this true poet but far from eminent dramaturgist had no actual share in its composition. On the other hand, not only do Shakespeare's complete reliance upon blank-verse, his introduction of a lyrical element, and his insistence upon an overweening personality and passion prove that in writing "Richard III" he consciously or unconsciously subjected himself to Marlowe's influence, but, as somewhat alien features of Shakespeare's work, they perhaps in part explain the submergence of his humour, his eloquence, and his poetic charm and power.

Enough has been said in favour of the contentions of those critics who find "Richard III" unsatisfactory on the poetic side. But we must not, with some of them,

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conclude that it is a play which Shakespeare did not write *de novo* or thoroughly refashion, but merely adapted for the stage, scarcely even touching it up in the final portions. Such a conclusion would imply that Shakespeare could at no time in his career have wittingly or unwittingly subordinated his poetic to his dramaturgic instinct. Such an assumption appears to be contradicted by two early plays. In "The Comedy of Errors" Shakespeare's dramaturgic instinct was surely in the ascendant; in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" his poetic instinct as surely got the upper hand. Even after he had fused the two instincts in that supreme masterpiece "Othello" he allowed the poetic instinct to conquer in "Cymbeline" and "The Winter's Tale" and restored the balance perfectly in "The Tempest." These facts, whether they are due to Shakespeare's own conscious art or are only perceived by us in his dramas, prevent us from concluding that "Richard III" is not truly Shakespeare's handiwork until we have considered the play from the dramaturgic side. This is not saying, of course, that it may not, like many another of this royal plunderer's plays, be more or less based upon an earlier version of the same theme, but only that we must not dwell exclusively upon the poetical deficiencies of "Richard III" or draw unwarranted conclusions therefrom.

A technical study of "Richard III" from the dramaturgic point of view would probably bring out clearly Shakespeare's growth as a playwright, his superiority to his inspirer Marlowe in framing a well-knit action, his in-

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stinct for emphasising the essential scenes, even if in this play there is an excess of lyrical and other extraneous matter. Such results would not, however, justify us in concluding that Shakespeare's dramaturgic successes in "Richard III" fairly balance his poetical deficiencies — would not enable us to occupy the safe middle ground we are seeking between the extreme admirers and the extreme depreciators of the play. What we need is not so much a study in technical dramatic construction as a study which shall set in relief Shakespeare's dominant motive and shall show us in a large way how he accomplished his purposes.

Such a study has been attempted by Professor Moulton in his "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist." Like most other similar studies, but probably to a less extent than those due to German enthusiasts, it shows too great a tendency to read into "Richard III" far more conscious art than it is easy to believe the affluent and far from meticulous Shakespeare ever expended upon it. To Virgil and Milton one may attribute almost every clearly admirable artistic procedure ascribed to them by their devotees, but this is scarcely true of Homer or Shakespeare or Molière. Nevertheless, while analytic and interpretative critics may have read more into "Richard III" than they should, it is our duty to apply their constructive methods as fairly as we have tried to apply the destructive methods of the critics of poetic style and substance.

When this has once been done it will be hard to resist

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the conclusion that in writing or refashioning "Richard III" Shakespeare's dominant motive, apart from practical considerations such as a further exploitation of the public's liking for chronicle-plays based upon interesting events in the national history, was his desire to portray an ideal villain. That he should have conceived such a desire was doubtless partly owing to the fact that a grandiose, unique, and hazardous subject usually appeals with special force to a young author, and also to the fact that he had come under the influence of the more precocious genius of Marlowe. Shakespeare owed it, however, to his own dramatic genius and to his training as a professional playwright that he was able to accomplish his desire without, as Marlowe was too wont to do, giving his ideal character a distorted setting in a more or less poorly articulated and evolved plot.

That the Richard of Shakespeare — it is only the student of literary sources and the historian who think of the Richard of Hollinshed and More and Cardinal Morton, or of the enigmatical Richard of the dim contentious past — is the ideal villain, or, perhaps better, the consummate human embodiment of the principle of evil, is a commonplace of interpretative criticism on which it is needless to enlarge. Richard is not merely the typical tyrant, he is not merely a subtle ambitious plotter and a remorseless destroyer of all who cross his path; he is also a true artist in villainy, a devotee of crime for crime's sake. There is more than statecraft in his wooing of Anne, more than mere political scheming in his plan of

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receiving at his hypocritical devotions the credulous Lord Mayor and the sheepish flock of citizens. The audacity and success with which Shakespeare has developed the mature master of crime who makes what personages and circumstances he chooses serve him at will out of the distorted young devil of the "Third Part of Henry VI" are acknowledged by almost all critics and readers.

But many persons have felt a doubt whether after all Shakespeare did not overreach himself and create a monster instead of an arch-villain. Richard may fascinate the most cool-headed of us for a time, but we are bound sooner or later to rub our eyes and ask — "Could such things ever have been?" It is but a step from this question to Lowell's assertion that the action of the tragedy is melodramatic; and if we yield our assent to this charge we are logically almost bound to conclude, not only that Richard is a more or less impossible villain, but that to admire the play he dominates, either in the theatre or in the closet, is somewhat discreditable to our taste and inimical to that æsthetic training to which many of us desire to submit ourselves. Such a conclusion sets itself, however, against the instincts of generations of playgoers and readers, and, if it be a correct one, makes some of us, fresh from the perusal of the compelling drama, rebel against the tyranny of æsthetic reasoning.

But is "Richard III" a melodrama or a melodramatic tragedy? Is not such a view of it possible only to critics over-alive to its poetical defects? This seems to be the case when we give due weight to the claims of critics

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who have carefully analysed its plot. They point to the fact that Richard's victims — Clarence, the Queen's kindred, Hastings, Buckingham — have by their own crimes forfeited our full pity. They show how Nemesis broods over the whole play — how the fates of Richard and of nearly all the subordinate characters are artfully inwoven Nemesis-actions. In other words, they make us feel that so carefully wrought a plot cannot be crudely melodramatic and that a stupendous villain is a proper balance to a stupendous Nemesis. They make us feel also that such an exhibition of dramaturgic skill can scarcely with justice be regarded as a mere Marlowesque experiment in the exploitation of an overweening character and passion, or as a performance unworthy of the youthful genius of Shakespeare.

It should, however, be admitted that while the skilfully constructed plot enhances the artistic merits of the play, it fails to produce its full effects because with scarcely an exception all the characters save Richard himself are either weak by nature or else, as with Queen Margaret and the young princes, impotent through the force of situation. There is, in consequence, too feeble a struggle of human wills to produce the impression that we are seeing or reading a tragedy of maximum impressiveness. Furthermore it is extremely doubtful whether the average spectator or reader is qualified to work out the complicated Nemesis scheme with sufficient ease to increase his æsthetic pleasure. What such a spectator or reader probably does is to set Providence over against

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Richard and watch for the issue. Providence might almost be considered the hero of the drama and Richard the villain, were it not for the fact that there is something fascinating in extreme power of any kind embodied in one whom we recognise as belonging to the same species with ourselves, even though he is distorted in body and mind and soul. It is this fascination that makes Richard win the interest of spectator and reader much as he secured the submission of Anne to his unnatural wooing. It makes him in a true sense the hero of the play and imparts to that a poetical quality which it is easy not to take sufficiently into account. In making Richard a fascinating embodiment of the principle of evil, — not merely a consummate villain like Iago, or a splendid scoundrel like Edmund, or a despicable wretch like Don John, — Shakespeare, even if he sacrificed his other characters, and the power and charm of his poetic style, achieved a triumph, not comparable indeed in splendour to those of his maturity, but measurably worthy of his genius and perhaps impossible to any other man.

We are now prepared to take our safe middle ground and to sum up in a general way the claims this drama has upon the attention and respect of the reader and student of Shakespeare. It is an extraordinarily powerful presentation of an exceptionally potent evil character, and is also a subtly interwoven series of actions moving to a just and inevitable catastrophe. Technically speaking, it is a chronicle-play that has been knit into a well-constructed drama — that has been stiffened

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into tragedy by the infusion of tremendous will-power into a single character. This will-power set over against Nemesis or Providence produces in spectator and reader that sense of absorption in a struggle which is essential to true drama, especially to tragedy. "Richard III" also marks the fact that Shakespeare has set behind him the crude tragedy-of-blood. He will still make use of this, as in "Hamlet," but he has at least ceased to strew the stage with victims of revenge, although he has contrived to introduce enough deaths to please both pit and gallery. In other words, he has advanced from the gory tragedy-of-blood and the panoramic chronicle-play to the tragedy of character presented in an historical setting. The great tragedies, comedies, history plays, and romances of characters as opposed to a single dominating character surrounded by puppets and personages were not possible to the young Shakespeare of "Richard III"; but the author of that drama, or its refashioner if we will, even if we regard his creation only as a marvellous *tour de force*, was not so far removed from the creator of "Lear" and "Hamlet" as criticism of his early work merely from the point of view of poetry might easily lead one to suppose. It is permissible, of course, much to prefer seeing "Richard III" acted to reading it, and the lover of poetry may find more satisfaction in complying with Richard II's wish —

"For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings" —

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than in listening to the wails of the two queens and the duchess ; but it is surely uncritical not to remember that a blank-verse play may be memorable as drama, but not as poetry, and that even a Shakespeare's genius is subject to the law of evolution. Compared with the three parts of "Henry VI," with which it is usually held to make a chronicle-tetralogy of a Marlowesque type, with "Titus Adronicus," and the other indisputably early plays, as well as with the early or late works of most of Shakespeare's rivals, "Richard III" is a sufficiently impressive piece of dramatic work to make us forbear to wonder that it has held the stage for over three centuries,¹ and that it was probably the most popular of all his plays with the robustly imaginative readers of Shakespeare's time.

W. P. TRENT.

¹ For a long time, of course, it was Cibber's version that held the stage, — a fact which has occasioned much exaggerated vituperation of the later playwright.

KING RICHARD III

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING EDWARD the Fourth.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward

RICHARD, Duke of York,

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards } brothers

King Richard III.

V., } sons to
the King

to the King.

A young son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, his son.

EARL RIVERS, brother to Elizabeth.

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, sons to Elizabeth.

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY, called also EARL OF DERBY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

SIR WILLIAM BRANDON.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. Another Priest.

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, gentlemen attending on the Lady Anne.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV.

MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV.

LADY ANNE, widow of Edward Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI.;
afterwards married to Richard.

A young daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other Attendants;
a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE: *England*

¹ The play was first printed in 1597 in a Quarto volume which was reissued in 1598, 1602, 1605, 1612, 1622, 1629, and 1634. The First Folio text of 1623 presents a version, differing at many points — sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse — from that of the Quartos. The Folio first supplied a complete division into Acts and Scenes. A list of “dramatis personae” with indication of the “Scene” was first supplied by Rowe in 1709.

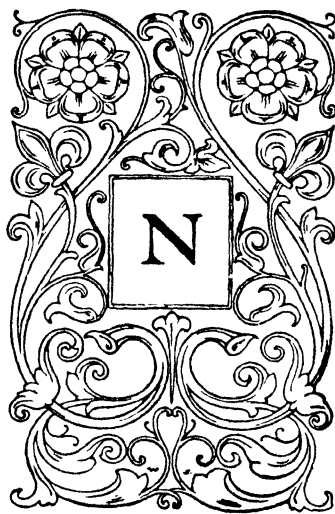


ACT FIRST — SCENE I — LONDON

A STREET

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus*

GLOUCESTER



NOW IS THE WINTER OF
 our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this
 sun of York;
 And all the clouds that lour'd
 upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean
 buried.
 Now are our brows bound with
 victorious wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for
 monuments;
 Our stern alarums changed to
 merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;

² *this sun of York*] a punning reference to the badge of the "blazing sun" adopted by Edward IV. See *3 Hen. VI*, II, i, 25 *seq.*

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds 10
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity:
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,

10 *barbed*] caparisoned with warlike trappings.

18 *this fair proportion*] the fair shape (which "serves love's majesty"), l. 16.

19 *Cheated . . . nature*] Robbed of attractive figure by distorting nature.

Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, ii, 98-99: "What wicked and *dissembling* glass
of mine Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?"

24 *piping time of peace*] the pipe and tabor were usual emblems of peace,
as the drum and fife were of war.

27 *descant*] comment; a "descant" is properly a musical accompaniment.

Cf. III, vii, 49, *infra*: "a holy *descant*."

29 *these fair . . . days*] these happy, prosperous days. Cf. *Tw. Night*,
II, iv, 6: "brisk and giddy-paced times."

I am determined to prove a villain, 30
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And if King Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY

Brother, good day: what means this armed guard
 That waits upon your grace?

CLAR. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

GLOU. Upon what cause?

32 *inductions*] preparatory steps, groundwork. Cf. IV, iv, 5, *infra*: "A dire *induction* am I witness to."

38 *mew'd up*] confined. Cf. line 132, *infra*, and I, iii, 139.

39 *a prophecy . . . G*] G is the initial of Clarence's Christian name George. According to Hall and Holinshed, King Edward was greatly disturbed by "a foolish prophesie which was that after K. Edward one should reigne, whose first letter of his name should be a G." Clarence at lines 55-59, *infra*, describes in fuller detail the fear with which the letter G inspired the king.

44 *Tendering*] Having tender regard for.

45 *conduct*] escort.

CLAR. Because my name is George.

GLOU. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower. 50
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

CLAR. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these 60
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

GLOU. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by
women:

'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,

55 *cross-row*] alphabet; more frequently called "criss-cross-row." "Criss-cross" is a corruption of "Christ's cross," the prayer "Christ's cross be my speed" commonly standing at the head of the alphabet as printed in the elementary school books of the day.

65 *tempers him to this*] Thus the First Quarto. "Tempers" means "frames" or "disposes." The Folios substitute *tempts him to this harsh*.

From whence this present day he is deliver'd?

We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe. 70

CLAR. By heaven, I think there's no man is secure,
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds,
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

GLOU. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery: 80
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

BRAK. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

GLOU. Even so; an't please your worship, Braken-
bury,

You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man: we say the king 90
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

81 *o'erworn widow and herself*] Edward IV's Queen and Jane Shore.

BRAK. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

GLOU. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee,
fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly alone.

100

BRAK. What one, my lord?

GLOU. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray
me?

BRAK. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and
withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

CLAR. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey.

GLOU. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;

And whatsoever you will employ me in,

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,

I will perform it to enfranchise you.

110

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

CLAR. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

GLOU. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you:

Meantime, have patience.

CLAR.

I must perforce. Farewell.

[Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.]

98-99 *Naught . . . naught*] a quibble between "nought," *i. e.*, nothing,
and "naught," *i. e.*, naughtily.

106 *abstracts*] base slaves, the scum of the people. Cf. *Psalm xxxv*, 15:

"Yea, the *abstracts* gathered themselves together against me."

115 *lie for you*] lie imprisoned in your stead.

GLOU. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands. 120
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter LORD HASTINGS

HAST. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

GLOU. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

HAST. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

GLOU. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence
too;
For they that were your enemies are his, 130
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

HAST. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

GLOU. What news abroad?

HAST. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

GLOU. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,

131 *on him*] against him.

132 *mew'd*] Cf. line 38, *supra*, "*mew'd* up," and I, iii, 139, *infra*.

Hawks were "*mewed*" or kept in confinement while moulting.

137 *fear him*] fear for, are anxious about, him.

And overmuch consumed his royal person: 140
'T is very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

HAST. He is.

GLOU. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live: 150
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market: 160
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*]

153 *Warwick's youngest daughter*] Anne, younger daughter of the Earl of Warwick, had been affianced (rather than actually married) to Henry VI's son, Edward, Prince of Wales, who was slain at the battle of Tewkesbury, May 4, 1471. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, III, iii, 242, where Lady Anne is wrongly described as the elder of Warwick's daughters.

SCENE II — THE SAME

ANOTHER STREET

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it; LADY ANNE being the mourner

ANNE. Set down, set down your honourable load —
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse —
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son, 10
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! 20
If ever he have child, abortive be it,

3 *obsequiously*] in due payment of funeral obsequies or rites.

5 *key-cold*] cold as a key; in common use as an intensive of "cold."

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there; 30
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter GLOUCESTER

GLOU. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

ANNE. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

GLOU. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint
Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

GENT. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

GLOU. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I com-
mand:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

ANNE. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,

22 *Prodigious*] Like a prodigy or monster.

27-28 *As miserable . . . thee*] These lines are quoted with slight change
by Lady Anne, IV, i, 76-77, *infra*.

And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

GLOU. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

ANNE. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and
trouble us not;

50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,

60

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer
dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,

58 *exhales*] draws forth. Cf. line 165, *infra*. It was a popular notion that a murdered corpse bled in presence of the murderer. Holinshed, when describing the carriage of Henry VI's body from the Tower to St. Paul's, and thence to Blackfriars, whence it was conveyed by river to the monastery at Chertsey, notes that the corpse bled in St. Paul's Cathedral, and again at Blackfriars. According to the chroniclers, Lady Anne did not attend Henry VI's funeral. The dialogue between her and Richard is wholly imaginary.

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

GLOU. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

ANNE. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man: 70
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

GLOU. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

ANNE. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

GLOU. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

ANNE. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

GLOU. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me
have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

ANNE. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

GLOU. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

ANNE. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand
excused

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

77 *circumstance*] circumstantial detail.

78 *defused*] Thus the early editions, for which the Third and Fourth Folios substitute *diffus'd*. The word means "uncouthly spread," "shapeless."

infection] used in the ordinary sense of "pestilence."

GLOU. Say that I slew them not?

ANNE. Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 90

GLOU. I did not kill your husband.

ANNE. Why, then he is alive.

GLOU. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's
hand.

ANNE. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret
saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

GLOU. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

ANNE. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries: 100
Didst thou not kill this king?

GLOU. I grant ye.

ANNE. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant
me too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

GLOU. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath
him.

ANNE. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never
come.

GLOU. Let him thank me, that help to send him
thither;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

ANNE. And thou unfit for any place but hell. 109

GLOU. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

ANNE. Some dungeon.

GLOU. Your bed-chamber.

ANNE. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

GLOU. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

ANNE. I hope so.

GLOU. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

ANNE. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.

120

GLOU. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

ANNE. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

GLOU. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

130

117 *timeless*] untimely.

120 *effect*] effector, doer, executioner. The act is put for the agent. In the next line "effect" is employed in the ordinary manner, and means "the deaths of these Plantagenets."

ANNE. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

GLOU. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

ANNE. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

GLOU. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.

ANNE. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

GLOU. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband. 139

ANNE. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

GLOU. He lives that loves you better than he could.

ANNE. Name him.

GLOU. Plantagenet.

ANNE. Why, that was he.

GLOU. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

ANNE. Where is he?

GLOU. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*] Why
dost thou spit at me?

ANNE. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

GLOU. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

ANNE. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

GLOU. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

ANNE. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee
dead! 150

GLOU. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

150 *basilisks*] fabulous reptiles who slew by a look.

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death, 160
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 169
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him]

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,
But 't was thy beauty that provoked me. 180

165 *exhale*] draw forth. Cf. line 56, *supra*.

SCENE II KING RICHARD III

Nay, now dispatch; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward,
But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.

[Here she lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

ANNE. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.

GLOU. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

ANNE. I have already.

GLOU. Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love; 190
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

ANNE. I would I knew thy heart.

GLOU. 'T is figured in my tongue.

ANNE. I fear me both are false.

GLOU. Then never man was true.

ANNE. Well, well, put up your sword.

GLOU. Say, then, my peace is made.

ANNE. That shall you know hereafter.

GLOU. But shall I live in hope?

ANNE. All men, I hope, live so. 200

GLOU. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

ANNE. To take is not to give.

GLOU. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

ANNE. What is it?

GLOU. That it would please thee leave these sad
designs 210

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

ANNE. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent. 220
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

GLOU. Bid me farewell.

ANNE. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.]

GLOU. Sirs, take up the corse.

GENT. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

GLOU. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

212 *Crosby Place*] A fine house of timber and stone in Bishopsgate Street, London, built a few years before by Sir John Crosby, a prominent citizen of London. Richard occupied it while he was Protector. The building, after undergoing successive renovations, was demolished in January, 1908.

216 *expedient*] expeditious.

226 *White-Friars*] According to Holinshed, the corpse was taken to the religious house of the Dominicans, in the city of London, known as Blackfriars, and not to White-Friars, a neighbouring house of the

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
 Was ever woman in this humour won?
 I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.
 What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father, 230
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
 Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
 And I nothing to back my suit at all,
 But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
 And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
 Ha!
 Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
 Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since, 240
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at 'Tewksbury?
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
 Framed in the prodigality of nature,
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
 The spacious world cannot again afford:
 And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
 And made her widow to a woful bed?
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

Carmelites or white friars. Districts in the city of London are still familiarly known as Blackfriars and Whitefriars.

227-228 *Was . . . won*] Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, V, iii, 77-78: "She's beautiful and therefore to be *woo'd*; She is a *woman*, therefore to be *won*," and *Tit. And.*, II, i, 82-83.

231 *take*] capture, captivate.

237 *all the world to nothing*] the odds against me being all the world to nothing.

On me, that halt and am unshapen thus? 250
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this while:
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain some score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave; 260
 And then return lamenting to my love.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.]

SCENE III — THE PALACE

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, *and* LORD GREY

RIV. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt
 his majesty

Will soon recover his accusom'd health.

GREY. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. ELIZ. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

RIV. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. ELIZ. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

251 *denier*] a coin of very small value ; from the Latin *denarius*.

256 *entertain*] take into service.

GREY. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

Q. ELIZ. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

RIV. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. ELIZ. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and DERBY

GREY. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

BUCK. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

DER. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. ELIZ. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby, 20

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,

15 *determined, not concluded*] settled, not formally recorded.

17 *Derby*] Both Folios and Quartos thus designate this lord, though in Act III, Sc. ii, and frequently in Act IV, he is called more correctly Lord Stanley. He was Thomas, Lord Stanley, who was created first Earl of Derby by Henry VII, after Richard III's death. The premature designation of Derby is due to Shakespeare's carelessness.

20 *The Countess Richmond*] Margaret, only child of John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset, and descendant of John of Gaunt, had married Lord Stanley as her third husband. She was mother, by her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, of King Henry VII.

And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

DER. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

RIV. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby? 30

DER. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. ELIZ. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

BUCK. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks
cheerfully.

Q. ELIZ. God grant him health! Did you confer
with him?

BUCK. Madam, we did: he desires to make atone-
ment

Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. ELIZ. Would all were well! but that will never be: 40
I fear our happiness is at the highest.

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET

GLOU. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly

29 *grounded malice*] inveterate hatred.

36 *atonement*] reconciliation.

That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

50

RIV. To whom in all this presence speaks your
grace?

GLOU. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person —
Whom God preserve better than you would wish! —
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

60

Q. ELIZ. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the
matter.

The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and to remove it.

48 *smooth . . . and cog*] cajole . . . and cheat.

53 *Jacks*] a common expression for "low fellows;" cf. line 72, *infra*.

61 *lewd*] vulgar, ignorant.

65 *interior*] inwardly cherished.

69 *to remove it*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios omit the words after

GLOU. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad, 70
 That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
 Since every Jack became a gentleman,
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. ELIZ. Come, come, we know your meaning,
 brother Gloucester;
 You envy my advancement and my friends':
 God grant we never may have need of you!

GLOU. Meantime, God grants that we have need
 of you:
 Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
 Myself disgraced, and the nobility
 Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions 80
 Are daily given to ennoble those
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. ELIZ. By Him that raised me to this careful
 height
 From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
 I never did incense his majesty
 Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
 An earnest advocate to plead for him.
 My lord, you do me shameful injury,
 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

ground. Capell reads *so remove it*. The grammatical construction is irregular, but not indefensible.

72 *Jack*] low fellow. Cf. line 53, *supra*.

82 *a noble*] a pun on the word in the sense of a gold coin, worth about 6s. 8d.

83 *careful*] full of care, anxiety.

89 *suspects*] suspicions. Cf. III, v, 32, *infra*. So "exclaims" for "exclamations," I, ii, 52, *supra*.

GLOU. You may deny that you were not the cause 90
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

RIV. She may, my lord, for —

GLOU. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows
not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she, —

RIV. What, marry, may she?

GLOU. What, marry, may she! marry with a king, 100
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. ELIZ. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too long
borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

Q. MAR. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech
thee!

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

GLOU. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'T is time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. MAR. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

GLOU. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband
king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. MAR. Yea, and much better blood than his or
thine.

GLOU. In all which time you and your husband
Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain? 130
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. MAR. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

GLOU. Poor Clarence did forsake his father,
Warwick;

Yea, and forswore himself, — which Jesu pardon! —

Q. MAR. Which God revenge!

117 *poins*] labours.

125 *royalise*] make royal. Cf. Peele's *Edward I*, line 12: "Whose
chivalry hath *royaliz'd* thy fame."

GLOU. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's; 140
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. MAR. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the
world,
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

RIV. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

GLOU. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it! 150

Q. ELIZ. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. MAR. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [Advancing.

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me? 160
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!

139 *mew'd up*] Cf. I, i, 38 and 132, *supra*.

144 *cacodemon*] evil spirit.

159 *pill'd*] pillaged, plundered.

GLOU. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in
my sight?

Q. MAR. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

GLOU. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. MAR. I was; but I do find more pain in banish-
ment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou owest to me; 170

And thou a kingdom; all of you allegiance:

The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

GLOU. The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,

And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland, —

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee; 180

And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. ELIZ. So just is God, to right the innocent.

HAST. O, 't was the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

RIV. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

DOR. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

BUCK. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. MAR. What! were you snarling all before I came,

164 *makest*] *doest*.

175 *When . . . paper*] See for this incident *3 Hen. VI, I, iv*.

181 *plagued*] *punished*.

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me? 190
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales, 200
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

GLOU. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered
hag!

Q. MAR. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation 220
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell! 230
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested —

GLOU. Margaret.

Q. MAR. Richard!

GLOU. Ha!

Q. MAR. I call thee not.

GLOU. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. MAR. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!

GLOU. 'T is done by me, and ends in "Margaret."

219 *them*] heaven; cf. line 217. The word has a collective or plural significance.

228 *elvish-mark'd*] the common superstition that persons born with scars or deformities had been marked by wicked fairies or elves.

hog] an allusion to Richard's cognizance of a boar.

Q. ELIZ. Thus have you breathed your curse against
yourself. 240

Q. MAR. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The time will come that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

HAST. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. MAR. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved
mine.

RIV. Were you well served, you would be taught
your duty. 250

Q. MAR. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

DOR. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Q. MAR. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge

What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them;

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. 260

242 *bottled spider*] an exceptionally large or bottle-shaped spider. Cf.
"blue-bottle fly."

256 *fire-new*] brand-new.

GLOU. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it,
marquess.

DOR. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

GLOU. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. MAR. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest. 270
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

BUCK. Have done! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. MAR. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

BUCK. Have done, have done.

Q. MAR. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee: 280

264 *aery*] *eyry*, the brood of the eagle or hawk. Eagles are credited with building nests on the tops of cedars. Cf. Marlowe's *Edward II*, II, ii, 16-17: "A lofty cedar tree, fair flourishing, On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch," and *3 Hen. VI*, V, ii, 11, 12.

266-267 *sun . . . son*] This is a very favourite pun of Shakespeare. Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, II, i, 40-41, and *K. John*, II, i, 499-500: "being but a shadow of your *son*, Becomes a *sun* and makes your *son* a shadow."

277 *My charity . . . shame*] All the charity shown me is outrage; all the life permitted me is my experience of shame.

Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

BUCK. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. MAR. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites, 290

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:

Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,

And all their ministers attend on him.

GLOU. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

BUCK. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. MAR. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow, 300

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

HAST. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

RIV. And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

GLOU. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,

282 *fair befall thee*] good fortune attend you! Cf. III, v, 47, *infra*.

291 *venom*] venomous. For the use of the noun as adjective cf. *Com. of Errors*, V, i, 69, "*venom clamours*," and *3 Hen. VI*, II, ii, 138, "*venom toads*." The usage is common.

She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. ELIZ. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

GLOU. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good, 311
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

RIV. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

GLOU. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised:
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter CATESBY

CATES. Madam, his majesty doth call for you; 320
And for your grace; and you, my noble lords.

Q. ELIZ. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go
with us?

RIV. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

GLOU. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

314 *frank'd up*] cooped up as in a pen or sty, which was commonly called a "frank." Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, II, ii, 140: "doth the old boar feed in the old *frank*?" The verb is used of animals, especially hogs, being fattened for the butcher. Shakespeare only employs it once again, also in this play: IV, v, 3, *infra*.

317 *scathe*] injury, hurt. Cf. "scatheless."

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do bewEEP to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham;
And say it is the queen and her allies 330
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers

But, soft! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy stout resolved mates! 340
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

FIRST MURD. We are, my lord; and come to have
the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

GLOU. Well thought upon; I have it here about me.

[Gives the warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

337 *old odd ends*] quoted tags, odds and ends. Cf. *Much Ado*, I, i, 250:
"ere you flout *old ends*."

340 *resolved*] resolute.

FIRST MURD. Tush!

35

Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers: be assured

We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

GLOU. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes
drop tears.

I like you, lads: about your business straight.

Go, go, dispatch.

FIRST MURD. We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV — LONDON

THE TOWER

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY

BRAK. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

CLAR. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!

354 *Your eyes drop millstones*] An expression very commonly applied to hard-natured persons who were not in the habit of weeping at all. Cf. I, iv, 236-237, *infra*: "he will weep. Ay, *millstones*." The words were similarly applied to tears coming after unfeeling laughter in *Troil. and Cress.*, I, ii, 137-138: "Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er With *millstones*."

4 *faithful*] here the antithesis to "infidel."

BRAK. What was your dream? I long to hear you tell it.

CLAR. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; 10

And, in my company, my brother Gloucester;

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk

Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand fearful times,

During the wars of York and Lancaster,

That had befall'n us. As we paced along

Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,

Methought that Gloucester stumbled; and, in falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,

Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20

Lord, Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scattered in the bottom of the sea:

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30

As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

14 *fearful*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *heavy*, *i. e.*, sad, dismal.

26 *anchors*] Thus all the original editions. *Ingots* is a popular emendation. No change is essential.

27 *unvalued*] invaluable. For this use of the passive participle, see note on *Merch. of Ven.*, III, iv, 52: "with *imagined* speed."

Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

BRAK. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

CLAR. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk, 40
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAK. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

CLAR. O no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury 50
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he squeak'd out aloud,

32 *woo'd*] ogled.

37 *envious*] cruel, malicious.

40 *bulk*] body, frame, trunk. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, i, 95: "to shatter all his bulk."

45-47 *Who pass'd . . . poets write of*] Virgil, *Æneid*, VI, 295 *seq.*, is the *locus classicus* for the myth of Charon, the Stygian ferryman. Cf. *Troil. and Cress.*, III, ii, 8-10: "I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon."

“Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabb’d me in the field by Tewksbury:
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!”
With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
Environ’d me about, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dream.

60

BRAK. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted
you;

I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

CLAR. O Brackenbury, I have done those things,
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward’s sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

70

BRAK. I will, my lord: God give your grace good
rest!

[*Clarence sleeps.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,

55 *fleetings*] wavering, inconstant. Cf. *Ant. and Cleop.*, V, ii, 240: “the
fleetings moon.”

72 *guiltless wife*] An historical error. Clarence’s wife, Isabella Neville,
the elder daughter of the Earl of Warwick, died December 21, 1476,
long before Clarence’s imprisonment.

An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imagination,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

80

Enter the two Murderers

FIRST MURD. Ho! who's here?

BRAK. In God's name what are you, and how came
you hither?

FIRST MURD. I would speak with Clarence, and I
came hither on my legs.

BRAK. Yea, are you so brief?

SEC. MURD. O sir, it is better to be brief than
tedious.

Show him our commission; talk no more.

90

[Brakenbury reads it.]

BRAK. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

FIRST MURD. Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare
you well.

[Exit Brakenbury.]

80-81 *for unfelt imagination . . . cares*] in return for imaginary gratification, which does not touch their feeling, they often feel any amount of disturbing cares. For *imagination*, the reading of the early Quartos, the Folios substitute *Imaginations*.

SEC. MURD. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps? 100

FIRST MURD. No; then he will say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

SEC. MURD. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day.

FIRST MURD. Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

SEC. MURD. The urging of that word "judgement" hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

FIRST MURD. What, art thou afraid? 109

SEC. MURD. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

FIRST MURD. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

SEC. MURD. So I am, to let him live.

FIRST MURD. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

SEC. MURD. I pray thee, stay a while: I hope my holy humour will change; 't was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

FIRST MURD. How dost thou feel thyself now? 120

SEC. MURD. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

FIRST MURD. Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

SEC. MURD. 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

FIRST MURD. Where is thy conscience now?

SEC. MURD. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

FIRST MURD. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

SEC. MURD. Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it. 131

FIRST MURD. How if it come to thee again?

SEC. MURD. I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: it is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cites for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it. 142

FIRST MURD. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

SEC. MURD. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

FIRST MURD. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

SEC. MURD. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear? 150

145 *him*] thy conscience.

146 *insinuate with thee*] beguile thee.

149 *tall*] bold, daring; a common usage.

150 *to this gear*] to this business. Thus the Quartos; the Folios read *fall to worke*.

FIRST MURD. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

SEC. MURD. O excellent device! make a sop of him.

FIRST MURD. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

SEC. MURD. No, first let's reason with him.

CLAR. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

SEC. MURD. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

CLAR. In God's name, what art thou?

SEC. MURD. A man, as you are. 160

CLAR. But not, as I am, royal.

SEC. MURD. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

CLAR. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

SEC. MURD. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

CLAR. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

BOTH. To, to, to —

CLAR. To murder me?

BOTH. Ay, ay. 170

CLAR. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

151 *Take him over the costard*] Hit him over the head. .

152 *chop*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *throw*. "Chop" has much the meaning of "clap" or "hurry up"; it implies very rapid movement.

FIRST MURD. Offended us you have not, but the king.

CLAR. I shall be reconciled to him again.

SEC. MURD. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

CLAR. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where are the evidence that do accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

180

FIRST MURD. What we will do, we do upon command.

180 *quest*] inquest or trial by jury; an empanelled jury. Cf. *Sonnet* xlvi, 9-10: "To 'cide this title is impanneled A *quest* of thoughts."

181-183 *who . . . law*] As a matter of history Clarence had been formally accused by his brother, King Edward IV, of treasonable offences in the Parliament of January, 1478, which thereupon duly passed bills of attainder through both houses. Immediately afterwards (February 8), a court of chivalry presided over by the Duke of Buckingham passed sentence of death, which was privately carried out in the Tower some ten days later. There is no trustworthy historical foundation for associating Richard, Duke of Gloucester, with Clarence's end. The sixteenth century chroniclers report the rumour that he was drowned in a butt of malmsey. The story has no official confirmation, but it may be true.

SEC. MURD. And he that hath commanded is the
king. 190

CLAR. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

SEC. MURD. And that same vengeance doth he
hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster. 200

FIRST MURD. And, like a traitor to the name of
God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous
blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

SEC. MURD. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and
defend.

FIRST MURD. How canst thou urge God's dreadful
law to us,
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

CLAR. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why, sirs,

He sends ye not to murder me for this; 210
For in this sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be revenged for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.

FIRST MURD. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee ?

CLAR. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage. 220

FIRST MURD. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

CLAR. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me ;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

SEC. MURD. You are deceived, your brother Gloucester
hates you.

CLAR. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear : 230
Go you to him from me.

BOTH. Ay, so we will.

CLAR. Tell him, when that our princely father
York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship :
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

218 *gallant-springing*] like a gallant in the spring of life. Pope hyphenated these words, which are separate in the original editions.

FIRST MURD. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to
weep.

CLAR. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

FIRST MURD. Right,
As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself: 240
'T is he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee.

CLAR. It cannot be; for when I parted with
him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

SEC. MURD. Why, so he doth, now he delivers
thee
From this world's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

FIRST MURD. Make peace with God, for you must
die, my lord.

CLAR. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind, 250
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

SEC. MURD. What shall we do?

CLAR. Relent, and save your souls.

FIRST MURD. Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish.

CLAR. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

237 *Ay, millstones*] See note on I, iii, 354, *supra*: "Your eyes drop
millstones."

257-260 *Which of you . . . life?*] In the Folio text, these four lines,
together with the line here separated from them and numbered

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?

260

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

SEC. MURD. Look behind you, my lord.

FIRST MURD. Take that, and that: if all this will
not do, [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit, with the body.

SEC. MURD. A bloody deed, and desperately dis-
patch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

270

Re-enter First Murderer

FIRST MURD. How now! what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not?

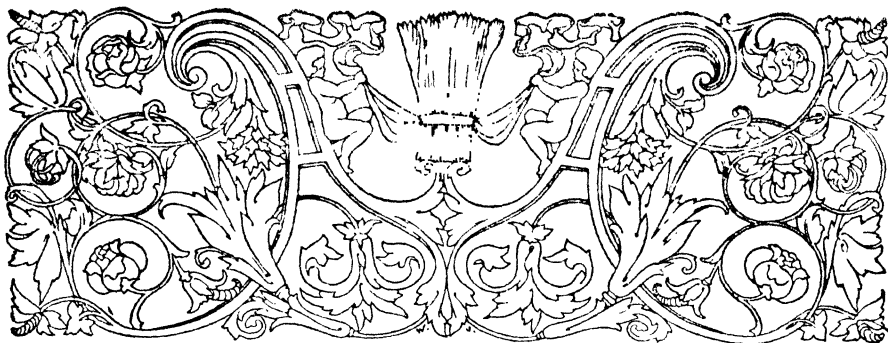
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou
art!

SEC. MURD. I would he knew that I had saved his
brother!

264, "As you would beg . . . distress" (which immediately follows them in the Folio), form part of Clarence's preceding speech, "Relent, and save your souls" (l. 254). All the five lines are omitted from the Quartos. They seem well worthy of retention, and the transposition (which the Cambridge editors adopt) removes any impression of abruptness.

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

FIRST MURD. So do not I: go, coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I must away; 280
For this will out, and here I must not stay. [Exit.



ACT SECOND — SCENE I — LONDON

THE PALACE

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD sick, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others

KING EDWARD



HY, SO: NOW HAVE I
done a good day's work:
You peers, continue this united
league:
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem
me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall
part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at
peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each
other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

5 *part]* depart; like the French "*partir.*"

HAST. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. EDW. Take heed you dally not before your king;

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

HAST. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

RIV. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. EDW. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset; Buckingham, nor you;
You have been factious one against the other. 20
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. ELIZ. Here, Hastings; I will never more re-
member
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. EDW. Dorset, embrace him; Hastings, love lord
marquess.

DOR. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.

HAST. And so swear I, my lord. [*They embrace.*]

K. EDW. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30
And make me happy in your unity.

BUCK. [*To the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham doth
turn his hate

8 *Dissemble not . . . love*] Do not merely conceal your hatred, do not merely pretend to abandon your hatred; swear love to one another in sincerity.

On you or yours, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. [*They embrace.* 40
K. EDW. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.
BUCK. And, in good time, here comes the noble
duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER

GLOU. Good morrow to my sovereign king and
queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. EDW. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;

33-34 but . . . Doth] and doth not.

45 the noble duke] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *Sir Richard Ratcliffe, and the Duke*, and in the succeeding stage direction the Folios substitute *Enter Ratcliffe and Gloster* for the Quarto reading *Enter Gloucester*. The insertion in the Folio of Ratcliffe's name seems to have been deliberate, though no speech is assigned to him in this scene. Ratcliffe, who is one of Richard's supporters, plays a small but useful part in Act III, Sc. iii, Act IV, Sc. iv, and Act V, Sc. iii, *infra*.

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

GLOU. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'T is death to me to be at enmity; 60
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds, 70
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. ELIZ. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

GLOU. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this
To be so flouted in this royal presence?

53 *heap*] throng, company.

Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?

[They all start.]

You do him injury to scorn his corse. 80

RIV. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. ELIZ. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

BUCK. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

DOR. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. EDW. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

GLOU. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried. 90

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter DERBY

DER. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. EDW. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

DER. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. EDW. Then speak at once what is it thou
demand'st.

DER. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. EDW. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death,

99 *[forfeit]* remission of the forfeit, surrender.

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruel death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneel'd at my feet and bade me be advised?
Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said "Dear brother, live, and be a king"?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life. 130
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold

107 *be advised*] be considerate (of my course of action).

On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor
Clarence! [*Exeunt some with King and Queen.*]

GLOU. This is the fruit of rashness. Mark'd you
not

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

BUCK. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.* 140

SCENE II — THE PALACE

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with the two children of CLARENCE

BOY. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?

DUCH. No, boy.

BOY. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your
breast,

And cry "O Clarence, my unhappy son"?

1 *good grandam*] the widow of Richard, Duke of York, who was slain at the battle of Wakefield, 1460, and the mother of Edward IV, Richard III, and Clarence. She survived her husband thirty-five years. Her grandchildren, Clarence's son and daughter, with whom she converses in this scene, were respectively Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, who was executed by Henry VII on November 21, 1499, and the famous Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole; the Countess was beheaded on Tower Hill at Henry VIII's instance on May 27, 1541; cf. IV, iv, 37, *infra*.

GIRL. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

DUCH. My pretty cousins, you mistake me much.
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him; not your father's death; 10
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

BOY. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

GIRL. And so will I.

DUCH. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love
you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

BOY. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle
Gloucester 20
Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my
cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

DUCH. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

8 *cousins*] this word was used for kinsfolk of any degree; here
it stands for "grandchildren."

18 *Incapable*] *sc.* of understanding, ignorant.

And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile !
He is my son ; yea, and therein my shame ;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. 30

BOY. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?

DUCH. Ay, boy.

BOY. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, with her hair about her ears; RIVERS
and DORSET after her*

Q. ELIZ. Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and
weep,

To chide my fortune and torment myself ?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

DUCH. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Q. ELIZ. To make an act of tragic violence :
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead. 40
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd ?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone ?
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

DUCH. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband !

39 *an act*] "Act" has a theatrical significance. It naturally follows the
"scene" of the previous line. Cf. *K. John*, II, i, 376: "industrious
scenes and acts of death."

46 *perpetual rest*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *nere-changing
night*.

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
 And lived by looking on his images: 50
 But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
 Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
 And I for comfort have but one false glass,
 Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
 Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
 And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
 But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
 And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
 Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
 Thine being but a moiety of my grief, 60
 To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!

BOY. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death,
 How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

GIRL. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
 Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. ELIZ. Give me no help in lamentation;
 I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
 All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
 That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
 May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world! 70
 Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

50 *his images*] the children who preserve his likeness.

61 *overgo thy plaints*] exceed thy lamentations. The Folios substitute *woes* for *plaints*, the reading of the Quartos.

68 *reduce*] bring, lead back, as in the Latin word "*reducere*." Cf. V, v, 36, *infra*: "*reduce* there bloody days."

69 *watery moon*] Cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, II, i, 103, "the *moon*, the governess of *floods*," and *1 Hen. IV*, I, ii, 36: "being governed, as the *sea* is, by . . . the *moon*."

CHIL. Oh for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

DUCH. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. ELIZ. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

CHIL. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

DUCH. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. ELIZ. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

CHIL. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

DUCH. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas, I am the mother of these moans!

80

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:

Alas, you three, on me threefold distress'd

Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

DOR. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased

That you take with unthankfulness his doing:

90

In common worldly things, 't is call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

78 *so dear*] so extreme. Both "dear" and "dearest" are commonly used by Shakespeare as epithets of intensity.

81 *Their woes . . . general*] Their woes are divided up amongst them; each has his own particular woe; my woes cover all theirs.

89-100 *Comfort . . . throne*] The whole of this speech of Dorset appears first in the Folios. It is omitted from the Quartos.

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

RIV. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 100

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS,
and RATCLIFF

GLOU. Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace: humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

DUCH. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy
mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

GLOU. [*Aside*] Amen; and make me die a good old
man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing: 110
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

BUCK. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing
peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,

94 *opposite with*] opposed to, at odds with.

95 *For*] Because.

112 *cloudy*] sullen.

Now cheer each other in each other's love:
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.
 The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
 But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
 Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train, 120
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
 Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

RIV. Why with some little train, my Lord of
 Buckingham?

BUCK. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
 Which would be so much the more dangerous,
 By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
 Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
 And may direct his course as please himself,
 As well the fear of harm as harm apparent, 130
 In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

GLOU. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
 And the compact is firm and true in me.

117-119 *The broken . . . kept*] The meaning of the passage is clear, though confusedly expressed. The "broken rancour" must mean the rancour that has been broken and destroyed, the cessation of rancour, the reconciliation. Cf. "The new-heal'd wound of malice" in line 125. "Splinter'd" means "joined together with splints." Cf. *Othello*, II, iii, 312: "this *broken* joint between you and her husband entreat her to *splinter*."

123-140 *Why . . . say I*] This passage appears only in the Folios.

127 *the estate*] the state.

130 *apparent*] manifest.

RIV. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
 Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
 To no apparent likelihood of breach,
 Which haply by much company might be urged:
 Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
 That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

HAST. And so say I.

140

GLOU. Then be it so; and go we to determine
 Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
 Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
 To give your censures in this weighty business?

Q. ELIZ. }
 DUCH. } With all our hearts.

[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.]

BUCK. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
 For God's sake, let not us two stay behind;
 For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
 As index to the story we late talk'd of,
 To part the queen's proud kindred from the king. 150

GLOU. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
 My oracle, my prophet! — My dear cousin,
 I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
 Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.]

142 *Ludlow*] As Prince of Wales, the young prince, according to established custom, resided at Ludlow Castle on the Welsh border.

144 *censures*] opinions.

149 *index*] prelude, prologue. In early printed books, the index was placed in the preliminary pages. Cf. IV, iv, 85, *infra*: "The flattering *index* of a direful pageant," and *Othello*, II, i, 252: "an *index* and obscure prologue to the history of lust."

KING RICHARD I^{III}

SCENE III — LONDON

A STREET

Enter two Citizens, meeting

FIRST CIT. Neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?

SEC. CIT. I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

FIRST CIT. Ay, that the king is dead.

SEC. CIT. Bad news, by 'r lady, seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear, 't will prove a troublous world.

Enter another Citizen

THIRD CIT. Neighbours, God speed!

FIRST CIT. Give you good morrow, sir.

THIRD CIT. Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death?

SEC. CIT. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help the while!

THIRD CIT. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

FIRST CIT. No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

THIRD CIT. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

SEC. CIT. In him there is a hope of government,
That in his nonage council under him,

11 *Woe . . . child*] Cf. *Ecclesiastes*, x, 16: "O woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!"

And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

FIRST CIT. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

THIRD CIT. Stood the state so? No, no, good
friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king 20
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

FIRST CIT. Why, so hath this, both by the father
and mother.

THIRD CIT. Better it were they all came by the
father,
Or by the father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before. 30

FIRST CIT. Come, come, we fear the worst; all
shall be well.

THIRD CIT. When clouds appear, wise men put on
their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

26 *touch . . . near*] injure, hurt, hit. Cf. II, iv, 25, *infra*.

28 *haught*] a common form of "haughty." See 3 *Hen. VI*, II, i, 169.

30 *solace*] find comfort, *not* give comfort.

All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

SEC. CIT. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear. 40

THIRD CIT. Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

SEC. CIT. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

THIRD CIT. And so was I: I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — LONDON

THE PALACE

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the young* DUKE OF YORK,
QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK

ARCH. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

36 sort] ordain. Cf. *Merch. of Ven.*, V, i, 132: "But God *sort* all."

41-44 *Before . . . storm*] This reflection is taken almost literally from Holinshed's *Chronicle* (III, 721).

1-2 *Last night . . . to-night*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios transpose *Northampton* and *Stony-Stratford*, in a helpless attempt to improve the metre. But the Quarto reading is right, for the Archbishop, who knows of the prince's movements only that he is on his way from Ludlow to London and that he received a hearsay report of his arrival at Northampton, would naturally assume that *Stony-*

DUCH. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. ELIZ. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

YORK. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

DUCH. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

YORK. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper, 10
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: "Ay," quoth my uncle
Gloucester,

"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.

DUCH. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious. 20

ARCH. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.

DUCH. I hope so too; but yet let mothers doubt.

YORK. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

Stratford, which was the nearer London, would be the next
stopping-place in the journey. The prince as a matter of history
rested at Stony-Stratford on his journey London-wards without
touching Northampton, and was met at Stony-Stratford by his
uncle Gloucester, who removed him, far from his intended route,
back to Northampton. But such a circumstance was obviously un-
known to the Archbishop.

17 *did object the same to thee*] made the same objection to thy growth.

20 *this rule*] the rule laid down by himself.

23 *if I had been remember'd*] if I had recalled it.

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

DUCH. How, my pretty York? I pray thee, let me
hear it.

YORK. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

DUCH. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this?

YORK. Grandam, his nurse.

DUCH. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert
born.

YORK. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. ELIZ. A parlous boy: go to, you are too shrewd.

ARCH. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. ELIZ. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger

ARCH. Here comes a messenger. What news?

MESS. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Q. ELIZ. How fares the prince?

MESS. Well, madam, and in health. 40

DUCH. What is thy news then?

MESS. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to
Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

25 *touch* . . . *nearer*] hit, in the slang sense of "get at." Cf. II, iii, 26,
supra.

35 *parlous*] Thus the Folios. The Quartos read *perilous*. "A parlous
boy" means "un enfant terrible." Cf. III, i, 154, *infra*.

DUCH. Who hath committed them ?

MESS. The mighty dukes,
Gloucester and Buckingham.

Q. ELIZ. For what offence ?

MESS. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed ;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. ELIZ. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house !
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind ; 50
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne :
Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

DUCH. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :
And being seated, and domestic broils 60
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; blood against blood,
Self against self : O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on death no more !

Q. ELIZ. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

DUCH. I'll go along with you.

51-52 *to jet . . . throne*] to encroach upon a throne filled by an innocent child, and one inspiring no fear.

66 *sanctuary*] the precincts of Westminster Abbey, where no arrests of suspected persons were permitted.

Q. ELIZ. You have no cause.

ARCH.

My gracious lady, go ;

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

70

The seal I keep : and so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of yours !

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

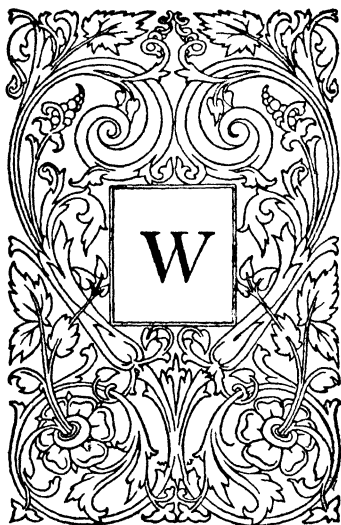
[*Exeunt.*]



ACT THIRD — SCENE I — LONDON

A STREET

*The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE, the Dukes of
GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER,
BUCKINGHAM CATESBY, and others*



WELCOME, SWEET PRINCE,
to London, to your chamber.

GLOU. Welcome, dear cousin,
my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you
melancholy.

PRINCE. No, uncle; but our
crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to
welcome me.

GLOU. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man

1 *chamber*] London, the capital city of the kingdom, was formally called
"camera regis."

Than of his outward show; which, God he knows, 10
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

PRINCE. God keep me from false friends! but they
were none.

GLOU. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet
you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train

MAY. God bless your grace with health and happy
days!

PRINCE. I thank you, good my lord; and thank
you all.

I thought my mother and my brother York 20
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter LORD HASTINGS

BUCK. And, in good time here comes the sweating lord.

PRINCE. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother
come?

HAST. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince

22 *slug*] sluggard.

Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

BUCK. Fit, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

CARD. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

BUCK. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place: 50
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.

44 *senseless-obstinate*] unreasonable in obstinacy.

45 *Too . . . traditional*] Too much attached to ceremonies and traditions.

46 *Weigh . . . age*] Consider it in the light of the unlicensed temper of
the times (which calls for high-handed action).

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

CARD. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

HAST. I go, my lord.

PRINCE. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you
may. *[Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings. 60]*

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

GLOU. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

PRINCE. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

BUCK. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ; 70
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

PRINCE. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

BUCK. Upon record, my gracious lord.

PRINCE. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

GLOU. *[Aside]* So wise so young, they say, do never
live long.

PRINCE. What say you, uncle ?

80

77 *retail'd*] recounted, rehearsed.

GLOU. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
 [Aside] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
 I moralize two meanings in one word.

PRINCE. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
 With what his valour did enrich his wit,
 His wit set down to make his valour live:
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham, —

BUCK. What, my gracious lord?

90

PRINCE. An if I live until I be a man,
 I'll win our ancient right in France again,
 Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

GLOU. [Aside] Short summers lightly have a forward
 spring.

81 *without characters*] without the help of letters or inscriptions. "Characters" is invariably accented by Shakespeare on the second syllable.

82 *Thus . . . Iniquity*] In the old Morality plays the leading character in attendance on the Devil bore the conventional ("formal") designation of "The Vice," and indulged in persistent word-play. The character was occasionally known by the more specific name of "Iniquity" or "Hypocrisy" or some other sin.

83 *I moralize . . . word*] I give this word a double interpretation. Gloucester is referring to the word "characters," which he has just used. It means both "written characters" (or "records"), and "individuality" of temperament. Gloucester is hazily suggesting that had his victim, the young prince, lacked character or individuality, there was no reason why he should not be suffered to live long. "Moralize," which is naturally suggested by Gloucester's reference to "the formal Vice, Iniquity" of the Morality play, often bore the sense of "interpret."

94 *lightly*] commonly; a rare usage deduced from the meaning of "easily" or "readily" which often attaches to the word.

Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL

BUCK. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

PRINCE. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

YORK. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

PRINCE. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

GLOU. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

YORK. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

GLOU. He hath, my lord.

YORK. And therefore is he idle?

GLOU. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

YORK. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

GLOU. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

YORK. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger. 110

GLOU. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart

PRINCE. A beggar, brother?

YORK. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

GLOU. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

YORK. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

99 *late*] lately, recently.

103 *You said . . . growth*] Cf. II, iv, 12 *seq.*, *supra*.

116 *the sword to it*] the belt, which carried the dagger, bore a sword in addition.

GLOU. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

YORK. O, haen, I see, you will part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

GLOU. It is too heavy for your grace to wear. 120

YORK. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

GLOU. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

YORK. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

GLOU. How?

YORK. Little.

PRINCE. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

YORK. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape, 130
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

BUCK. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

GLOU. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

YORK. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord? 140

121 *I . . . lightly*] I should mind very little. Cf. *L. L. L.*, V, ii, 27:

"You *weigh* me not? — O, that's you *care not* for me."

126 *cross*] at cross purposes, malapert.

130–131 *like an ape . . . on your shoulders*] apes were commonly carried on the shoulders by their keepers.

132 *sharp-provided*] The hyphen is due to Theobald. The meaning is, "equipped with sharpness."

PRINCE. My lord protector needs will have it so.

YORK. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

GLOU. Why, what should you fear?

YORK. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

PRINCE. I fear no uncles dead.

GLOU. Nor none that live, I hope.

PRINCE. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester,
Buckingham and Catesby.*]

BUCK. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

GLOU. No doubt, no doubt: O, 't is a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

BUCK. Well, let them rest. Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way; 160
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

CATE. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

150 (stage direction) *A Sennet*] A flourish on a trumpet, marking the entrance or exit of a procession.

154 *a parlous boy*] "un enfant terrible." Cf. II, iv, 35, *supra*.

BUCK. What think'st thou then of Stanley? what
will he?

CATE. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

BUCK. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings, 170
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,

And give us notice of his inclination:

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

GLOU. Commend me to Lord William: tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

BUCK. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

CATE. My good lords both, with all the heed I may.

171 *stand affected*] feel disposed.

179 *divided councils*] two separate councils, one of Gloucester's supporters
and the other of the young prince's.

183 *let blood*] killed.

185 *Mistress Shore*] On Edward IV's death, according to Holinshed,
Hastings made Jane Shore his mistress; Cf. III, v, 31, and IV,
iv, 69, *infra*.

GLOU. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

CATE. You shall, my lord. 189

GLOU. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

BUCK. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

GLOU. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do:
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

BUCK. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

GLOU. And look to have it yielded with all
willingness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.* 200

SCENE II — BEFORE LORD HASTINGS' HOUSE

Enter a Messenger

MESS. What, ho! my lord

HAST. [*Within*] Who knocks at the door?

MESS. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

Enter LORD HASTINGS

HAST. What is 't o'clock?

MESS. Upon the stroke of four.

HAST. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

190 Crosby Place] See I, ii, 212, *supra*, and note.

192 complots] conspiracies; used again in line 200, *infra*.

MESS. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

HAST. And then?

MESS. And then he sends you word 10
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm:
Besides, he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

HAST. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils: 20
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond

11 *razed his helm*] tore off his head. The early Quartos here read *raste*, and the early Folios *rased off*. The phrase in the text is drawn direct from the *Chronicles* of Holinshed, where Stanley is said to have dreamt that "a boare with his tuskes so *razed them* both [*i. e.*, Stanley and Hastings] *by the heads*, that the bloud ran about both their shoulders" (III, 723). The verb "raze" is frequently applied to the violent rending action of the boar's tusks. The "boar" here, as in lines 28 *seq.*, typifies of course Richard, Duke of Gloucester, whose cognizance was a boar or hog. Cf. III, iv, 81, and V, iii, 156, *infra*.

23 *toucheth*] injureth. Cf. II, iii, 26, *supra*.

25 *wanting instance*] without example or proof.

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase. 30
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

MESS. My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you say.
[Exit.]

Enter CATESBY

CATE. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

HAST. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early
stirring:

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

CATE. It is a reeling world indeed, my lord;
And I believe 't will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40

HAST. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the
crown?

CATE. Ay, my good lord.

HAST. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
shoulders,

Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

CATE. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:

And thereupon he sends you this good news,

That this same very day your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret. 50

HAST. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still mine enemies:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

CATE. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

HAST. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

I tell thee, Catesby, —

60

CATE. What, my lord?

HAST. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

CATE. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

HAST. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

70

CATE. The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

HAST. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter LORD STANLEY

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

52 *still*] always.

72 *they account . . . bridge*] A quibbling reference to the practice of exposing on a pole, fixed to the roof of a tower on London Bridge, the heads of those who were executed for high treason.

STAN. My lord, good morrow; good morrow,
Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

HAST. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours; 80
And never in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 't is now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

STAN. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,
Were jocund and supposed their state was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward! 90
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

HAST. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what,
my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

77 *rood*] the cross (on which Christ died).

78 *I . . . I*] Such repetition of pronouns was no uncommon method of expressing emphasis.

91 *the day is spent*] Thus the First Folio. The words are omitted from the Quartos. The scene opens at four o'clock in the morning; cf. line 5, *supra*. "The day is spent" therefore cannot mean "the day is ended," but merely that it is well advanced. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 717, "The night is *spent*," where the context shows that darkness is at its height.

92 *have with you*] I will go along with you.

STAN. They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads,
Than some [that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant

HAST. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.]

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

PURS. The better that your lordship please to ask.

HAST. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now, 100
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee — keep it to thyself —
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

PURS. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

HAST. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

[Throws him his purse.]

PURS. God save your lordship. *[Exit.]*

Enter a Priest

PRIEST. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your
honour. 110

94 *[for their truth]* with respect to their honesty of purpose.

97 (stage direction) *Enter a Pursuivant*] Properly a pursuivant was an attendant on a herald, an officer of the college of arms, but the word was more often used, as here, for any messenger of a court of justice. It is also found in the general sense of messenger. Cf. III, iv, 90, and V, iii, 59, *infra*.

107 *God hold it*] God continue your good fortune.

HAST. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

[*He whispers in his ear.*]

Enter BUCKINGHAM

BUCK. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

HAST. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

BUCK. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay: 120
I shall return before your lordship thence.

HAST. 'T is like enough, for I stay dinner there.

BUCK. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou
know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

HAST. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

111 *good Sir John*] "Sir" was a courtesy title given to all clergymen. It translates the Latin "dominus," a designation to which all graduates in a university had a right. For "Sir" as a clerical title, cf. "*Sir Topas*" in *Tw. Night*, "*Sir Oliver Martext*" in *As You Like It*, and IV, v, 1, *infra*, "*Sir Christopher*."

112 *exercise*] religious exhortation, sermon.

116 *shriving work*] confession. Cf. III, iv, 97, "shrift," and *Hamlet*, V, ii, 47, "*shriving-time*."

SCENE III — POMFRET CASTLE

Enter SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, *with halberds, carrying* RIVERS,
GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to death*

RAT. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

RIV. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

GREY. God keep the prince from all the pack of you !
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

VAUG. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

RAT. Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

RIV. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second here was hack'd to death ;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

10

GREY. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our
heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

RIV. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she
Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

20

11 *closure*] enclosure, compass. Cf. *Sonnet* xlviii, 11: "*Within the gentle closure of my breast.*"

RAT. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

RIV. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all embrace:
And take our leave, until we meet in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — THE TOWER OF LONDON

Enter BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY, RAT-CLIFF, LOVEL, *with others, and take their seats at a table*

HAST. My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak: when is the royal day?

BUCK. Are all things fitting for that royal time?

DER. It is, and wants but nomination.

ELY. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

BUCK. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

ELY. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his
mind.

BUCK. Who, I, my lord! We know each other's faces, 10

25 *Make . . . expiate*] Thus the First Folio. The Quartos generally read *Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your lives is out*. The Second and later Folios substitute in the First Folio reading *now expir'd* for *expiate*. Singer proposed to read (without precise authority) *expirate* in place of *expiate*. "Expiate" probably has the general significance of "completed," "brought to a close. Cf. *Sonnet* xxii, 4: "death my days should *expiate*." In Chapman, *Byron's Conspiracy*, II, i, 90, "Expecate," sometimes printed "expiate," is found in the sense of "used up."

5 *nomination*] the naming of the day.

8 *inward*] intimate.

But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

HAST. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

20

Enter GLOUCESTER

ELY. Now in good time, here comes the duke himself.

GLOU. My noble lords and cousins all, good
morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,
My absence doth neglect no great designs,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

BUCK. Had not you come upon your cue, my
lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part, —
I mean, your voice, — for crowning of the king.

GLOU. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be
bolder;

30

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

HAST. I thank your grace.

GLOU.

My Lord of Ely!

ELY.

My lord?

GLOU. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:
I do beseech you send for some of them.

ELY. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[Exit.

GLOU. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[Drawing him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

40

BUCK. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow
you. [Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.

DER. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY

ELY. Where is my lord protector? I have sent for
these strawberries.

HAST. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day; 50
There's some conceit or other likes him well,

33 *in Holborn*] The Bishop of Ely's London house was long situate
in Holborn. It was transferred to the crown in 1772, and pulled
down three years later. On the site was built the still existing thor-
oughfare known as Ely Place. Gloucester's request for the straw-
berries is drawn from More's *Life of Richard III*, which Holinshed
appropriated.

51 *some conceit . . . likes him*] some thought or other pleases him.

When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

DER. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

HAST. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

DER. I pray God he be not, I say.

60

Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM

GLOU. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

HAST. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

GLOU. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

70

HAST. If they have done this thing, my gracious
lord, —

GLOU. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Tellest thou me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done: 80

The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff and Lovel.*]

HAST. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.

Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant, 90

As 't were triumphing at mine enemies,

How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

RAT. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at
dinner:

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

HAST. O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks, 100

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,

84 *the boar . . . helm*] See note on III, ii, 11, *supra*.

86 *foot-cloth horse*] horse caparisoned with a rich cloth reaching nearly to the ground on each side. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, IV, i, 54: "*foot-cloth mule*," and note.

90 *pursuivant*] See note on III, ii, 97, *supra*.

97 *shrift*] confession. Cf. III, ii, 116, *supra*: "*shriving work*."

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

LOV. Come, come, dispatch; 't is bootless to ex-
claim.

HAST. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — THE TOWER-WALLS

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour,
marvellous ill-favoured*

GLOU. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change
thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

BUCK. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

10

GLOU. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

8 *Intending*] Pretending. Cf. III, vii, 45, *infra*: "*intend some fear.*"

Enter the Mayor and CATESB.

BUCK. Lord mayor, —

GLOU. Look to the drawbridge there!

BUCK. Hark! a drum.

GLOU. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

BUCK. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent —

GLOU. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

BUCK. God and our innocency defend and guard us! 20

GLOU. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head

LOV. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

GLOU. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, 30
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

BUCK. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were 't not that, by great preservation,

30 *apparent . . . omitted*] manifest . . . excepted.

31 *conversation*] criminal conversation; cf. III, i, 185, *supra*, and note.

32 *from all attainder of suspect*] free from all taint of suspicion. Cf. for
"suspects," I, iii, 89, *supra*: "vile suspects."

We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester?

MAY. What, had he so?

40

GLOU. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?

MAY. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;
And you, my good lords both, have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,

50

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

GLOU. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his death;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:

Because, my lord, we would have had you heard

The traitor speak and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treason;

That you might well have signified the same

Unto the citizens, who haply may

60

Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.

MAY. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
serve,

47 *fair befall you*] good fortune attend you. Cf. I, iii, 282, *supra*.

55 *have prevented*] have forestalled. The plural form of the verb with the singular subject "haste" is explained by the proximity of "friends."

As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
 And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
 But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
 With all your just proceedings in this cause.

GLOU. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
 here,
 To avoid the carping censures of the world.

BUCK. But since you come too late of our intents,
 Yet witness what you hear we did intend: 70
 And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

GLOU. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
 The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:
 There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
 Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
 Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
 Only for saying he would make his son
 Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
 Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
 Moreover, urge his hateful luxury 80
 And bestial appetite in change of lust;
 Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,

69 *too late of our intents*] too late for our plans or purposes.

74 *meet'st advantage*] fittest opportunity. This is the Quarto reading.
 The Folios read *meetest vantage*.

75 *Infer*] Allege, suggest. The word is thus used again, III, vii, 12, 32,
 and IV, iv, 343, and V, iii, 314, *infra*.

76-79 *a citizen . . . termed so*] Hall describes the execution by Edward IV's
 order, on the grounds given in these lines, of a citizen named Burdet,
 "who dwelt in Cheap Side, at the signe of the Croune, . . . over
 against Soper Lane."

Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
But touch this sparingly, as 't were far off ;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

90

BUCK. Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

GLOU. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
Castle ;

Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

100

BUCK. I go ; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [*Exit.*

GLOU. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw ;
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker ; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

103–104 *Doctor Shaw . . . Friar Penker*] Well-known preachers of the
day. Doctor Shaw was brother of the Lord Mayor.

105 *Baynard's Castle*] a palatial residence in the city of London, on the
north bank of the Thames, not far from the south side of St. Paul's
Cathedral. It had been recently occupied by Gloucester's father,
Richard, Duke of York.

Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
At any time have recourse unto the princes. [Exit.

SCENE VI—THE SAME

A STREET

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand

SCRIV. This is the indictment of the good Lord
Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours lived Lord Hastings,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Why, who's so gross, 10
That seeth not this palpable device?
Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought. [Exit.

7 *precedent*] first draft.

14 *in thought*] in silence, unvoiced.

SCENE VII KING RICHARD III

SCENE VII—BAYNARD'S CASTLE

Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, at several doors

GLOU. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

BUCK. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, and speak not a word.

GLOU. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's
children?

BUCK. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France, 10
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father.
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,

5-6 *his . . . France*] Thus the Folios. These words, like lines 8 and 11 ("And his enforcement . . . like the duke") in this speech, are omitted from the Quartos. The allegation that Edward IV's marriage with Lady Elizabeth Grey was invalid owing to pre-contracts with other ladies seems unjustified. Elizabeth Lucy, mistress of Edward IV, to whom reference is made in lines 5 and 179 of this scene, herself denied that he offered her marriage. The proposal that Edward IV should marry Lady Bona, daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and sister of King Louis XI of France, was made by the Earl of Warwick, acting as the king's deputy, but did not get beyond the stage of discussion.

12 *infer*] allege. Cf. III, v, 75, *supra*, and 32, *infra*.

13 *idea*] image.

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
 Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
 Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
 And when mine oratory grew to an end, 20
 I bid them that did love their country's good
 Cry "God save Richard, England's royal king!"
 GLOU. Ah! and did they so?

BUCK. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
 But, like dumb statuës or breathing stones,
 Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
 And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
 His answer was, the people were not wont
 To be spoke to but by the recorder. 30
 Then he was urged to tell my tale again:
 "Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"
 But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own
 At the lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cried "God save King Richard!"
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,
 "Thanks, gentle citizens and friends!" quoth I,
 "This general applause and loving shout
 Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard;" 40
 And even here brake off, and came away.

GLOU. What tongueless blocks were they! would
 they not speak?

25 *statuës*] This word is always a trisyllable in Shakespeare, and is often written *statuas*.

SCENE VII KING RICHARD III

BUCK. No, by my troth, my lord.

GLOU. Will not the mayor then and his brethren
come?

BUCK. The mayor is here at hand: intend some
fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll build a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our request;

50

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

GLOU. I go; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

BUCK. Go, go up to the leads; the lord mayor
knocks. [Exit Gloucester.]

Enter the Mayor and Citizens

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

45 *intend*] pretend. Cf. III, v, 8, *supra*.

48 *churchmen*] clergymen.

49 *ground . . . descant*] "ground" is the plain-song or melody which forms the basis of the "descant," *i. e.*, the musical accompaniment of a song. For "descant" used as a verb see I, i, 27, *supra*, and note.

51 *Play the maid's part . . . nay*] Cf. *Pass. Pilg.*, 340: "A woman's nay doth stand for nought."

55 *the leads*] the roof, the topmost part of the building, which was covered with sheets of lead.

Enter CATESBY

Here comes his servant: how now, Catesby,
What says he?

CATE. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

BUCK. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

CATE. I'll tell him what you say, my lord. [*Exit.*]

BUCK. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an
Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

72 *lolling*] Pope's emendation of *lulling*, the reading of all the early editions; "day-bed" means couch or sofa.

76 *engross*] make gross, fatten.

KING RICHARD III

MAY. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us
nay!

BUCK. I fear he will.

Re-enter CATESBY

How now, Catesby, what says your lord?

CATE. My lord,

He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

BUCK. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, I come in perfect love to him; 90
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit Catesby.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOUCESTER aloft, between two Bishops. CATESBY returns

MAY. See, where he stands between two clergymen!

BUCK. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,

100

81 *God forbid*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *God defend*, which has the same meaning. Cf. line 173, *infra*.

98-99 *And, see, . . . man*] Thus the Folios. These two lines are omitted in the Quartos, like lines 120 and 127, *infra*.

Lend favourable ears to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

GLOU. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

BUCK. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

GLOU. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

BUCK. You have, my lord: would it might please
your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!

GLOU. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

BUCK. Then know, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth, 120
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;

120 *due of birth*] birthright, right of inheritance, "right of birth" (l. 136).

Cf. 158, *infra*, and *Macb.*, III, vi, 25: "From whom this tyrant
holds the *due of birth*."

SCENE VII KING RICHARD III

Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
 Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit 130
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land;
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 For this, consorted with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your grace. 140

GLOU. I know not whether to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
 If not to answer, you might haply think
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,

128 *shoulder'd in*] jostled into.

130 *recure*] cure. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 465, "A smile *recures* the wounding of a frown," and *Sonnets*, xlv, 9. The usage is common.

135 *successively*] in due succession.

136 *emperry*] dominion.

144-153 *If not . . . answer you*] Thus the Folios. These lines are omitted from the Quartos.

Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends. 150
 Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
 Definitely thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert
 Unmeritable shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As my right revenue and due by birth;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects, 160
 As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, if need were;
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign. 170
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars;
 Which God defend that I should wring from him !

158 *due by birth*] birthright, right of inheritance. Thus the Quartos.
 The Folios read *due of birth*. Cf. lines 120 ("due of birth") and
 136 ("right of birth"), *supra*.

166 *much I need to help you*] much I lack of the capacity to help you.

168 *the stealing hours of time*] Cf. *Hamlet*, V, i, 79: "*age, with his stealing steps.*"

173 *God defend*] God forbid. Cf. line 81, *supra*, and note.

SCENE VII KING RICHARD III

BUCK. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say that Edward is your brother's son:
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
 For first he was contract to Lady Lucy —
 Your mother lives a witness to that vow — 180
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the King of France.
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,
 A care-crazed mother of a many children,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
 Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loathed bigamy:
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 190
 This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity;

175 *respects* . . . *nice*] inferences . . . punctilious, fanciful.

179 *contract*] betrothed. Cf. line 5, *supra*, and note.

182 *Bona* . . . *France*] Cf. line 6, *supra*, and note.

188 *pitch*] a common term in falconry for the hawk's highest flight.

189 *bigamy*] According to canon law in Edward IV's time, marriage with a widow constituted bigamy. In More's *Life of Richard III*, as followed by Holinshed, Gloucester's mother charges him with bigamy on this ground.

If not to bless us and the land withal, y
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing times,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

200

MAY. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you.

BUCK. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

CATE. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

GLOU. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

BUCK. If you refuse it, — as, in love and zeal,

Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;

As well we know your tenderness of heart

210

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kin,

And egally indeed to all estates, —

Yet whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house:

And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, citizens: 'zounds! I'll entreat no more.

202 *Refuse . . . love*] Thus the Folios. The line is omitted from the Quartos.

211 *remorse*] sense of pity.

213 *egally*] Thus the First Folio and the early Quartos. The Second Folio and later editions substitute the common form of the word, *equally*.

219–220 *Come . . . Buckingham*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios, which omit the second line, substitute for the first *Come, citizens, we will entreat no more*.

GLOU. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham. 220

[Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.]

CATE. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit:

ANOTHER. Do, good my lord, lest all the land do
rue it.

GLOU. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load: 230
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

MAY. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

GLOU. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

BUCK. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live Richard, England's royal king! 240

MAY. AND CIT. Amen.

BUCK. To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd?

225 *entreats*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios substitute the ordinary
form *entreaties*.

233 *acquittance*] acquit.

GLOU. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

BUCK. To-morrow then we will attend your grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

GLOU. Come, let us to our holy task again.
Farewell, good cousin; farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*

245 *And so . . . leave*] Thus the Folios. The line is omitted from the Quartos.



ACT FOURTH — SCENE I

BEFORE THE TOWER

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUESS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE's young daughter

DUCHESS



HO MEETS US HERE? MY
niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt
Gloucester?

Now, for my life, she's wander-
ing to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet
the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

ANNE. God give your
graces both
A happy and a joyful time of
day!

Q. ELIZ. As much to you, good sister! Whither
away?

ANNE. No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there. 10

Q. ELIZ. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

Enter BRAKENBURY

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

BRAK. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

Q. ELIZ. The king! why, who's that?

BRAK. I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector.

Q. ELIZ. The Lord protect him from that kingly
title! 20

Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me?
I am their mother; who should keep me from them?

DUCH. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

ANNE. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

1 *niece*] granddaughter.

2 *aunt of Gloucester*] This lady, Anne, widow, or rather affianced bride, of Prince Edward, Henry VI's son and heir, was solicited in marriage by Gloucester while acting as chief mourner at Henry VI's funeral. See I, ii, *supra*. The lady, who has not figured in the play since the second scene, has become in the meantime her crafty suitor's wife. Lady Margaret Plantagenet, whom she holds by the hand, was daughter of her sister, the late Duchess of Clarence; see II, ii, 2, *supra*, and note.

2-6 *Led . . . day*] Thus the Folios. The lines are omitted in the Quartos.

24 *in law*] by marriage.

BRAK. NOY madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*]

Enter LORD STANLEY

STAN. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, 30
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.

[*To Anne.*] Come, madam, you must straight to West-
minster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. ELIZ. O, cut my lace in sunder, that my pent
heart

May have some scope to beat, or else I swoon
With this dead-killing news!

ANNE. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

DOR. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your
grace?

Q. ELIZ. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels; 40
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

STAN. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son 50

27 *leave it*] part from my office, infringe my duty.

To meet you on the way, and welcome you.
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

DUCH. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

STAN. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

ANNE. And I in all unwillingness will go.
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow 60
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!

Q. ELIZ. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

ANNE. No! why? When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd; 70
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish: "Be thou," quoth I, "accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife — if any be so mad —

55 *cockatrice*] a fabulous serpent, also known as the basilisk, whose glance was deadly. Cf. *Lucrece*, 540: "a *cockatrice*' dead-killing eye."

61 *red-hot steel*] regicides or conspirators against the lives of kings were often punished in the middle ages by setting on their brows a crown of iron heated red-hot.

As miserable by the death of thee
 As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"
 Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
 Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest;
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
 But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
 Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

80

Q. ELIZ. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

ANNE. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

DOR. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory! 90

ANNE. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

DUCH. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good
 fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard
 thee!

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good
 thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

76-77 *As miserable . . . death*] These lines are repeated with slight
 change from I, ii, 27-28, *supra*.

84 *golden dew of sleep*] Cf. *Jul. Caes.*, II, i, 230: "the honey-heavy dew
 of slumber."

97 *teen*] grief; an archaic word of common occurrence in Elizabethan
 poetry.

Q. ELIZ. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II — LONDON

THE PALACE

*Sennet. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, crowned; BUCKINGHAM,
CATESBY, a Page, and others*

K. RICH. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham

BUCK. My gracious sovereign?

K. RICH. Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth
throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:

But shall we wear these honours for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

BUCK. Still live they, and for ever may they last!

K. RICH. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch
To try if thou be current gold indeed:

Young Edward lives: think now what I would say.

BUCK. Say on, my loving lord.

K. RICH. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king

BUCK. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege

8 *play the touch*] make play with the touchstone, or true test (of metals).

K. RICH. Ha! am I king? 't is so: but Edward
lives.

BUCK. True, noble prince.

K. RICH. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live true noble prince!
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What sayest thou? speak suddenly; be brief. 20

BUCK. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. RICH. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezeth:

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

BUCK. Give me some breath, some little pause, my
lord,

Before I positively speak herein:

I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit.

CATE. [Aside to a stander by] The king is angry: see,
he bites the lip.

K. RICH. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes: 30
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!

PAGE. My lord?

26 *resolve*] definitely answer, satisfy. Cf. IV, v, 19, *infra*.

your grace immediately] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *you
herein presently*; "presently" means "immediately."

28 *iron-witted*] dull-witted, wooden-headed.

29 *unrespective*] careless, thoughtless. Cf. *Lucrece*, 275: "*Respect and
reason, wait on wrinkled age!*"

K. RICH. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting
gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

PAGE. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. RICH. What is his name?

PAGE. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. RICH. I partly know the man: go, call him hither.

[*Exit Page.*]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter STANLEY

How now! what news with you?

STAN. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides.

[*Stands apart.*]

K. RICH. Catesby!

CATE. My lord?

K. RICH. Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:

42 *witty*] knowing, clever.

54 *take order*] take measures, arrange. Cf. IV, iv, 539, *infra*.

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
 Look, how thou dream'st! I say again, give out
 That Anne my wife is sick, and like to die:
 About it; for it stands me much upon,
 To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

60

[*Exit Catesby.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
 Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
 Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
 Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
 So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin:
 Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL

Is thy name Tyrrel?

TYR. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. RICH. Art thou, indeed?

TYR. Prove me, my gracious sovereign. 70

K. RICH. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of
 mine?

TYR. Ay, my lord;
 But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. RICH. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,
 Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers

60 *it stands me much upon*] it is a matter of importance for me. Cf. *Com. of Errors*, IV, i, 68: "consider how *it stands upon* my credit."

62 *my brother's daughter*] Edward IV's eldest daughter Elizabeth, who happily escaped marriage with her uncle and became the wife of his successor Henry VII.

65-66 *I am in . . . blood*] Cf. *Macb.*, III, iv, 137: "*I am in blood Stepp'd in so far.*"

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

TYR. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. RICH. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel: 80

Go, by this token: rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

TYR. 'T is done, my gracious lord.

K. RICH. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we
sleep?

TYR. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM

BUCK. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. RICH. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to
Richmond.

BUCK. I hear that news, my lord. 90

K. RICH. Stanley, he is your wife's son: well, look
to it.

BUCK. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promised I should possess.

76 *deal upon*] deal with.

85-86 *Shall . . . my lord*] Thus the Quartos. These lines are omitted
from the Folios.

K. RICH. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

BUCK. What says your highness to my just demand?

K. RICH. As I remember, Henry the Sixth Did prophesy that Richmond should be king, 100
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king, perhaps, perhaps, —

BUCK. My lord!

K. RICH. How chance the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

BUCK. My lord, your promise for the earldom, —

K. RICH. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once, 110
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

BUCK. My lord!

K. RICH. Ay, what's o'clock?

BUCK. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

K. RICH. Well, but what's o'clock?

BUCK. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. RICH. Well, let it strike.

BUCK. Why let it strike?

K. RICH. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st
the stroke

103-120 *My lord! . . . to-day*] Thus the Quartos. The whole passage is omitted from the Folios.

118 *a Jack*] a small mechanical figure which struck the hour on the bell of a clock. Cf. *Rich. II*, V, v, 60: "*Jack o' the clock.*" The king

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day. 120

BUCK. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. RICH. Tut, tut,

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[Exeunt all but Buckingham.]

BUCK. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such deep contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! *[Exit.]*

SCENE III — THE SAME

Enter TYRREL

TYR. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion

impatiently complains that Buckingham's noisy importunity combines with his own preoccupation to put out of gear the striking apparatus of the clock, and thereby keeps the precise hour from being known; the duke's importunate petitions, and Richard's own absorption in thought, between them obstruct the passage of time.

127 *Brecknock*] Brecknock Castle, in South Wales, was one of the Duke of Buckingham's residences.

2 *arch*] consummate, notable.

6 *flesh'd*] inured to bloodshed. The term is often applied to trained hunting dogs.

Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
"Lo, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay those tender babes:"
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another 10
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil" — there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: "We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed."
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse; 20
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

Enter KING RICHARD

All hail, my sovereign liege!

K. RICH. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

TYR. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done, my lord.

K. RICH. But didst thou see them dead?

TYR. I did, my lord.

K. RICH. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

TYR. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But how or in what place I do not know. 30

18 *replenished*] complete, perfect. Cf. *Wint. Talc*, II, i, 79: "*replenish'd* villain."

K. RICH. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till soon.

[*Exit Tyrrel.*]

The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving woger.

40

Enter CATESBY

CATE. My lord!

K. RICH. Good news or bad, that thou comest in
so bluntly?

31 *soon at after supper*] about the time when supper is over. Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *soone, and after supper*. "Soon at" is constantly found in Shakespeare in the sense of "about" or "near." Cf. *Com. of Errors*, I, ii, 26: "*Soon at five o'clock*"; *ibid.*, III, ii, 172: "*soon at supper-time*." "After-supper" (with the two words hyphenated) means a slight meal following the full supper (cf. *Mids. N. Dr.*, V, i, 34), but it is doubtful if that be quite the intention of the words here.

37 *His . . . marriage*] Clarence's daughter Margaret was married to Sir Richard Pole, who was of somewhat better birth than the text indicates. Contrary to the statement of the text, the union took place about 1491, some years after Richard's death, by direction of Henry VII.

40 *Breton Richmond*] The Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII, had long found refuge at the court of the Duke of Bretagne (Brittany).

SCENE IV KING RICHARD III

CATE. Eth ews, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. RICH. Ely with Richmond troubles me more
near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have heard that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

50

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — BEFORE THE PALACE

Enter QUEEN MARGARET

Q. MAR. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine adversaries.

46 *Ely*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *Mourton*. The reference
is to John Morton, Bishop of Ely, afterwards Archbishop of Canter-
bury, by the appointment of Henry VII.

51-53 *fearful . . . beggary*] timorous reflection renders heavy-footed aid
to, or serves the slow purpose of, sluggish procrastination; procrastina-
tion superinduces feeble and creeping beggary.

54 *fiery expedition*] rapidity of fire or lightning.

55 *Jove's Mercury*] The swift messenger of Jove.

57 *brave the field*] vauntingly challenge (us) to the battlefield.

A dire induction am I witness to, at
And will to France, hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK

Q. ELIZ. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets ! 10
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation !

Q. MAR. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

DUCH. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. MAR. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet, 20
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. ELIZ. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
lambs.

5 induction] preparation, prelude. Cf. I, i, 32, *supra*: "inductions dangerous."

15-16 *right for right . . . night*] supreme right, justice answering the claims of justice, has dimmed or blotted out the bright dawn of your infant's life and put in its place the darkness of death, which commonly awaits old age. The losses which Queen Margaret has suffered cause her to regard Queen Elizabeth's bereavement as just retribution for the removal of her own kindred. Cf. lines 20-21, and 63-70, *infra*.

20 *quit*] requisite.

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. MAR. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

DUCH. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood! 30

Q. ELIZ. O, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. MAR. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,

And let my woes frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; 40

I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

DUCH. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. MAR. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him.

35 *ancient sorrow*] sorrow of age.

36 *seniory*] seniority.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood, 50
That foul defacer of God's handiwork,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

DUCH. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

Q. MAR. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,

49 *dog . . . teeth*] Richard was reported to have been born with teeth.
Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, V, vi, 74-75, where Richard tells how "The midwife
wonder'd and the women cried 'O, Jesus bless us, *he is born with
teeth!*'"

56 *carnal*] flesh-consuming, cannibal.

58 *pew-fellow*] companion, comrade, partner.

65 *boot*] a mere trifle (thrown in by a vendor to recommend a purchase).
Cf. *Wint. Tale*, IV, iv, 665: "What an exchange had this been
without *boot!*"

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
 Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
 And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
 To have him suddenly convey'd away.
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. ELIZ. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80
 That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Q. MAR. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my
 fortune;
 I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
 The presentation of but what I was;
 The flattering index of a direful pageant;
 One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
 A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
 A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
 A sign of dignity, a garish flag
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot; 90

69 *adulterate*] adulterous; cf. III, i, 185, and III, v, 31, *supra*.

71 *intelligencer*] agent, emissary, informer.

72 *their*] in agreement with "hell," signifying a community of evil spirits.

85 *index*] prelude. Cf. II, ii, 148, *supra*: "As *index* to the story," and IV, iv, 5: "A dire *induction*." "The index of a pageant" may be the gaudily painted cloth, indicating the general intention of the entertainment, which was sometimes exhibited at the opening of a pageant.

A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee, and cries "God save the queen"?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care; 100
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? 110
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:
These English woes will make me smile in France.
Q. ELIZ. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

97 *Decline all this*] Go through all this (as through the declension of a verb or noun in a grammar book).

105 *wheel'd*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *whirl'd*.

Q. MAR. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast the days;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were, 120
 And he that slew them fouler than he is:
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. ELIZ. My words are dull; O, quicken them with
 thine!

Q. MAR. Thy woes will make them sharp and pierce
 like mine. [Exit.

DUCH. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. ELIZ. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!
 Let them have scope: though what they do impart 130
 Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

DUCH. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, which thy two sweet sons smother'd.
 I hear his drum: be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD, marching, with drums and trumpets

K. RICH. Who intercepts my expedition?

DUCH. O, she that might have intercepted thee,

122 *Bettering thy loss*] Exaggeration of thy loss.

127 *Windy attorneys*] Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 335-336: "But when the heart's attorney [*i. e.*, the tongue] once is mute, The client [*i. e.*, the heart] breaks, as desperate in his suit." Here "words" are insubstantial, wind-begotten "attorneys," and "woes" the clients.

128 *Airy succeders of intestate joys*] Breath-born heirs or inheritors of poor joys, which (with nothing to bequeath) have made no will.

By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. ELIZ. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden
crown, 140

Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

DUCH. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. ELIZ. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey?

K. RICH. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say! 150
[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

DUCH. Art thou my son?

K. RICH. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

DUCH. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. RICH. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

DUCH. O, let me speak!

K. RICH. Do then; but I'll not hear.

DUCH. I will be mild and gentle in my speech. 160

151 *entreat*] treat, use.

157 *a touch of your condition*] a dash of your temperament.

K. RICH. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

DUCH. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. RICH. And came I not at last to comfort you?

DUCH. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous, 170
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous;
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

K. RICH. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that
call'd your grace

168 *Tetchy*] fretful, peevish.

169 *frightful*] causing fright.

171 *Thy age confirm'd*] Thy ripened age.

172 *harmful, kind*] Sidney Walker's proposal to hyphen these words is worth adopting.

175-176 *Humphrey Hour . . . company*] No explanation of these words seems quite satisfactory. The reference is probably to the hour when the Duchess gave birth to Richard, and to the first meal which she took after her delivery. According to homely wit, the mother was then said to breakfast apart from the child whom she had hitherto fed in her womb along with herself. "Humphrey Hour," a jocose personification of "hour," quibblingly recalls the slang phrase "to dine with Duke Humphrey [of Gloucester]," *i. e.*, to go hungry, to go without one's dinner. "Humphrey Hour" thus might mean the hour when one goes hungry and is ready to eat. There is a crude appropriateness to the context in an allusion

To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Strike up the drum.

DUCH. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. RICH. You speak too bitterly.

DUCH. Hear me a word; 180
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. RICH. So.

DUCH. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish
And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight; 190
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*]

Q. ELIZ. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit
to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to all.

K. RICH. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

Q. ELIZ. I have no more sons of the royal blood

to the slang phrase, seeing that its hero "Duke Humphrey" was
like the Duchess' son, a Duke of Gloucester.

For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard, 200
 They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. RICH. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
 Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. ELIZ. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
 And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
 Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
 Throw over her the veil of infamy:
 So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
 I will confess she was not Edward's daughter. 210

K. RICH. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. ELIZ. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. RICH. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. ELIZ. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. RICH. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. ELIZ. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. RICH. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. ELIZ. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
 My babes were destined to a fairer death,
 If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life. 220

K. RICH. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. ELIZ. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
 Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
 Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,

215 *opposite*] hostile, in opposition; an astrological term. Cf. line 402,
infra: "Be *opposite* all planets of good luck."

217 *unavoided*] unavoidable.

221-222 *cousins . . . cozen'd*] a quibble very characteristic of Shakespeare's early manner.

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys, 230
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. RICH. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd !

Q. ELIZ. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ? 240

K. RICH. The advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Q. ELIZ. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

K. RICH. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. ELIZ. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

225 *indirectly*] wickedly, disingenuously.

229 *still use*] continual use. Cf. *Tit. Andr.*, III, ii, 45: "And by *still*
practice learn to know thy meaning."

236 *dangerous success*] hazardous issues.

244 *type*] symbol, emblem, crown.

K. RICH. Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. ELIZ. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. RICH. Then know, that from my soul I love thy
daughter.

Q. ELIZ. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. RICH. What do you think?

Q. ELIZ. That thou dost love my daughter from thy
soul:

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it. 260

K. RICH. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her queen of England.

Q. ELIZ. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her
king?

K. RICH. Even he that makes her queen: who should
be else?

Q. ELIZ. What, thou?

K. RICH. I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

258 *from thy soul*] The speaker quibbles on the meaning of the preposition "from," which she uses here and in the two succeeding lines in the sense of "away from," "outside of," "unconcerned with." Richard has just said that he loved Queen Elizabeth's daughter "from my soul" (*i. e.*, from the depths of his soul). Richard's phrase "from my soul" is given quite the contrary interpretation by Queen Elizabeth.

Q. ELIZ. How canst thou woo her?

K. RICH. That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

Q. ELIZ. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. RICH. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. ELIZ. Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers,

271

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply she will weep:
Therefore present to her, — as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood, —
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

280

K. RICH. Come, come, you mock me; this is not the
way
To win your daughter.

Q. ELIZ. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. RICH. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Q. ELIZ. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but
hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

290

K. RICH. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after⁴ yours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother; 300
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can. 310
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

304 *Endured . . . sorrow*] Endured by her for whom you suffered like grief.

What! we have many goodly days to see: 320
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys: 330
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. ELIZ. What were I best to say? her father's brother
 Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
 Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee, 340
 That God, the law, my honour and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. RICH. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. ELIZ. Which she shall purchase with still lasting
 war.

322 *orient pearl*] Cf. *Two Gent.*, III, i, 224: "A sea of melting *pearl*, which some call *tears*."

323 *Advantaging*] Increasing; *loan* is Theobald's emendation of *Love*, the reading of the original editions.

343 *Infer*] Allege. Cf. III, v, 75, *supra*, and note.

Q. ELIZ. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings
break.

K. RICH. Now, by my George, my garter, and my
crown, —

Q. ELIZ. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third
usurp'd.

K. RICH. I swear —

Q. ELIZ. By nothing; for this is no oath:
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue; 370
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. RICH. Now, by the world —

Q. ELIZ. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.

K. RICH. My father's death —

Q. ELIZ. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. RICH. Then, by myself —

Q. ELIZ. Thyself thyself misusest.

K. RICH. Why then, by God —

Q. ELIZ. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain: 380
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,

366 *George*] A jewel in the shape of a figure of England's patron saint,
which formed part of the insignia of the order of the garter.

Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. RICH. The time to come.

Q. ELIZ. That thou hast wronged in the time
o'erpast;

For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee. 390
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old withered plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

K. RICH. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours! 400
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to this land and me,

390 *Hereafter time*] To the future.

395-396 *for that . . . o'erpast*] for thou hast misused the future before
it was at your disposal, by virtue of the misuse to which you have put
the time that is over and past.

400 *Heaven . . . hours*] Thus the Folios. The Quartos omit the line.

402 *opposite*] hostile. See note on line 215, *supra*.

To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin and decay:
 It cannot be avoided but by this; 410
 It will not be avoided but by this.
 Therefore, good mother, — I must call you so —
 Be the attorney of my love to her:
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. ELIZ. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. RICH. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. ELIZ. Shall I forget myself to be myself? 420

K. RICH. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong
 yourself.

Q. ELIZ. But thou didst kill my children.

K. RICH. But in your daughter's womb I bury
 them:

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
 Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. ELIZ. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. RICH. And be a happy mother by the deed.

417 *peevish-fond*] Malone first suggested that the word should be hyphenated. The sense is "perversely stupid."

424 *nest of spicery*] an allusion to the fable of the phoenix, which was consumed every thousand years on a funeral pyre of spices on which the bird was at the same time reincarnated.

425 *recomforture*] comfort, consolation. The word is not found elsewhere, though Spenser uses "recomfortless" (*Faerie Queene*, V, vi, 24), and the verb "recomfort" in the sense of "console" is common in mediæval and Elizabethan literature.

Q. ELIZ. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. RICH. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so,
farewell. *[Exit Queen Elizabeth. 430]*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following

How now! what news?

RAT. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. RICH. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
Norfolk: 440
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby; where is he?

CATE. Here, my lord.

K. RICH. Fly to the duke. *[To Ratcliff]* Post thou
to Salisbury:
When thou comest thither, — *[To Catesby]* Dull un-
mindful villain,
Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?

CATE. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your
mind,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. RICH. O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy
straight

438 *hull*] lay to, lie a-hull.

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at Salisbury.

450

CATE. I go.

[Exit.

RAT. What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do
At Salisbury?

K. RICH. Why, what wouldst thou do there before
I go?

RAT. Your highness told me I should post before.

K. RICH. My mind is changed, sir, my mind is
changed.

Enter LORD STANLEY

How now, what news with you?

STAN. None good, my lord, to please you with the
hearing;

Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

K. RICH. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad! 460
Why dost thou run so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more, what news?

STAN. Richmond is on the seas.

K. RICH. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

STAN. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. RICH. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

STAN. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

450 *presently*] immediately. Thus the Quartos. The Folios read
suddenly.

465 *White-liver'd runagate*] Cowardly runaway. Cf. V, iii, 316, *infra*.

K. RICH. Is the chair empty? is the sword un-
sway'd? 470

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

STAN. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. RICH. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

STAN. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. RICH. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers? 481
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

STAN. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. RICH. Cold friends to Richard: what do they in
the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

STAN. They have not been commanded, mighty
sovereign:

Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please. 490

K. RICH. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with
Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

STAN. Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.

K. RICH. Well,
Go muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

STAN. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*]

Enter a Messenger

MESS. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire, 500
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger

SEC. MESS. My liege, in Kent, the Guildfords are in
arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger

THIRD MESS. My lord, the army of the Duke of
Buckingham —

501 *advertised*] informed, notified. The accents fall on the second and fourth syllables.

503 *brother there*] Thus the Quartos. The Folios read *elder Brother*. Peter Courtney, the Bishop of Exeter, was cousin, *not* brother, of Sir Edward Courtney.

506 *competitors*] confederates, associates. Cf. *Two Gent.*, II, vi, 35: "Myself in counsel, his *competitor*."

K. RICH. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of
death? *[He striketh him.]*

Take that, until thou bring me better news. 510

THIRD MESS. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. RICH. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

THIRD MESS. Such proclamation hath been made,
my liege.

Enter another Messenger

FOURTH MESS. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Mar-
quess Dorset, 520

'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

K. RICH. March on, march on, since we are up in
arms; 530

528 *Upon his party]* To join his party, to take his side.

If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY

CATE. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. RICH. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason
here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

540

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — LORD DERBY'S HOUSE

Enter DERBY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK

DER. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:
That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:

539 *take order*] take measures, arrange. Cf. IV, ii, 54, *supra*.

SCENE V] The text of this scene follows the Quartos, in which the Folios introduce many changes.

1 *Sir Christopher (Urswick)*] A priest in the service of the Countess of Richmond, and employed by her in confidential communication with her son. For the title of "Sir" applied to priests see note on III, ii, 111, *supra*.

3 *frank'd up*] cooped up, confined. Cf. I, iii, 314, *supra*, and note.

If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

CHRIS. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

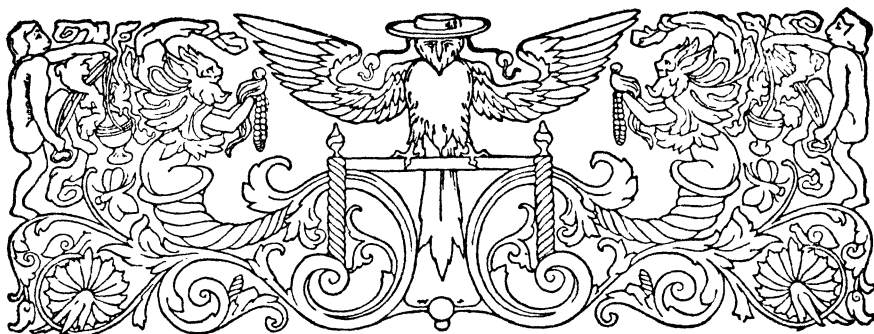
DER. What men of name resort to him?

CHRIS. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley; 10
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many moe of noble fame and worth:
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

DER. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.* 20]

7 *Ha'rford-west*] Haverfordwest, on the coast of Pembrokeshire.

19 *resolve*] inform, satisfy. Cf. IV, ii, 26, *supra*.



ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — SALISBURY

AN OPEN PLACE

Enter the Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, with halberds, led to execution

BUCKINGHAM



WILL NOT KING RICHARD
let me speak with him?

SHER. No, my good lord ;
therefore be patient.

BUCK. Hastings, and Ed-
ward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair
son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have
miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul
injustice,
If that your moody discontented
souls

Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction !
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not ?

SHER. It is, my lord.

BUCK. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
That high All-seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head;
"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with
sorrow,

20

Remember Margaret was a prophetess."

Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt.*]

12 *All-Souls' day*] November 2 was the festival day appointed by the Roman Catholic Church in honour of the souls of all the dead.
doomsday] the day of death.

19 *determined . . . wrongs*] the term or close of the period to which the punishment of my offences was postponed.

SCENE II — THE CAMP NEAR TAMWORTH

*Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, and others,
with drum and colours*

RICHM. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine 10
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

OXF. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

HERB. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

BLUNT. He hath no friends but who are friends for
fear, 20
Which in his greatest need will shrink from him.

9 *Swills . . . like wash*] Drinks . . . as a boar sucks up hogwash.

10 *embowell'd*] ripped up, disembowelled.

11 *Lies*] Sojourns.

RICHM. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — BOSWORTH FIELD

*Enter KING RICHARD in arms with NORFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY,
and others*

K. RICH. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bos-
worth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

SUR. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. RICH. My Lord of Norfolk, —

NOR. Here, most gracious liege.

K. RICH. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must
we not?

NOR. We must both give and take, my gracious
lord.

K. RICH. Up with my tent there! here will I lie to-
night:

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the foe?

NOR. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power. 10

K. RICH. Why, our battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse party want.

Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the field;

Call for some men of sound direction :
Let's want no discipline, make no delay ;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent

RICHM. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car 20
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent :
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small strength.
My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 30
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :
Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou go'st,
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know ?

BLUNT. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

RICHM. If without peril it be possible,

16 *sound direction*] true judgment, tried skill in leadership.

29 *keeps*] remains with.

SCENE III

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 40
And give him from me this most needful scroll.

BLUNT. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

RICHM. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to our tent! the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, CATESBY,
and others*

K. RICH. What is 't o'clock?

CATE. It's supper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. RICH. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was ! 50
And all my armour laid into my tent?

CATE. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. RICH. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

NOR. I go, my lord.

K. RICH. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
Norfolk. [Exit.

NOR. I warrant you, my lord.

48 *nine*] Thus the Folios. The Quartos read *six*, which in ordinary circumstances would be the customary supper hour.

50 *beaver*] properly the part of the helmet that could be drawn up and down over the face, but often used for the helmet itself.

K. RICH. Catesby!

CATE. My lord?

K. RICH. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power 60
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. [*Exit Catesby.*
Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

RAT. My lord?

K. RICH. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord
Northumberland?

RAT. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop 70
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. RICH. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of
wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

RAT. It is, my lord.

59 *pursuivant at arms*] messenger. Cf. III, ii, 97, *supra*.

63 *watch*] watchlight, candle.

64 *white Surrey*] According to Hall (p. 412), and Holinshed (III, 754).
Richard was "mounted on a great white courser." The horse's name
was Shakespeare's invention.

65 *staves*] the wooden shafts of the lances.

70 *cock-shut time*] twilight.

73-74 *I have not . . . have*] These words come with small change from
Holinshed's *Chronicle*.

K. RICH. Bid my guard watch. Leave me.
 Ratcliff,
 About the mid of night come to my tent,
 And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.
[Exeunt Ratcliff and the other attendants.]

Enter DERBY to RICHMOND in his tent, Lords and others attending

DER. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

RICHM. All comfort that the dark night can afford 80
 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
 Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

DER. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
 So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
 In brief, for so the season bids us be,
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90
 I, as I may — that which I would I cannot, —
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time

83 *by attorney*] by deputy. Cf. *As You Like It*, IV, i, 83: "die *by attorney*."

86 *flaky darkness*] darkness streaked with light.

90 *mortal-staring*] looking with deadly glance.

97 *leisure*] time at our free disposal, want of leisure. Cf. line 238, *infra*.

Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon: 100
 God give us leisure for these rites of love!
 Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

RICHM. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
 Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory:
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[Exeunt all but Richmond.]

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath, 110
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in the victory!
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! *[Sleeps.]*

Enter the Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to HENRY THE SIXTH

GHOST. *[To Richard]* Let me sit heavy on thy soul
 to-morrow!
 Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth

105 *peise*] weigh.

118 GHOST] The disordered dreams of Richard on the eve of battle are noticed very barely in the chronicles of Hall and Holinshed. Shakespeare has greatly elaborated the chroniclers' suggestion.

At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die! 120

[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged
souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:

King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of HENRY THE SIXTH

GHOST. [*To Richard*] When I was mortal, my anointed
body

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:

Think on the Tower and me: despair, and die!

Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!

[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,

Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: live, and flourish! 130

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE

GHOST. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul
to-morrow!

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death.

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!

[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee:

Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

132 *fulsome wine*] abundance or surfeit of wine.

Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN

GHOST OF R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy
soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! despair, and die! 140
GHOST OF G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and let
thy soul despair!
GHOST OF V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and,
with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance: despair, and die!
ALL. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in
Richard's bosom
Will conquer him! awake, and win the day!

Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS

GHOST. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake! 150

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes

GHOSTS. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smothered
in the Tower:
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!

152 *lead*] Thus the First Quarto. All the other early editions read *laid*.

[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and
wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE his wife

GHOST. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched
Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: despair, and die!
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep ihou a quiet sleep:
Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM

GHOST. [*To Richard*] 'The first was I that help'd thee
to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness! 170
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid:

156 *boar's annoy*] injury from the boar, *v. e.* Richard. Cf. III, ii, 11, *supra*.

173 *for hope*] for lack of hope, in despair. Cf. *Macb.*, I, v, 37, "*dead for breath*," and *As You Like It*, II, iv, 75, "*faints for succour*."

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*]

K. RICH. Give me another horse: bind up my
wounds.

Have mercy, Jesu! — Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight. 180
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No. Yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why:
Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself! 190
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well: fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,

Thus all the early editions. Many emendations have been needlessly suggested.

180 *lights burn blue*] the usual effect of ghostly apparitions.

Throng to the bar, crying all "Guilty! guilty!"
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me; 200
And if I die, no soul will pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF

RAT. My lord!

K. RICH. 'Zounds! who is there?

RAT. Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early village-
cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn; 210
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. RICH. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

RAT. No doubt, my lord.

K. RICH. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear, —

RAT. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. RICH. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me; 220
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*]

²¹⁹ *Armed in proof*] Equipped in proved, tested armour. Cf. *Macb.*,
I, ii, 56: "lapped in proof."

Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent

LORDS. Good morrow, Richmond!

RICHM. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

LORDS. How have you slept, my lord?

RICHM. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory: 231
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

LORDS. Upon the stroke of four.

RICHM. Why, then 't is time to arm and give
direction.

His oration to his soldiers

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this, 240
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.

231 *cried on*] called out.

238 *leisure*] time at our free disposal. Cf. line 97, *supra*.

Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;

251 *chair . . . set*] throne . . . set, as in a jewel.

254 *ward*] guard, protect.

258 *fat*] wealth.

262 *quit*] requisite.

265 *the ransom . . . attempt*] the fine due from me in requital of my
boldness.

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! 270

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces*

K. RICH. What said Northumberland as touching
Richmond?

RAT. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. RICH. He said the truth: and what said Surrey,
then?

RAT. He smiled and said "The better for our
purpose."

K. RICH. He was in the right; and so indeed it is.

[*The clock striketh.*]

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day?

RAT. Not I, my lord.

K. RICH. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have braved the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody. 280

Ratcliff!

RAT. My lord?

K. RICH. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

279 *braved*] made splendid, glorified.

Re-enter NORFOLK

NOR. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. RICH. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power: 290

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered:

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. 300

This, and Saint George to boot! What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

NOR. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.

[He sheweth him a paper.]

K. RICH. *[Reads]* "Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."

293 *foreward]* vanguard.

301 *This, and Saint George to boot]* This order of battle and the favour
of our patron saint in addition.

304-305 "*Jockey of Norfolk . . . bought and sold.*" This incident and
the cited rhyme are taken from the chronicles of Hall and Holin-
shed. "Dickon" is a colloquial form of Richard, "bought and sold"
means "betrayed." Cf. the modern slang "given away."

A thing devised by the enemy.
 Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devised at first to keep the strong in awe: 310
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal;
 A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
 A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest; 320
 You having lands and blest with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

314 *inferr'd*] alleged. Cf. III, v, 75, *supra*, and note.

316 *sort*] set, company. Cf. the version of Richard's speech in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, III, 756: "a companie of traitors, theeves, outlaws, and runnagates."

322 *restrain*] put restraint on, withhold from lawful owners. Many modern editors substitute *distrain*.

324 *our mother's*] Thus the early editions. Shakespeare is following Richard's speech as it appears in the *second* edition of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, where Richmond is said to have been "brought up by *my moothers* meanes . . . in the court of Francis, Duke of Britaine."

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, 330
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And in record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum ajar off.*] Hark! I hear
their drum.
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood; 340
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

MESS. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. RICH. Off with his son George's head!

Hall's *Chronicle* and the *first* edition of Holinshed read *brother's* for *mother's*. There is little doubt that *brother's* is the right reading. Richard's brother, King Edward IV, had arranged with the Duke of Brittany for Richmond to reside at his court.

334 *bobb'd*] buffeted.

341 *Amaze the welkin . . . staves*] Frighten the skies with the execution
of your lances. Cf. *Macb.*, I, ii, 51: "banners *flout the sky*."

342 *power*] force, army.

NOR. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. RICH. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! 350
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK and forces fighting; to him
CATESBY

CATE. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD

K. RICH. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a
horse!

CATE. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

K. RICH. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die. 10

3 *Daring an opposite*] Venturing to oppose himself.

SCENE V KING RICHARD III

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight. RICHARD is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords

RICHM. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends!

The day is ours; the bloody dog is dead.

DER. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo, here, this long usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

RICHM. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

DER. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town; 10
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

RICHM. What men of name are slain on either side?

DER. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

RICH. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red.
 Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, 20
 That long have frown'd upon their enmity!
 What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
 England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
 The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
 The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
 The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:
 All this divided York and Lancaster,
 Divided in their dire division,
 O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
 The true succeeders of each royal house, 30
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
 And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
 With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody days again,
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again: 40
 That she may long live here, God say amen! [*Exeunt.*]

25-26 *The father . . . the sire*] Cf. *3 Hen. VI*, II, v, 55-122, where episodes of a son's slaughter by his father and of a father's slaughter by his son are portrayed.

35 *Abate the edge*] Dull the force or spirit. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, I, i, 17-18: "The *edge of war*, like an ill-sheathed knife, No more shall cut his master."

36 *reduce*] bring back. Cf. II, ii, 68, *supra*, and note.

